THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ben Ames Williams—J. C. Snaith—S. G. Blythe—Lothrop Stoddard
George Pattullo—Mary Brecht Pulver—Hugh Wiley—Julian Street

Here are the sugar plums of your childhood fancy~

PRUNES IN CANS

SPECIALLY PACKED BY VACUUM PROCESS

Save half the time of cooking~or eat them like dates, right from the can. They're delicious

Here is something new—prunes as tempting as the "sugar plums" of your childhood fancy. They're DEL MONTE Dri-Pak Prunes—not stewed and canned—but choicest new-cured prunes packed in a new way that preserves every bit of their natural, exquisite flavor and fragrance, and renders them delicious when eaten as a confection, just as they are, or enables you to cook them in half the usual time.

At the height of the prune season—when all the Santa Clara Valley is filled with the perfume of Nature's rich bounty, the finest, most luscious prunes in this famous region are selected, cleaned and packed—under vacuum—by our own special process—in clean, enamel-lined tins. Slow, dry cooking makes them moist and tender—and sealed within the can they retain every bit of their original freshness and delicacy.

The Ease of Cooking Them Will Surprise You

This special preparation makes them unusually easy to cook. Ordinary boxed prunes must be cleaned, soaked overnight, and cooked from one to four hours. These DEL MONTE Dri-Pak Prunes, however, being moist and partially cooked in vacuum, may be prepared for table service in only thirty minutes.

Unsurpassed as a Confection—Right from the Can

And you will find no finer natural sweet. Many people serve them like dates—right from the can. For children or "grown-ups" their digestible, natural fruit sugar—fully developed—makes them the equal of candy. Stuffed with nuts, they're a delicious "tid-bit"—one of the most healthful and wholly satisfying sweet-meats that you can serve, on any occasion.

Don't Fail to Try a Can

Whatever their use—for cooking or as a confection—these prunes are sure to meet with your instant approval. They are a new standard for what a prune should be. Buy a can from your grocer today—and see how fine they really are. Be sure to ask for DEL MONTE Dri-Pak Prunes to distinguish them from prunes in sirup. There is no other prune on the market like them.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Save time cooking. Only thirty minutes from the can to the table

For their health's sake, give them to the children right from the can. They prefer these prunes to most other sweets

TO ALL QUALITY GROCERS:

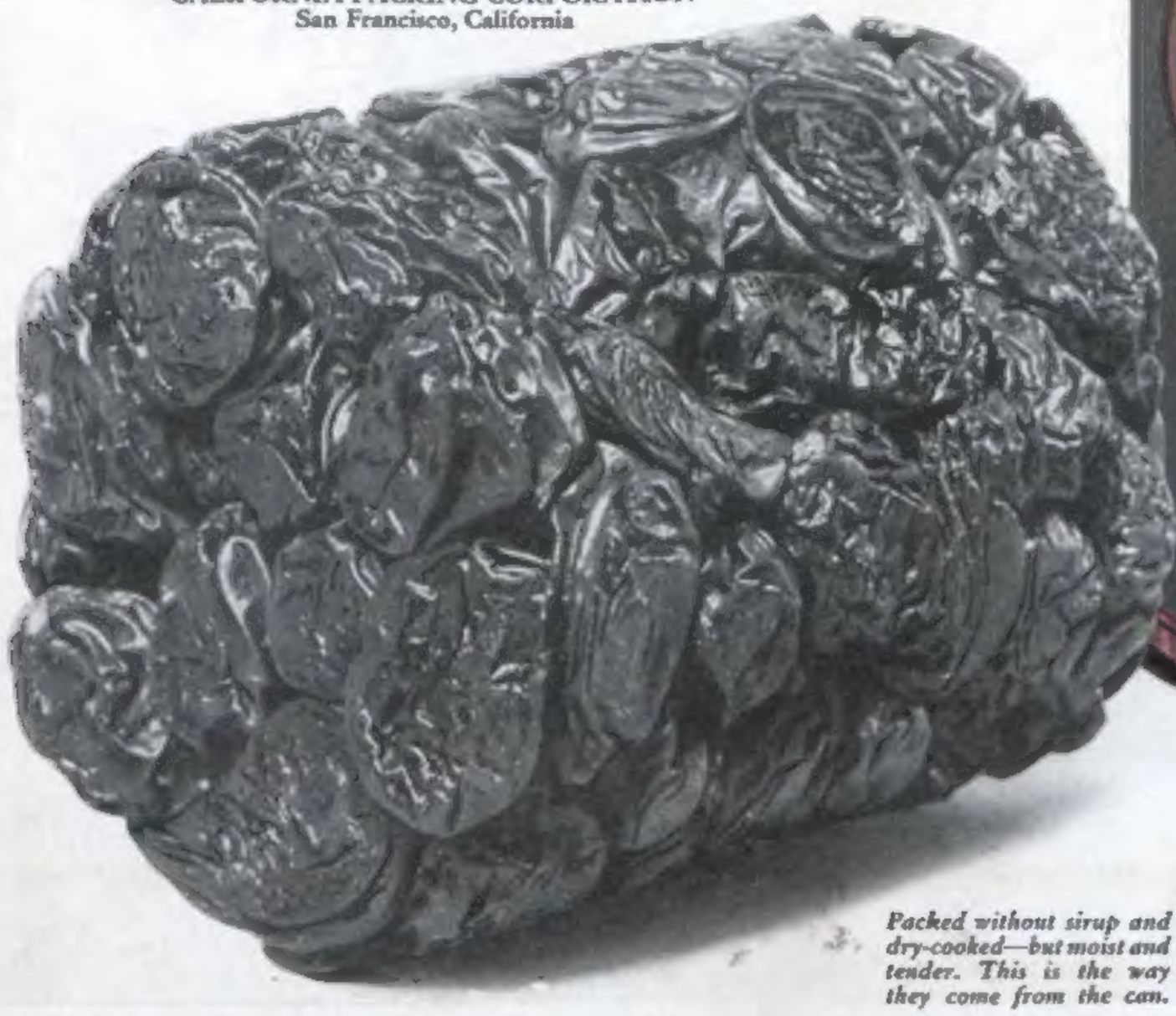
This is the modern—clean—fresh—sanitary way to sell prunes.

It gives you absolute assurance of satisfying your most particular customers at all times.

It saves you all loss from spoilage, shrinkage and deterioration and you waste no time in weighing and wrapping.

DEL MONTE Prunes packed in this way really make your prune business last all year long because you are always able to sell the very highest quality of prunes in perfect condition, at any season and under any condition of climate.

If you do not now carry DEL MONTE Dri-Pak Prunes, we suggest that you order from your jobber without delay. Your customers are waiting for prunes packed this way.



Packed without sirup and dry-cooked—but moist and tender. This is the way they come from the can.

HOW TO COOK DEL MONTE DRI-PAK PRUNES

As these prunes are packed clean within the can, there is no necessity of washing. Simply cover with hot water, bring to the boiling point, and allow to simmer for thirty minutes. Just before removing from the fire, add sugar to suit your individual taste.

Start *now*—
to work for Good Roads!

IT'S none too early. Spring—the season when actual operations must begin—is just over the hill. Plan now to have the Tarvia Truck working in your community this year.

Tarvia roads are moderate in first cost and more economical to maintain than any other type of highway that will stand up under modern traffic. Their non-skid surface is smooth, dustless and mudless all the year round.

Call on our Special Service Department. The experience of skilled highway engineers—based on intimate knowledge of every type of road construction—is freely at your service.

Please address your letter to our nearest branch. It will receive prompt and careful attention.

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Washed 10 times with Ivory Flakes

Imported French hand-made blouse. Pure white crêpe de chine. Embroidered with silver thread, and delicate shades of blue and orchid.

Price, $29.50

Though warned against *washing* this blouse, its purchaser confidently laundered it with Ivory Soap Flakes *once* (safe), *twice* (safe), *ten times* (still safe).

Still pure white, embroidery unfaded, fresh and charming as when it left the store.

"I have found it difficult to convince my friends that I have washed it *at all*," says the owner's letter.

(Blouse and owner's letter are on file for inspection in the Procter & Gamble offices.)

FREE

This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 25-AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crêpe de chine? Wait!

First consider this test for laundering safety

CAN "good soap" ruin a delicate silk blouse or a chiffon negligée — or even a woolen sweater — *in one washing?*

Yes, of course it can! "Good soap" may not be *good enough!*

How, then, can you tell — *before* you run the risk — whether or not any *particular* soap is good enough — whether it will ruin your *really precious* garments? Of course, a white soap is needed. Here is a simple test that will prove soap safe or unsafe as easily as you tell night from day:

Would you be willing to use that soap on your FACE?

Think of Ivory Flakes in this way.

At once you are *sure*, for Ivory Flakes is just Ivory Soap in flake form — the very same Ivory Soap that millions of women during two generations have found mild and gentle for the skin.

What a relief it always is when a woman first realizes that with Ivory Flakes she need no longer fear for the safety of her most precious garments!

A teaspoonful or so of these delicate, petal-thin flakes; instant suds; a few moments of dipping and squeezing — and the gently cleansing soap has done its work — safely, yet thoroughly.

Ivory Flakes is *economical* enough even for the family washing, but it has that unique *margin of safety* which distinguishes its use for the wash-bowl laundering of exceedingly *precious* garments.

May we send you a small package of Ivory Flakes with our compliments and a useful booklet of washing and ironing suggestions? You will find the proper address in the upper right-hand corner.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is for sale by grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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PASCAL'S MILL

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HIS train was due at North Thomaston at 8:23 in the morning; and he had decided, the night before, to get his breakfast in the diner so that he might be free to make haste on his errand. There was a possibility, his father had said, that he could clear up the simple matter in a single day, and catch the night train back to Boston, if he could get a good car and a man who knew the roads.

In the dressing room, between strokes of his razor, he bent to look out of the windows. The train was laboriously climbing toward the divide; there were lofty wooded hills on each side of the right of way; and a little stream, running in the direction from which they had come, paralleled the track. Now and then they crossed this stream, wheels thundering hollowly on the bridges. When his cheeks were smooth he decided to change his business suit for knickerbockers. His father had said, he remembered, that there might be a three or four mile walk at the end of the journey. A full day; no doubt of it.

A fellow passenger, a young man whose trousers were not creased and who had not troubled to shave, peered out of the window and remarked, "We're just tipping over the divide."

Druce bent to see. The little stream had disappeared.

Wooded hillsides rose blankly just outside the window. But he could feel the train gathering speed beneath his feet, and knew that what the other said was true.

"Forty miles to North Thomaston," the young man added, and glanced at his watch. "We're just about on time."

Druce nodded. "You live around here?" he asked, at a guess.

The other assented. "Yeah! Over at Twin Falls."

Druce looked at him with quick interest. "Twin Falls? Doesn't Judah Pascal live somewhere near there?"

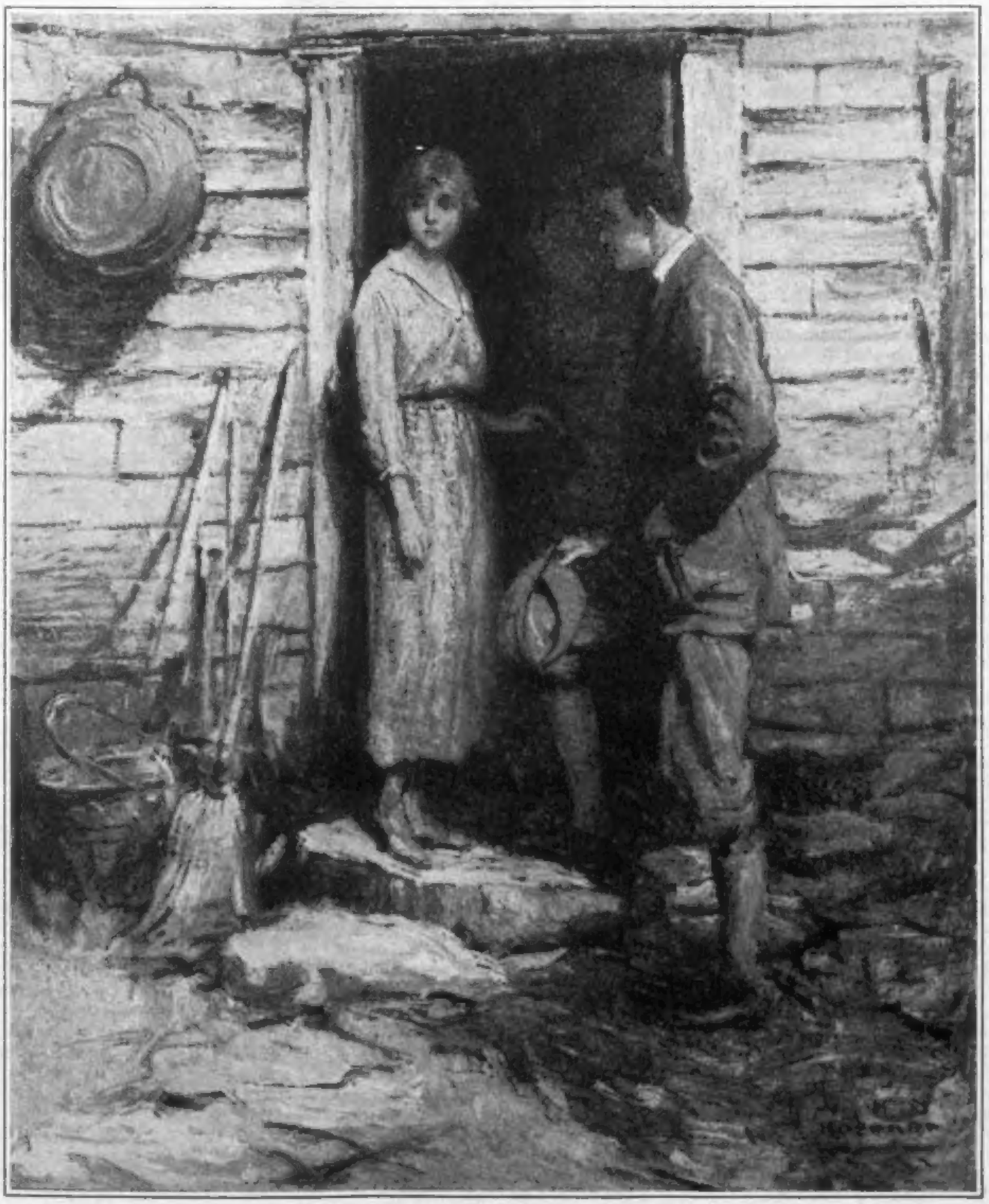
The young man eyed him curiously. "Yeah!" he agreed. "Jude Pascal. 'Bout five miles out of town. Pascal's Mill."

"Five miles?" Druce echoed. "Good road?"

"'Tain't bad if you're a good walker," the young man grinned.

"Can a car get in over it?"

The other shook his head. "Why? You going in there?"



Her Eyes Looked Past Him Into the Barnyard. She Seemed to Hesitate

Druce hesitated. His business was, after all, as well kept to himself. But to deny his destination now would be to make a mystery, and he had no desire to do that. "Yes," he assented curtly.

"I got my car at North Thomaston," the young man said. "I'll take you over as far as Twin Falls."

It seemed providential. "That's mighty kind of you. Robert Druce is my name."

"Mine's Vaughn. Jim Vaughn. I'd be glad to have your company."

"You'd better come along in and have breakfast with me," Druce suggested.

"I was figuring on eating in North Thomaston."

"We'll save a little time. I'm in somewhat of a hurry. I'd like to get the night train back if I can."

Vaughn shook his head. "Doubt if you can make it. It's a real hike in there, if you're not used to it. Seems like it's all uphill both ways."

"Then we'll need a good breakfast."

"Why—all right," Vaughn agreed at last.

Seated in the dining car they could look out of the windows more easily. It was mid-September, and already there had been frost among these hills. The birches were yellow as gold against the dark foliage of spruce and hemlock and pine. Swamp maples and oaks lent a richer color; mountain ash and balm of Gilead appeared infrequently. Below the level of the track there was a ravine, choked with alders; and amid these alders Druce caught now and then a glint of sunlight on water, and knew a little stream was rising there. They were sliding down grade, the restricted panorama outside their windows constantly changing and shifting. Rarely the low morning sun struck in through the glass. Usually the loftier hills shut it off. Druce could see where the sunshine waked gayer colors on the upper slopes. The stream emerged from its cloak of alders and became a definite thing, chuckling over many little rapids, twining like tendrils around moss-grown bowlders that obstructed its bed.

Jim Vaughn ordered sausage and griddle cakes; Druce took ham and eggs.

"You pass Pascal's Mill pretty soon," said Vaughn, his mouth full. "It's right beside the track."

"Is it?" Druce echoed. "Why—how far from North Thomaston?"

"Thinking of walking back up the track?" Vaughn grinned. "It's fifteen, eighteen miles."

"I might get a hand car to bring me back; or beg a ride on a freight train."

"They watch out for hoboes pretty close up here in the hills," Vaughn replied. "You'll save time by coming over to Twin Falls with me."

Druce finished his coffee. "Point out the place when we come to it, will you?" he asked.

"Oh, you'll see it, all right," Vaughn assured him.

A few minutes later Druce did see it. The rushing train rounded a narrow curve; the stream was on his left, just below where he sat. It had widened now into a stagnant dead water; and he saw ahead a wider pool, and the great millhouse. They swept upon it, past it; it was left behind.

"That was it," said Vaughn.

"I saw it," Druce replied.

He had seen it all in no more than half a dozen seconds; yet the picture remained photographically clear in his mind. It was thus that he would always hereafter remember Pascal's Mill. The wide and stagnant dead water of the little brook, full of water lilies, a narrow channel of clear water in the middle, dank vegetation thick along its banks. This, no doubt, had been the old mill pond. Fairly across the foot of the pond the great house stood. On the end nearest the railroad he had seen the semicircle of the wheel box. The house itself rose two stories higher; a rectangular structure, unpretentious in design yet astonishingly large. It seemed once to have been painted white, but the paint had long since cracked and chipped away and had never been replaced. The weathered boards were all the hue of dusk—dingy and gray. Below the main part of the house, along the farther bank of the stream, an L extended and became a shed and then a barn. The stream here was shrunken; there must be a trickle of water through the ancient dam. Druce suddenly knew that the sound of this trickling water would fill the ancient millhouse in this still gorge. A house the hue of dusk, and full of the faint trickle of running water. Behind it a steep hillside rose, heavily wooded with a black growth of spruce and pine. Across the track from where the house stood, another hill towered. So deep a valley must get scant measure of sunshine.

"The darnedest hole for owls you ever saw," said Jim Vaughn at his elbow. "They're flying all day long."

Druce scarcely heard. The sight of this ancient structure had made an extraordinary impression on him; he was a young man of vision and imagination. He would never forget what he had seen.

Would never forget a certain detail of this instant's picture. The house itself had seemed dead, like a tomb. But in the window above the wheel casing, in a room on the second floor, he had perceived the figure of a young woman. Had seen her for only an instant; yet this picture, too, was photographically clear.

There were curtains on this window in which she had stood; she held one of them a little aside with her hand. The other hand was lifted to her throat. Druce had no clear impression of her features; it was her posture that impressed itself upon him. There was something in it eloquent of vague longings, unspoken aspirations, yearnings still formless and only half conceived. He thought she had been reaching out her arms as though to seize something that was escaping her; yet her arms had not reached out. One hand had held the curtain, the other touched her throat. It was something in the manner of her standing there that seemed to reach out. Druce thought of wild things in cages; he thought of weeping women borne helplessly away from a well-beloved shore; he thought of captives crying out for help to passers-by who could not hear. And all because a girl had stood at her window and watched a train go by.

Jim Vaughn, at his side, asked curiously, "What's the matter? Got something in your eyes?"

Druce perceived that his eyes were filled with tears. He wiped them clear. "I guess so," he agreed, and after a moment asked, "Did you see the girl in the window?"

"Back at Pascal's?"

"Yes."

"I didn't take notice. Must have been Dora Pascal. Old Jude's niece. She lives in there with him."

"Probably," Druce agreed.

A moment later Vaughn rose. "We'd best be getting our things. We're running into North Thomaston," he said.

Druce followed him, pulse curiously swift. It was Dora Pascal he was sent to see.

II

BOB DRUCE, born in Newton—Middlesex School, Dartmouth, Harvard Law School and his father's office in Boston—was twenty-eight years old. Not at all an ordinary young man, he had many qualities to recommend him. A curious gift for friendliness. Most people liked him at sight, warmed to him as Jim Vaughn had done. He had acquaintances everywhere, and made new ones wherever he went. Never forgot a name, nor a face. Entirely without self-consciousness or affectation, he spoke as well in public as in private; and at the bar he had a convincing earnestness and sincerity about him that won cases, convincing jury and judge alike. Every spring he went away for a week, fishing. In the summer he played tennis. In October he shot partridges in the New Hampshire hills. In February of each year he went back to Hanover for skiing, snowshoeing, the stimulant of the clear cold air of those high altitudes. He played chess rather well, and had never yet found occasion to be afraid of anything. A certain sympathy, insight, imagination, or call it what you will, at times took possession of him and overpowered his more reasonable faculties; in a woman this quality would have been called intuition. It gave him vision, understanding. Not all men would have perceived the tragedy of longing in the posture of Dora Pascal at her window.

She Went to the Window Again and Looked Out Into the Farmyard

On the morning of the previous day his father had sent for him. Thomas Druce was a man already elderly; Rob had been the son of his middle years. There was a complete equality between them.

The older man asked, "Rob, what have you got on your mind?"

"Nothing but that case up in Concord."

"The man whose hens were killed by salt in that patent hen food?"

"Yes. But that doesn't come up for two weeks. There's nothing else but small stuff."

"I wondered if you could take a little trip for me."

"Yes," Rob told him.

"It won't take but a day or two."

"Yes, I can go."

The older man settled back in his chair. "It's rather an interesting story, in its way," he said. "You know we handled all his business for Joshua Hayes."

"The aluminum man?"

"Yes."

"Yes; I knew that. I've never had any of it myself."

"It's all been in the office," the older man explained. "Including his will. Now he's dead; and it happens that I'm his executor. There's not much to be attended to; just one or two things outside of the regular line. This is one of them I want you to handle. He wants us to look after his granddaughter."

Rob smiled a little. "And you picked me for the job?"

"As a matter of fact," his father went on, "the will was executed sixteen years ago. At that time the girl was six years old. That makes her twenty-two now. And I doubt if she even knew she had a grandfather. So you see there are elements in the situation."

Rob showed his interest. "Where is she?"

"She's an orphan," said the older man. "Living with a sort of adoptive father, who calls himself her uncle, on a farm way back in the woods. It has been my job to keep in touch with her through these years; or, at least, I've made it my job to do so. I've never seen her; don't misunderstand me. But I've made inquiries now and then, and made arrangements, so that if she had needed help at any time I could have made some move."

Rob shifted his position and lighted a pipe. "I'm beginning to be interested," he said.

"I expect the best way is to start back twenty or twenty-five years, at the beginning," his father suggested—"if you've time to listen."

"All the time in the world."

The older man hesitated. "Did you know Joshua Hayes?"

"I saw him a few times, in here."

"How did he impress you?"

"Seemed to be a stubborn old mule."

"He was," his father assented. "Joshua Hayes had a certain grimness about him; he never let go, and that single quality made him a business success. He stuck to his word, even when he knew himself to be in the wrong. This was one of the cases where he knew himself to be in the wrong." He looked out of the window for a minute. The window overlooked Postoffice Square, jammed with parked automobiles, pigeons wheeling about the memorial in the center. "I have had a passive part in the thing, from the beginning," he said. "Joshua called on me to carry his word to his daughter when she married Simon Burnitt. Simon was a young man with a fire in his eyes. I remember him well. He was tall and slender, with olive skin and black hair and eyes; and his mouth was wide and his lips were firm. He was a minister; and I used to think there was a little of the look of God Himself about that young man. You were always conscious of the consuming fire in him; yet he was gentle as it is possible for man to be. They had met, and Dora Hayes—her father had reared her strictly—loved him at once. They told old Joshua, and he stormed at them. So Dora and Simon were married, out of hand.

"It was then that Joshua sent for me. You know it was always useless to reason with him. I was to be simply a messenger. 'Go to these two young fools,' he bade me. 'Tell my daughter this—that so long as she lives, and so long as I live, she'll never have a cent nor a lifted finger from me, nor any of hers.' That was his message; and I took it.

"Simon Burnitt had a church in the little town where Joshua had sent his daughter to a girls' school. She was then eighteen years old. I found them there; and as soon as I saw the young man my task became irksome to me. If it had been possible I would have evaded. But of course that was out of the question.

"I delivered my message to Dora Hayes—Dora Burnitt at that time—word for word as her father had given it. That so long as she lived and so long as her father lived, there'd be nothing from him for her or her husband or any children she might have. And she flamed into a rage and cried out and bade me tell her father she wanted nothing from him; but Simon Burnitt laid his hand upon her arm and quieted her. Then he said to me that he thought Joshua's mind would change, that they bore his wife's father no ill will, that they regretted this conflict. In another man such words might have had a mercenary sound; in the mouth of Simon Burnitt I found them simply decent and gentle and calm."

Rob nodded. "I see what you mean," he agreed. "He must have been quite a chap."

"Quite a chap," his father agreed. He marshaled his memories and went on. "Young Burnitt progressed rapidly," he said. "He had something of the divine fire. Other churches heard of him. In the next four or five years they left the small town behind them; he held two other pulpits, and came at last to the Second Church, in Brookline. A rich pastorate, as you know. In the meantime their daughter had been born. She was named Dora, after her mother. They had no other children.

"It must have been during these years that Judah Pascal knew them. I knew nothing about the matter at the time; had not so much as heard his name. What drama was played out between them can only be guessed at. Whether it had something to do with Simon Burnitt's decision to go out to China I cannot say. But certainly, a few months after taking the Brookline church, he resigned to go as a missionary to China. There was, I remember, an outcry against his going, on the part of his parishioners. The young man was become a power; a great future was opening before him. But he cast it aside.

"He and his wife went to China, into the interior somewhere. But they left the little girl, Dora, then three or four years old, at the home for children of missionaries, out near us. You know the place. A big square yellow house; the yard always full of children. Probably you don't remember Mrs. Worster, though, who used to be in charge. Dead a dozen years."

"I don't remember her," Rob said.

"I knew her well," his father remarked. "She was a client also." He went on: "They were killed in the Boxer troubles, Simon and his wife. No details ever came home to us except the bare fact. But it was after we had word of their death that Judah Pascal first comes into the thing. I had never heard of him; but Mrs. Worster sent for him. It seemed that Simon Burnitt had no near kin living; and Dora had left a letter with Mrs. Worster, directing her—in such an emergency as had now arisen—to send for Judah Pascal and ask him to take the little girl and care for her and rear her tenderly. Mrs. Worster did as she was bidden; Judah took the girl. I knew nothing of it at the time."

He seemed to be picking his words with care. "It was afterwards," he said, "that old Joshua sent for me. He was not an old man then; but he seemed to have aged abruptly, and I guessed that he was broken by word of his daughter's death. He was slow in coming to the point at all; but at last he said he wished to revise his will. I made

some notes, drew up the document. A few days later he executed it. It is that will which stands today. He was always so careful to stick to the letter of his stubborn word. 'I told Dora,' he said to me, 'that I'd do nothing so long as she lived and I lived; but when I'm gone, eh, Tom? When I'm gone there's no harm in surprising the child. But no man can say I ever went back on my word. Nothing while I'm alive.' So he arranged the little girl's future, as he thought, in this will of his. I believe he expected at that time that he would die before so very long. But he lived sixteen years."

"Where's the girl been?" Rob asked.

"With Judah Pascal. She's called Dora Pascal now. She calls him Uncle Jude."

"Where did he come in? Do you know?"

"I found out," the older man replied. "Mrs. Worster knew."

"She told you?"

"After this will was drawn," his father explained, "I went to her and stated the facts to her confidentially. I told her it would be my task, as executor, to assure the girl's future, and that it was important I should keep in touch with her. I asked Mrs. Worster about Judah Pascal. Eventually, a few weeks before she died, she told me.

"Judah Pascal was a divinity student; he attended Simon Burnitt's church, visited his home. I met the man once, many years ago. He had had a weary youth; was thirty-odd years old before he began to study for the ministry. There was a solitary quality in him; something brooding and alone; something of the zealot. A man, I thought, of violent emotions. He fell violently in love with Dora Burnitt, and told her so."

"Told her so?" Rob echoed.

"In an uncontrolled ferocity of passion he told her so," the older man assented.

"What did she do?"

"Dora Burnitt loved her husband devotedly," his father replied. "She had lived with him only a few years; but so complete was the union of these two people that she had absorbed some of his qualities. They combined the love of man and woman with a spiritual union of a very high type indeed. I have often thought their daughter must be a wonderful woman by this time." He was for a moment silent, thoughtful. "The little girl was two years old when Judah Pascal first saw Dora Burnitt," he added. "You understand, there was nothing sordid in this tragic thing. Judah loved Dora Burnitt, and told her so. Another woman might have been flattered—or furious. Dora was simply sorry for him; and she made him wait and talk with her husband.

"They were very gentle with the poor man, it seems. They offered him friendliness, sought to comfort him. He suffered black tortures in their very kindness. In the end, abasing himself, punishing himself spiritually as the flagellants punished themselves physically, he went away, to a lifetime of atonement, he said.

"Soon after, they went to China; but Dora Burnitt, with pitying kindliness in her heart for him, bequeathed to him the daughter she loved so well. She left a letter for him, which she made Mrs. Worster read. He must have found comfort in that letter, in the knowledge that he had her full trust and forgiveness.

Rob's voice was husky. "The poor devil," he said.

His father nodded, sat still for a moment, then leaned forward. "Well," he said, in matter-of-fact tones, "I've gone into this at some length. So you'd understand. Now old Joshua is dead. His will was made with a view to its application in the case of a child. The little girl was then six years old or so. So it has some features scarcely applicable now. I had suggested that it be modified, but he never accepted my suggestions.

"The will provides that she must put herself under my guardianship and must be educated as I direct. Conditional on her doing these things she will eventually inherit all his property. If she refuses to do these things she receives two thousand dollars annually for life; no more."

"And you want me to go and put the thing before her?"

"Yes. You understand, she may not even know that she had a grandfather. Probably knows very little of her antecedents. You will want to move gently, feel your way. I should expect that Judah Pascal will be your ally. He is—or was—a sort of religious maniac; if he feels it is right that he should help you your way will be easy. You need not hurry them; put the facts fully before them both and give them time to consider the matter. Leave them to think it over. Tell Judah he might bring the girl to Boston to see me. Or use your own judgment. You know as much as I do about it now."

Rob nodded. "I see," he assented, and considered for a moment. "Where do they live?" he asked.

His father gave directions; Rob sent for a time-table. That afternoon he was aboard the train. He was full of a lively curiosity, a ready sympathy; the figure of Dora Pascal already filled his thoughts. This was before he had seen her; but as his train stopped at North Thomaston, this morning, he had no need to remind himself that he had seen her now.

III

THE brook whose valley the train had been following for close to forty miles, and which in its upper reaches is known by half a dozen different names, emerges at last into a wider valley, becomes Whipple Brook, and unites its clear waters with those of Rush River. At the junction of the two streams lies North Thomaston. The brook and the river run through the city, confined for a space within concrete walls, their actual union hidden away like a secret and shameful thing, beneath a broad concrete bridge that marks the very heart of the town. North Thomaston has twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants; has street cars and an interurban line that runs on down the valley. Road companies sometimes play a one-night stand here; there are a dozen moving-picture houses. A considerable town, set up among the hills and serving a wide circle of small farming towns in the capacity of metropolis. There are orchards among these hills; apples are the principal crop. When Rob Druce came to North Thomaston the apple picking was just beginning.

He and Jim Vaughn alighted from their Pullman in the unpretentious station, walked through the waiting room and out to the cobble-paved street.

"My car's in a garage down here a little ways," Jim explained. "We might as well walk."

Rob shook his head. He was become impatient to reach Jude Pascal's mill. "I'll get a taxi," he suggested, and lifted his hand to the nearest cab.

Vaughn grinned in agreement and named the garage.

In the car Rob said thoughtfully: "Maybe you planned to stick around town for a while. Don't hurry on my account. I can get a car and go ahead alone."

Vaughn shook his head. "The missus will be glad to see me early," he replied. "We're in right on time. We'll be home by a quarter past nine. Road's good all the way."

It was no more than half past eight o'clock when they threaded their way out of North Thomaston. The cobbles of the center of the town gave way to badly rutted and broken concrete, then to a smooth gravel road. The car leaped ahead. Rob perceived that their course swung away from the railroad at something like a right angle, and remarked this. Vaughn nodded.

"We follow up Rush River," he explained. "Make a sort of a circle; half a circle. Twin Falls is really past where you're going, but it's the only road in to Pascal's." He indicated a lofty range of hills on their left hand. "That ridge lies right along between the river and the railroad," he added. "You got to climb right over it to get to Pascal's."

Rob smiled. "Must be some hike."

"It's the longest four-five miles you ever saw," Jim Vaughn promised. "I ain't been in there for years. Used to go fishing in the brook, some, but it's all fished out now. But I remember it was some walk."

"I don't mind walking, but I'd just as soon save some time," Rob suggested. "There's no way of riding in?"

"Not unless you got a mule," Jim told him. "And they ain't no mules in Twin Falls; nor riding horses, either, I guess. Pascal's got an old cart he drives out, but nobody else will drive over the road. Maybe he'll carry you out."

"He comes out often?" Rob asked curiously.

"Only when he has to, to get supplies."

"Does the girl come out with him?"

Vaughn shook his head. "She don't ever come out, I guess. Folks say she's kind of funny. You know—off her nut a little. I don't know. I've seen her, when I was in there. She seemed all right then; only different from the folks around here. I guess she's got good sense, all right. That's just the way a story gets around."

"They live all alone together there?"

Jim nodded. "Yeah! Well, I guess Jude's brother, Zone, has been staying there lately. Least, he was when I went away. Been there a couple months or so. But I never heard of anybody else being there."

"Zone? That's a queer name."

"Zonas, I guess it was. Old man Pascal named

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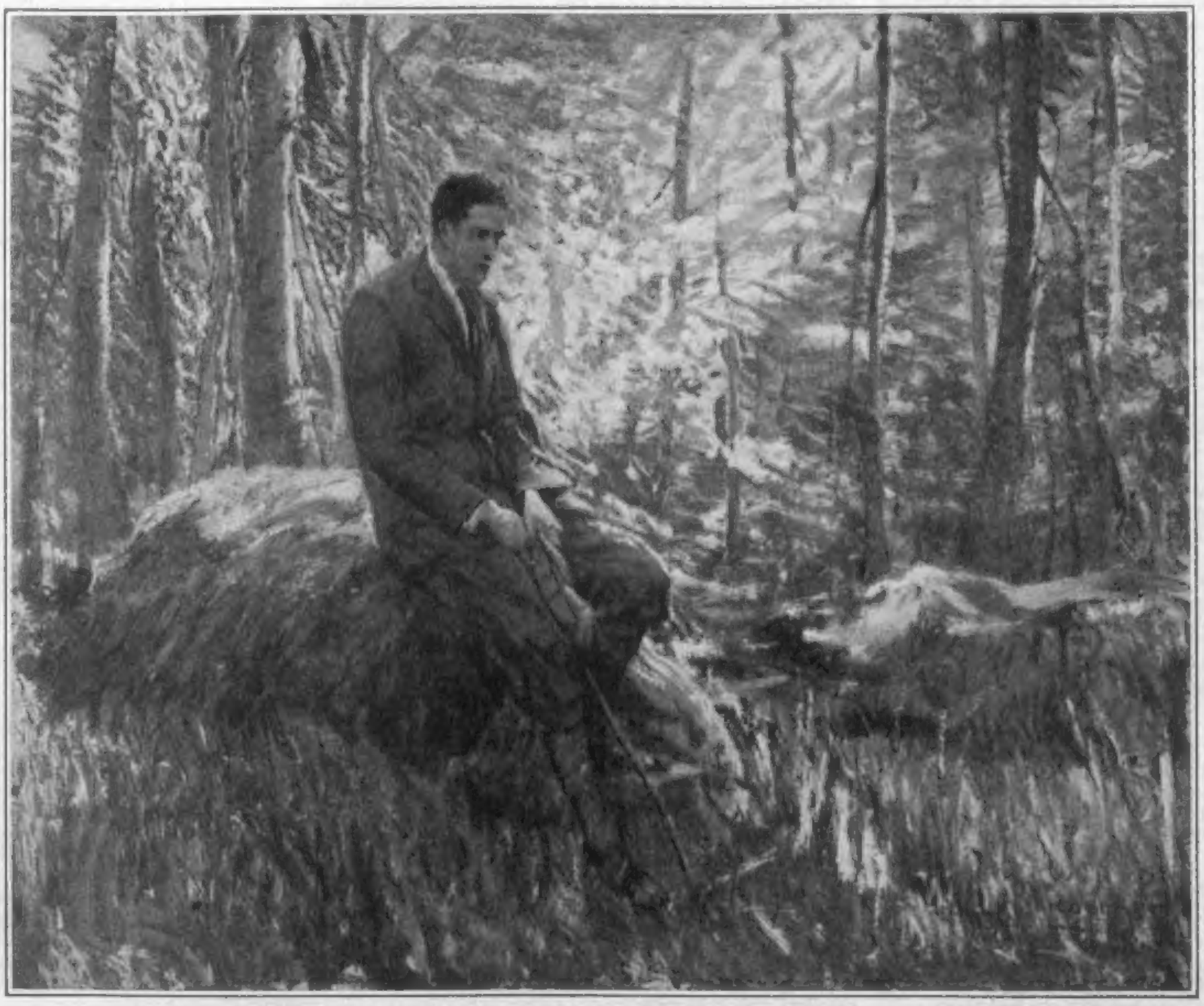

While He Rested Here He Saw Where Someone Had Cut Down an Oak Sapling a Little Way From the Road

THE PARAGON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The Entire Property Had Passed Out of the Hands of the Present Owner, and the Man Phelps Was Quite Clear That There Was Absolutely No Redress

THE manners of Dawley were perfect. Everybody said so. Their touch of *le beau monde* was almost a caress. He was the butler born, a paragon. Dawley's heart was so much in his job that he could no more help buttling divinely than a lark can help singing in an April sky.

Lady Cloverfield, a relation by marriage of Dawley's master, had hinted on her last visit to The Chase that the paragon was getting too perfect. Knowing men and cities—she had buried two husbands and was familiar with three continents—she was a penetrating judge of human nature. In the opinion of this woman of the world, Dawley was a little too sweet and good for human nature's daily food.

Truth to tell, no love was lost between Dawley and Her Ladyship. He saw in her a dangerous siren. Although the master whom he had served for thirty-five years was not a marrying man, Dawley, who also knew quite as much of human nature and its ways as most people, felt in his bones that if a regular campaigner with a will of iron really went all out anything might happen. The squire, at sixty-eight, was not quite the man he had been. And this was a chemical lady, large and massive, blond and bold, with darkened brows and sharpened eyes and peroxided hair and one of those remarkable complexions of which only heaven knows the secret.

The paragon woke at two o'clock on a winter's morning with a slight shiver, the voice of Lady Cloverfield in his ears. Was that her polar outline at the foot of his bed? An iceberg of a woman, cold, inaccessible, snow capped. Such a form of nightmare was not pleasant. Dawley pinned his faith to the table of affinities; but let him take no chances. With the Countess Dowager of Cloverfield in the saddle there would be an end of the old régime.

No, the thing must not be. So terrible was the thought that with a groan the butler turned over onto his side. Alas, a night's rest was shattered! A grim specter had invaded his mind.

II

WHEN, on a fine afternoon towards the end of September, Dawley opened the door to Lady Cloverfield, newly arrived from London, he was looking rather worried. Had it been anyone else she might have asked if anything was wrong. But with this man she was never conversational.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Besides, it would have been superfluous for the unwelcome guest to ask Dawley if there was anything wrong. She knew there was. That was why she was there.

Three days ago the squire, hearing that the widow of his half brother, after an adventurous absence of two globe-trotting years, was in England again, had written imploring her to come down and see him. There was the devil to pay. And he—George Chiltern, not the devil—would be grateful for the advice of a woman of the world.

"Do you mind coming to the gun room, My Lady?" said the perfect butler. "Mr. Chiltern is expecting you."

Lady Cloverfield did not mind at all. Dawley, silver-haired and stately, preceded her across a spacious hall hung with ancestral portraits, arms, tapestries, trophies of the chase. They passed down a narrow corridor, stone flagged, low ceiled, paneled in lovely oak; and then he opened a heavy door in the wall and announced her as if she had been England's queen.

The squire was absorbed with his trout flies. He was a famous fisherman. At the interruption a shade of petulance crossed a face that was rather like a child's. But it was gone at once. For a moment he had forgotten that his visitor was due. Her arrival was the fruit of something poignantly disagreeable; but George Chiltern, at sixty-eight, had learned to take things as they came.

He was delightful to look at, even at sixty-eight—a tall, fine man; his rose complexion a shade too deep for a girl's, his white hair abundantly curling, yet beautifully trim; his patrician features, his air of nonchalance and his own particular fashion of wearing his rather preposterous clothes.

His sister-in-law wore a smile of cool approval as she looked at him. Dear George! More distinguished-looking than ever; and very well off, with a delightful place to live in.

"Good to see you, Polly!" was his greeting. "Hope you're as well as you look."

Yes, she was all right, and she had never seen the squire looking better. For a man who had to pay the devil his appearance was singularly free of care.

After these compliments, and the visitor had disposed her large person more or less comfortably in a chair, she said, "Tell me, George, why is old Dawley looking so down?" It was her oblique method of saying, "Now what's this bad news you've sent for me to hear?"

The squire drew a heavy sigh. His flies, his rods, his guns, all the cherished toys with which he had been beguiling the last two hours, were suddenly thrown aside. He remembered that he had sent for Polly, and with a sharp pang he remembered why.

"Poor old man!" he said. "Poor old Dawley!"

"Don't lavish too much sympathy upon him. If I know anything about anything, I'm sure that man is able to take excellent care of himself."

"Ah, you don't know Dawley's value!" sighed the squire. "The perfect butler, my dear."

"Oh, yes, a paragon!"

The shape of Lady Cloverfield's mouth suggested irony, but women of the world are sparing in their use of it with rich old bachelors.

She asked her question again.

"Old man looking worried? Because I've just had to give him notice."

"To be sent away, is he?" Lady Cloverfield's note was triumph. "But you're parting with your right hand!"

She couldn't resist a little irony after all.

"My right hand, yes."

Pathos, simple and unashamed, was in the squire's voice.

"But why, if you feel like that about him?"

"Polly, I'm ruined!"

"Ruined!"

Polly did not believe that. Her brother-in-law looked far too prosperous. Everybody knew, besides, that he was very well off. And like the healthy, hearty sportsman he was, his tastes were simple.

"Then you are in the fashion, George," she laughed. "We're all in the same boat. Our class is being taxed out of existence."

"Trouble's deeper than the taxgatherer. I'm d-o-n-e!"

"Nonsense!"

"I'm being sold up!"

"What do you mean, George?"

In spite of herself, she was beginning to feel a bit alarmed.

"Turned out of house and home," said the squire quite coolly.

"My friend, tell that to the marines," said the face of his sister-in-law.

"This time next week there won't be a roof to cover me."

The visitor was incredulous.

"This beautiful old house!" She waved a white glove. "Full of lovely things! Some of them priceless!"

"All gone, my dear."

The squire spoke so quietly that Lady Cloverfield, knowing just the kind of man he was, felt it was true. Feeling a sudden chill, she changed the position of her chair.

"Really, my dear George, I don't understand you."

There was a pause. Then the squire said, "All perfectly simple. The mortgagees have foreclosed."

"Simple!" breathed Lady Cloverfield. "Mortgagees! Foreclosed! But what have you done with your money? You've always had more than enough for your needs—no expensive tastes. Why mortgage this most valuable property?"

The squire's nonchalance grew a little exasperating.

"Fact is, Polly," he laughed, "I'm a man with a secret vice."

She peered keenly at the man opposite. He didn't look in the least vicious. Except for one or two deep lines present anxiety had cut in that face, so fair and open, it was a picture of well-being.

"Have you been speculating? Gambling?"

"Ye-es. Fact is, I'm a confirmed backer of horses. The only vice I've got; but a pretty bad one, hey?"

Lady Cloverfield agreed.

"No man loves a horse more than I do. And ever since I took that toss four years ago—that's put a stopper on my hunting—I've been backing my fancy and losing steadily. Not bad judgment; just bad luck."

"Always is in these cases," was the comment, tart and dry.

"My luck's been cruel, and it's gone from bad to worse. This last year, I'll own, I've been plunging a bit. And now, as the bookies say, I'm done in!" The tone, light and easy, had not a trace of self-pity. "Anyhow, I've had a run for my money, so I mustn't complain."

Lady Cloverfield's face grew hard and set.

"Do you mean to say you've raised money on this lovely old place to pay the bookmakers?" she said bitterly. He nodded.

"Money lenders, I suppose." She prided herself on a head for business. "Exorbitant rate of interest? What they call paid through the nose?"

"That I can't tell you, Polly." The tone's off-handedness sharpened her exasperation. "Simply no head for these things. I can only say there's a mortgage on every stick and stone and that I've just had notice to quit."

Lady Cloverfield quivered. "Give me details."

"Details are not my line of country," was the rather wry answer. "But Dawley knows. Dawley knows all about everything. He'll give you details."

Quivering still, the visitor sat bolt upright on a chair that had grown very hard.

She said sharply, "Pray, what has Dawley to do with the matter?"

"Everything, simply everything. A head for these things, old Dawley."

A kind of nausea crept over her. Little chills began tobogganing down her spine.

"John Is About to Marry a Girl of Position. The Marriage, at Present, Has Not My Sanction"

"Am I to understand that Dawley arranged the mortgages?"

"More or less; with the help of Phelps, my lawyer fellow, of whom, by the way, Dawley doesn't seem to hold a very high opinion."

Lady Cloverfield looked intently at the face before her, so fair and open, so bland and childlike, with a feeling akin to horror.

"George," she said softly, "I think you must be mad."

III

THE squire did not deny the charge. He was half inclined to believe that he was mad. Looking back over the past four years, it was hard to reconcile his conduct with sanity. In that period he had lost a cool sixty thousand pounds. He could only marvel now at his obstinate folly. The one shadow of excuse was his imperial crowner. Since that toss on his head over concealed wire he had never been quite the man he was.

However, it was no use crying over spilled milk. He had got it in the neck, but he must be sportsman enough to keep a stiff upper lip. This determination accounted for the nonchalance which Lady Cloverfield found so exasperating. It would hurt like the devil at his time of life to do without the things he had always had. An awful wrench to part with Dawley; he simply didn't know how he was going to carry on without him. As for giving up The Chase, where he had been born and bred and had known long, long years of happiness, it didn't bear thinking about.

Yes, he was mad.

Polly was quite right. However—stiff upper lip; that was the formula.

"George!" A sharp voice summoned him from the nether regions of reverie. "Ring the bell, please. I should like a word with Dawley."

When the perfect butler came into the gun room, which he did about a minute later, he was received with an eye that nearly gave him frostbite. The august visitor, sitting upright as doom, looked him over from top to toe. How she loathed that supple back, that ingratiating smile!

"You rang for me, sir, I think?" said Dawley, taking it upon himself to break the long pause that greeted him.

Lady Cloverfield said grimly, "Yes, Dawley, your master did."

He acknowledged the words with the slight bow of an elder statesman who calmly stands waiting on events.

"There are a few questions which I hope you will be good enough to answer."

If an iceberg could have spoken, that is how an iceberg would have spoken.

"Certainly, My Lady. It will be a privilege."

You could have taken President Harding, Monsieur Poincaré, Mr. Lloyd George, not to mention Talleyrand, Machiavelli, Alcibiades and the leading lights of antiquity, and in point of style and delivery they could not have bettered that answer. Of course, it was more than an answer; it was the crossing of swords.

"What do you know of this most unfortunate loss that Mr. Chiltern has sustained? I understand that he has had the imprudence"—the word "imprudence" was coldly and deliberately chosen—"to intrust all his financial arrangements to you."

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"The Property, My Lady, Has Been Transferred to Messrs. Evans & Dawley, Limited, Dealers in Antiques and the Fine Arts"

MAKING THEM BELIEVE IT

I AM unable to account for so much oratory. I have heard occasionally, in my political experience from which these confessions are drawn, gentle protests on the part of listeners; but I have never, I think, heard but one pretender to political strategy and some knowledge and skill in American politics who ever really challenged the supposedly priceless value of the silver tongue. I am the man. I desire to hit that idol smack in the eye.

The part of oratory in our political campaigns, state and national, like most of the elements and fundamentals of American political strategy, has never been studied or weighed. I am not of a mind when undertaking a rough survey to say that oratory can be abolished. It may be harder to abolish than John Barleycorn. It satisfies a thirst. For some of its producers it fills a void of the ego which is always aching; for others it produces misery and the aspen-leaf hand and invitations to nervous prostration. There are the Johnsons and the Bourke Cockrans, but there are also the Hoovers. I do not believe, however, that the presence or the absence of the thirst for oratory ends with the producers. The consumers have a thirst too. It would be folly to deny that crowds demand oratory. They demand it as one wiggles a sore tooth. They go looking for it in the way one reads the funny papers in the barber's shop—not with real expectation, but with a kind of morbid hope.

During two state campaigns and in the preparation for three national elections I have seen face to face as many American people listening to oratory as most men who are not the personal bodyguards of candidates or veteran political-tour reporters. I have tried to sense audiences and read their motives for being there, and weigh the amount of conviction which they take away with them out of the mouths of the campaigners.

I believe audiences assemble in the main for curiosity and entertainment, and that their applause is a bad measure of results of the effort to make votes by oratory. The most people take away is an impression of the orator as a man, a human being under a kind of personality-inspection test, and the least they take away is any new belief.

A Confession

ONCE, at Kansas City, a certain Democrat from New York had addressed a vast meeting. Tremendous enthusiasm had followed his efforts. He was warm with his success, proud of his effect, and as he buttoned his overcoat up to leave the hall he said to his friends, "Come on! Let's hear what these crowds going home are saying."

They came up behind two men just leaving a side entrance.

"That sounded like a great speech," said one. "Who was that feller? I got in after he had been introduced."

"Why he was once our Turkish ambassador."

"You don't say! He sure speaks mighty good English for a Turk!"

We have a famous campaign speaker in America who is or has been or soon will be in the Senate. He speaks forcefully, with wonderful technic, without too much obvious appeal to the emotions and with a fine sense of order. Furthermore, he thinks clearly and puts his new ideas together with good joining and carpentering; and, if one is also willing to think while listening, there is a great deal worth weighing in whatever this man says from the platform.

I went back to our hotel with him one night after a huge, mad audience had clapped and waved and shouted its pulsations at him.

"I hate it," he said. "I can't bear to appeal to the emotional side of men and women. It is like bad sportsmanship.

"It is like being a thief of their property in their own right to think and feel for themselves. It is horrible to see five or ten thousand people all being cheated into a moment where they all think alike. I always feel horrible after one of these evenings. I feel like a burglar of ideas who has broken and entered through human passions and used the jimmy of emotions."

I had to laugh. If I had said what was in my mind it would have been this:

"Don't worry. The crowd had an evening when you—just like a vaudeville performer—made men forget an overstock of some spring line and women the grocery bill. Most of those who were there had accepted your general political belief before they ever saw you. They thought it was a good show. If any small number had their ideas reshaped by you tonight, don't worry. Those ideas tomorrow morning will go back to the old form. I believe we are lucky if you made three new votes."

I knew something about this man's effect, because I had booked him for political towns in places where his oratory, men said, would make the difference between success and failure in the local voting. I have a Missourian habit of checking up the figures after elections, and I have never seen, all other things being equal, that the places where this man spoke returned quite so favorable a vote as the places where he had not been heard.

Johnson, of California, is an exception to the general rule as to an orator being a vote getter. In the main, he is a dangerous platform campaigner. Someone has said of him that he could shoot a guarded comment on the weather into the faces of an audience and make it sound like a declaration of war on all the hideous forces of evil. He is the exact reverse of men like Root or Hoover, who pour out truth, sometimes even overdigested, and treasures of thought that ought to lead men to a world in a better repose. But mankind prefers occasionally, and perhaps more often, to have its mental coat off; and so, for the mass, listening to Root or to Hoover is not exciting. The mass prefers to grow red and moist with the Johnsons, the La Follettes and the Borahs.

Good Vaudeville

UNDERSTAND, however, that there is this distinction to be made between these latter gentlemen: All three have provided the American public with good evening pastime, but not all three are vote getters. One of them never succeeds in attaching his audiences to any cause, not even to himself. His performance is good vaudeville. Another makes votes freely in some districts, particularly certain dark industrial sections; but there are certain quarters of our country where the people remain more susceptible to their own convictions than to his, even when his are melting his collar. No one fails to admit that he puts on a good shaggy-wolf-and-shaking-tremolo act, and most human beings will cheer for justice or patriotism when either is served up, as he serves them, hot; but in the case of

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A Thrilling Act While It Lasts

LO, THE POOR AMERICAN

By Lothrop Stoddard

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SOMEWHERE in Greenwich Village a group of New York radical intellectuals were discussing America. They were a mixed lot A few were of the older American stocks; others were obviously of south and east European extraction -some, by their accents, of very recent extraction.

The subject of discussion, as already stated, was America. And America was having a rough time of it. Almost everything, it seemed, was wrong. The question then arose why matters were in such bad shape. At length one of the group gave an answer wholly satisfying to his companions. Passing his fingers through his long black hair he asserted oracularly: "The chief trouble with America is the Americans."

That remark typifies a growing body of thought and feeling that is very much in evidence in radical circles today. Broadly speaking, this is a new development, and one well worth watching. Of course America has for years been under a hot fire of criticism. Our radicals have long been convinced that we are in a bad way. Only a little while ago three and thirty doughty critics convened in Knockers' Club assembled and published their proceedings in a fat volume entitled Civilization in the United States, their verdict being akin to that of the yokel who, viewing his first giraffe, stated, "There ain't no sech animile." Indeed, the chairman of that particular Knockers' Club so despairs of the republic that he has removed himself bodily from our midst, going to live in voluntary exile in Paris, in order to "be able spiritually to breathe."

What, then, is so wrong with America? Until quite recently our radical critics assailed chiefly our institutions. Our ills, said they, were due mainly to things like machine politics or big business, manipulated by small but highly malevolent groups centering in Washington and Wall Street. The bulk of our population was, personally, assumed to be sound.

Of late, however, these critics have been making interesting discoveries. More and more they are coming to the conclusion that, as our Greenwich Village friend remarked, "the chief trouble with America is the Americans." Accordingly, in the opinion of our radical censors, the typical Americans are Babbitts and Gargoyles, living on Main Street and charter members of the Rotary Club. It is this materialistic majority that has built up our materialistic noncivilization and landed us in our present reactionary plight. In other words, say our critics, it is the native American himself, rather than his works, that is to blame.

And, be it noted, the term "native American" is used by our radical critics in a sense much broader than that long employed by hyphenate orators fearful of an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy to lead us back to Britannia's ample bosom. The hyphenate orators of the past limited their aspersions almost entirely to certain socially prominent groups of the old colonial stock. Our radical intellectuals, however, have a vaster field for their displeasure. Not merely is the old colonial stock suspect; many subsequent strains are almost equally in disfavor. The interesting fact is that, consciously or instinctively, radical criticism is tending to run along racial lines.

Scan recent radical literature, especially the files of the New York radical weeklies. You will find something very like a regular propaganda directed against the north European racial elements in our population, whether dating from the Revolution or arrived in recent times. Search diligently for approving references to lately landed English, Scotch, Dutch or Scandinavians. You will find them about as often as you will find the proverbial needle in a haystack. Blond hair and blue eyes are apparently assumed to denote a reactionary disposition, while the word "Nordic" is as good as a sour grape for setting your radical's teeth on edge. As one of our censors wrote recently concerning the population of a Far Western state: "The people are a comfort to those whom the bogy of Bolshevism has pressed too close. Their names are pronounceable; their skins are dark with no more deadly taint than the touch of the sun. They make you feel that America is, after all, America—manly, unthinking, blond."

The lines just quoted suggest another phase of this school of criticism. Over against the Nordic north European, with his incurable fondness for prosperity, Puritanism and the Supreme Court, there stands a heroic opponent: the dark swarthy alien—apparently the darker and swarthier the better. The dark swarthy alien, whether he be south European, east European, Levantine or Mexican, receives unstinted meed of praise. His love of color and life, and his refreshing penchant for Bolshevism, make him in radical eyes the hope of a new and better America.

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AMERICA HAS NO BACKGROUND - NO HISTORY - NO ATMOSPHERE - NO NATIONAL CHARACTER - NO TRADITIONS - NO SOUL -
AMERICANSKI PROPAGANDA

"The Chief Trouble With America is the Americans"

THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES

By GEORGE PATTULLO

On the Swiss Summit of the Matterhorn

IT WAS late afternoon, and the entire population of Taesch was gathered in the main street, gazing up at the nearest mountain.

"There they come now! See? just making the turn, Peter. *Ach!*"

A ripple passed over the groups, followed by a doleful murmur; then silence, with all eyes straining toward the highest green slopes. Moving specks showed for a moment against the brown of the upper cliffs, just above the line of green. They disappeared, came into sight again lower down. Presently they were rapidly descending the base of the mountain, now in full view, now hidden, as they turned and twisted with the steep path. Soon their numbers could be discerned—a party of eleven men, with two mules drawing sleds.

The ranks of the villagers opened to make a lane for them as they entered the street. No greetings passed, although every man in the party had friends and relatives there. The villagers were mute, staring fixedly at the grim burdens on the sleds. All the guides looked too utterly weary for speech; their faces were wan, their eyes sunken. At the head of the procession strode a tall, rugged, gaunt mountaineer, soiled and haggard and stern, with a long gash in his left cheek, blood on his face and torn clothes. He glanced neither to right nor left, spoke to no one, but led the party straight to the carts standing in front of the post office.

There they uncoupled the mules, and somebody ran off to summon the curé. Awed and round-eyed, the children edged forward close to the sleds. The women crossed themselves, their lips moving soundlessly. The men clustered about, some of them aiding the guides, the others stolidly smoking. A curious quiet marked everything they did.

The bundles on the sleds were enveloped in tarpaulins, and one was much longer than the other. That was the guide. In the carts lay two plain wood coffins, one painted green, the other black. The black one was for the *Herr*, a married man with a wife who did not yet know of his fate. But the guide had been a bachelor, and so his body would repose in a green coffin.

"*Ach*, and they were to have been married next month!" murmured the women. "Poor girl!"

The bodies were transferred to the black and green boxes and then carried into the church, where the curé said prayers over them. Afterwards the coffins were placed on trestles out in the open street, where they stood for an hour whilst the villagers sprinkled them with holy water. One by one they came forward, passing the silver sprinkler from hand to hand. All were dressed in their stiff, dark Sunday clothes.

In the forefront of the spectators stood three tourists who had walked over from Zermatt. Two of them talked in whispers; the third—a tall, lean, hard-muscled man of about thirty, with the hungry eyes of a fanatic—watched with set face as the villagers pressed forward in line to perform their last act of respect.

Suddenly he turned and said to the two with him, "I wonder what he would think if he knew these people were —— Why, I was talking to him only the day before yesterday!"

His glance involuntarily traveled from the coffins up to the sheer, terrible heights of the Leiterspits. The needle-like summit looked so pure, so serene. Bathed in sunlight, it glowed with a golden radiance; and as he watched, from its tip streamed a lovely white plume, like smoke from a chimney. That was snow, swirled by one of the savage tempests which often rage around the Alpine peaks when all below is clear and calm. His eyes kindled and he drew a deep breath.

But one of his companions shuddered, and, nudging with his elbow, urged, "Let's get out of here. Come on!"

They put on their hats and left the village. All the way back to Zermatt the three talked of nothing but the tragedy.

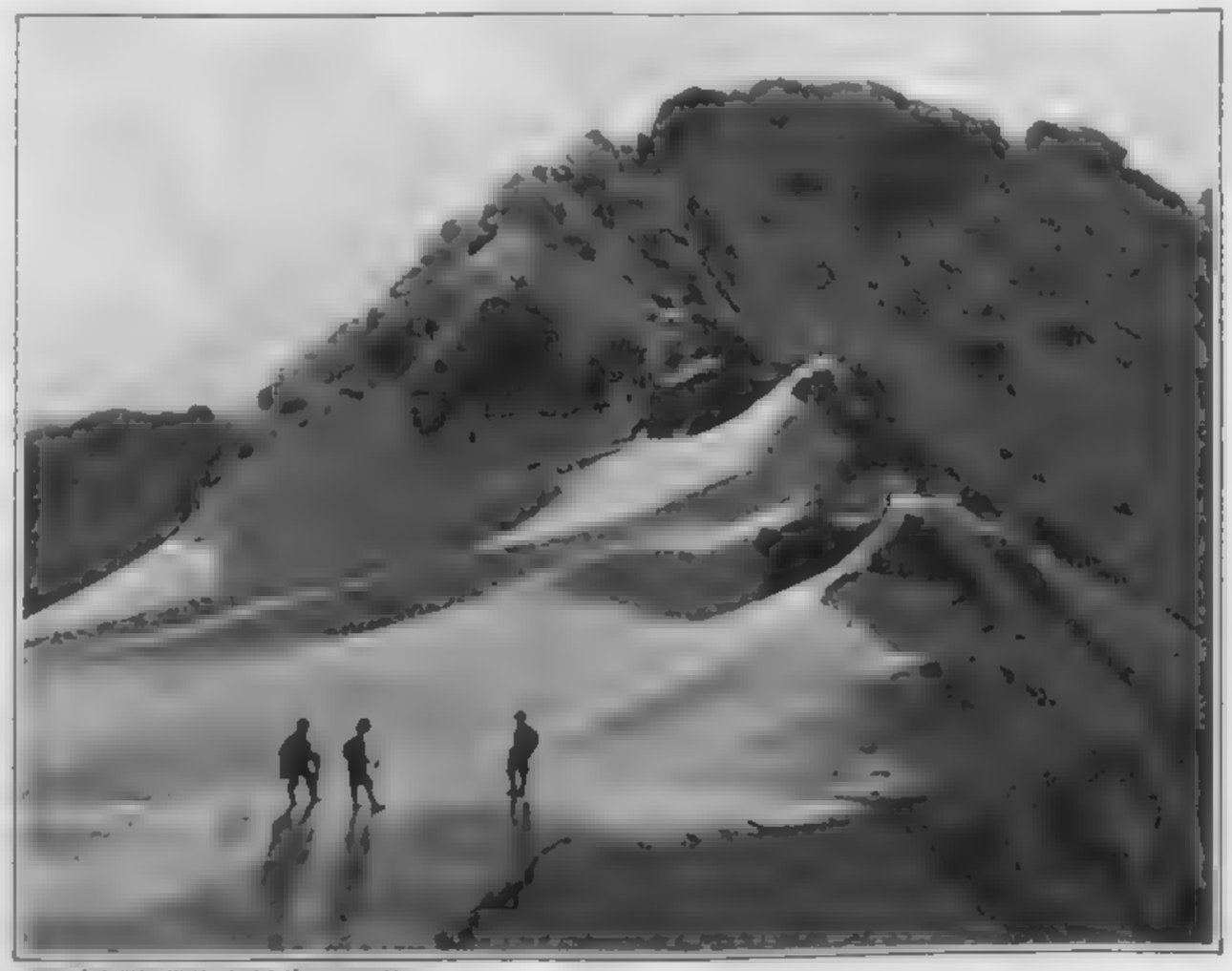
Everybody there was discussing it, too, and ugly stories were already going the rounds. That always happens after a climbing accident, sometimes through jealousy between guides, but oftener from the desire of the guides to shield their profession from blame. Suicide, some whispered, with knowing nods of the head. Hadn't the *Herr* asked the young man if he was married, before they started out? Well, why should he care what dependents the guide had, unless he contemplated a fatal ending to the ascent? *Hein?* And the folly of so heavy a man attempting to scale such a difficult peak with only one guide!

Moreover, he was a very bad climber, this *Herr*. In an ascent of the Matterhorn he had displayed pitiable clumsiness, and also a foolhardy spirit which had endangered not only his own life but the lives of those with him. The gossips of Zermatt freely asserted that the *Herr* had tried to kill himself during that climb, being only prevented by the prompt action of two guides, who later were obliged to assist him in, owing to his exhaustion. After the Matterhorn expedition no guide would consent to go up the perilous Leiterspitz with him, unless accompanied by two others—that is, everybody refused until he finally persuaded Fridolin, poor young man, partly by taunts and partly by offering to pay him the wages of three.

It will be perceived that in this welter of conjecture no light was thrown on how the actual fall occurred. And when every rumor had been sifted and examined the only facts which stood out were that in making the descent the two men had plunged headlong from a jagged, narrow ridge one hundred and fifty feet to the bottom of a gully. It was a very bad place near the summit, where the stones were loose and treacherous. They had fallen on sharp rocks, and by the time another party came along some hours later both were presumably dead. The rescuers sent up to bring in the bodies had taken great risks and encountered terrible obstacles, but had finally succeeded by lowering men over the cliff on ropes. The bodies were still tied together when found.

That is all that was known—and all that probably ever will be known.

One of the two had slipped and dragged down his companion. A loose stone, an incautious step by one of them before the other had got set to hold him—there were fifty ways such an accident could happen.



In the District of the Flüela Pass, Near Davos-Platz, Switzerland

Hardy, the man with the hungry eyes, listened to the gossip in the hotel lounge and snorted with angry contempt. He despised such tittle-tattle. Bah! As though accidents in mountain climbing did not occur every season!

They were bound to happen; they were part of the sport.

"Well, all I've got to say," declared his friend Forrest, "is they ought not to allow people to do it. A man's a fool to take such chances."

Hardy retorted, "People are killed in automobiles every day, aren't they? But you don't hesitate to ride in one. And I suppose there are never any railroad wrecks. Talk sense, Henry. A man might just as well refuse to go to bed because so many die there."

"But it isn't the same thing at all," protested Forrest warmly. "There's some sense in going to bed, but what does anybody get out of climbing a mountain? Hey? Suppose he tops the highest peak in the world, what good does it do him? Risking his life every foot of the way for nothing—just nothing!"

He took another pull at his Scotch-and-soda and stretched out his feet comfortably to the fire. Hardy opened his mouth to reply, then shut it with a click of teeth.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand," he said impatiently.

"Of course not. I guess I'm too earthy, hey? One of these soulless guys who take care of their skins."

"It's a matter of temperament," snapped Hardy.

Boyden, the third member of the party, now spoke up.

"You don't get Henry's drift, Aleck," he drawled. "Hank's just working up an alibi; don't you see?"

"Is that it?" demanded Hardy, turning sharply on Forrest.

"That wasn't why I said it, but Jim's right. No mountain climbing for me! After what I saw today—and those peaks! Boy, one look at those babies took the ambish out of your Uncle Henry. You fellows can have all the glory. Go to it!"

Conversation now became general. The usual crowd was gathered in the lounge, some in climbing garb, some in business suits, a couple of Englishmen in dinner jackets. Most of the women had made some effort to bedeck themselves, but the effect was rather weird on account of their beet-red faces and skinned noses and chapped lips—the sun plays havoc quickly in the mountains. Old Prince Joachim, scion of an illustrious house, snored quietly in an armchair between two companions; his nightly bottle of good red Burgundy, on top of a walk down from Gorner Grat, had proved too much for him, stilling his amiable tongue. A group of American women was huddled over a tiled stove. Some others monopolized the writing desks, madly addressing stacks of picture post cards to friends at home.

"To let the risk stop you ——" began Hardy, and then the dining-room door opened and a blast of jazz from the orchestra drowned his voice.

"Where's the sense in taking chances you don't have to?" inquired Forrest when there was quiet again. "I call it darned foolishness."

"There would be no civilization today if it hadn't been for just such foolishness." Hardy had an irritating, aggressive way of barking his statements. "We'd still be crawling in the slime or swinging by the tail from a tree."

"I don't get that. How do you figure it?"

"Because all progress has been achieved by somebody taking chances, by somebody blazing the way. Do you ever see any of the lower animals take unnecessary risks, except when their passions are roused? Of course you don't. They instinctively avoid danger. That's what lifts mankind above them. He seeks it. He always wants to know what's just around the corner. And he finds out, too, spite of hell and high water. He lifts his eyes, and he climbs—he climbs."

"Oh, of course, a man'll take a chance if there's enough in it. But this business of going up to the top of a mountain when you don't gain anything but a view after you get there—I can't see it, that's all."

He laughed complacently, then flushed as he caught Miss Wilkie's eye. That young lady was listening eagerly. She nodded approval at Hardy, her color warm. Having arrived at Zermatt only that day with her father, her face had not yet peeled, and it was well worth looking at.

"That's because you've never climbed one, Hank. Listen!" said Hardy, giving a forward hitch to his chair. His voice vibrated, as it always did on his favorite topic. "In a hard morning's climb you have to employ all the qualities that are brought into play for every problem between manhood and the grave. Every faculty works at high tension. You compress the effort and the will of years into minutes. To climb one mountain is to live a whole life. You are uplifted, exultant. Your soul soars up to God, I tell you. Man, it's heaven!"

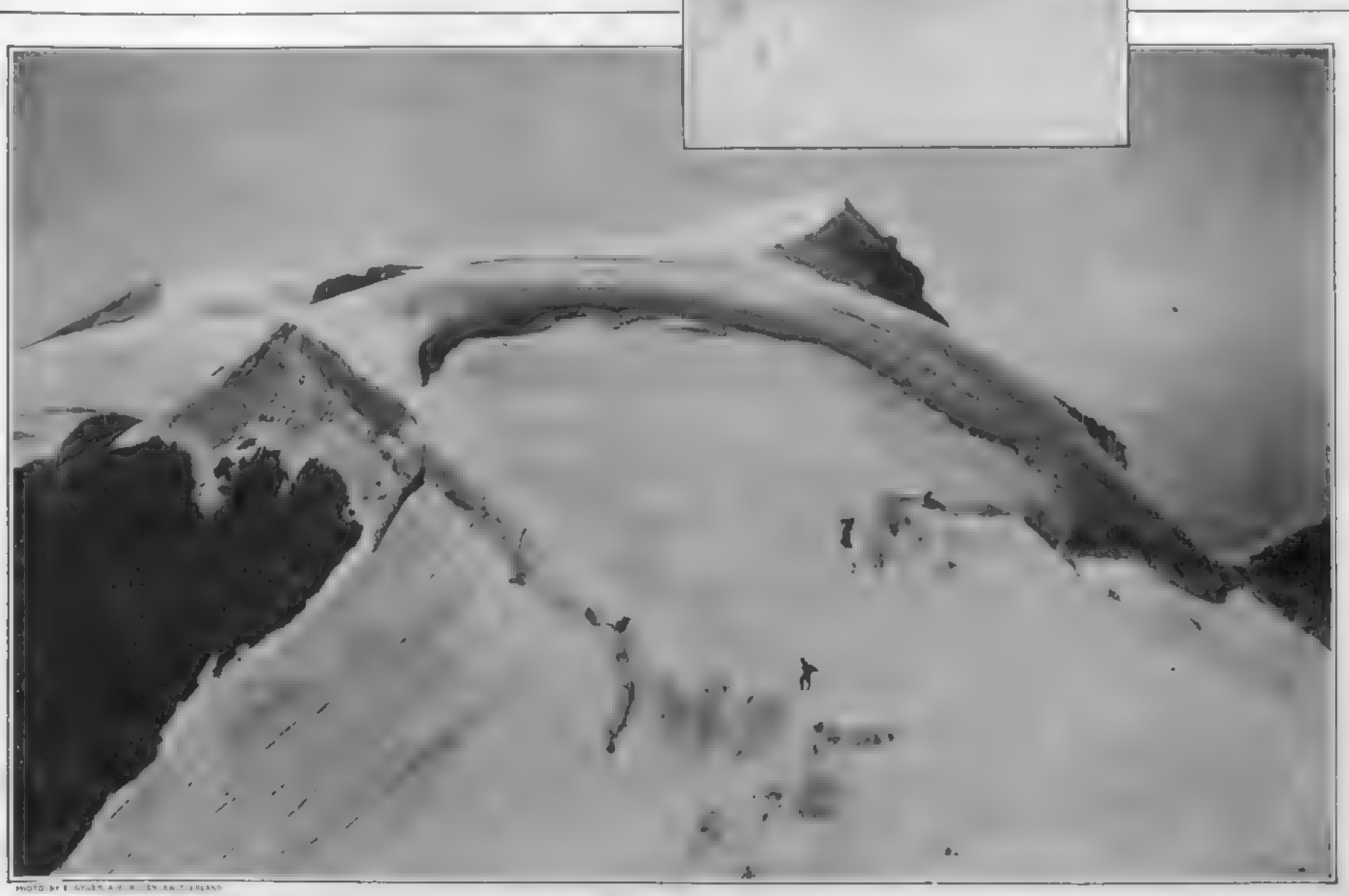
A bantering reply was on the tip of Forrest's tongue, but a glance at Miss Wilkie restrained him. He said, instead, "How about you, Jim?"

"I've never tackled it," replied Boyden slowly. "But I don't believe I would ever get quite that feverish."

"It's the same spirit that's made our world," went on Hardy, conscious the girl was listening; "and it's the spirit that will lift mankind some day to probe the infinite. He'll search out the secret of creation; he'll meet face to face the power that made this universe and the stars. Nothing can stop him but fear, and there will always be men to rise above it."

Forrest shifted uneasily in his chair. He had a dread the conversation might presently take him beyond his depth. As for him, what he called a nice, sociable evening embraced a good cigar and a drink, a few friends and a story or two with a kick in them—that was what he wanted after the day's work. None of this deep stuff; it only tired a fellow out and made him blue. Half the time it was bunk

(Continued on Page 70)



A Human Speck Against Acres of Snow in the Region of the Wildstrubel, Near Adelboden, Switzerland. Above—Four Climbers on a Dangerous Section of the Bietschhorn Above Kippel in the Lotschen Valley

THE BRIDE OF BOREAS

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IT'S disgraceful!" protested Mrs. Berry after listening to her niece's declaration. She was in her sitting room, upstairs, where Hilda had found her, and one of the rockers of her chair was squeaking steadily as she swayed nervously back and forth.

"But, Aunt Harriet ——"

"A poet!" the older woman went on. "It's as if you were going to marry Burns or Walt Whitman or that disreputable Lord Byron."

"But, Aunt Harriet ——"

"Poets haven't any money," continued Mrs. Berry. "How do you know he isn't after yours?"

"He doesn't know I have any," answered Hilda Larkin, dropping into the chair before her aunt's small desk.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, you were there," said the girl. "You know yourself that nobody in that little Carolina town knew anything about me. He proposed the very next day, and he said he couldn't afford to marry right away. That shows he didn't know. And, anyway, he isn't that kind"

She took up a pencil and began absent-mindedly drawing arabesques on the green blotter

"Hilda," the aunt pursued, "everybody knows that poets go round making women unhappy. His proposing the second day shows what kind of a man he is. And you an engaged girl!"

"But how could he know that?"

"You ought to have told him."

"I did—after."

"Then he ought to have stopped bothering you. That would have been the honorable thing to do, instead of telegraphing and sending special deliveries every day. I'll never forget that night you were out with Donald, and I had to take down that sentimental telegram over the phone! It made me feel ridiculous—stuff about how he couldn't sleep!" She shook her head despairingly "It's beyond me. Here you've been engaged to a nice, reliable boy you've known all your life, and you drop him like a hot cake and take up with a crazy genius."

"I'll never be happy without him, auntie."

"Well, what about poor Donald Cooper? Doesn't your conscience trouble you?"

"Awfully," Hilda answered, sighing and throwing down the pencil.

"Have you told him yet?"

"No, but I think he feels there's something wrong. I meant to tell him yesterday, but ——"

"I should think so!" interjected Mrs. Berry

"But I was having a terrible time with my bank balance—it was a mistake of five seventy-two in my favor and I'd hunted and hunted—so when Donald came in the evening he balanced it for me, and after he'd done that I just couldn't bring myself to tell him. And, anyway, I didn't make up my mind for certain until after he had gone. A special delivery came, and I ——"

"Yes, I heard the doorbell."

"Oh, Aunt Harriet," exclaimed the girl, "it's terrible how poor Noel is suffering!" Her dark eyes, which always held a wondering look, were sad. "If I didn't marry him I don't know what he'd do. I'm afraid to think!"

"Well, what about Donald?"

"He'll feel awfully. You can't imagine how I dread to tell him. But Noel's the kind who might do something desperate." From the pocket of her sport skirt she drew a paper. "Just listen to this," she said, unfolding it. "This is the kind of thing he's sending me all the time. It's called The Storm." And she read:

"Without, the wind-swept night is drowned in rain,
Within, my heart is sick with grief and drenched
In tears—a torrent that will not be quenched,
But falls incessantly from clouds of pain
Which must endure until we meet again.
Ah, Love! Wherein ——"

Hilda's voice broke and she stopped reading

"You mustn't suppose," said Mrs. Berry cynically, "that if you marry him he'll keep on like that. Your Uncle Henry and I lived together for twenty-seven years and never a harsh word passed between us—nothing to speak of, that is. As husbands go, he was an exceptionally good one; but, all the same, the candy and flowers stopped in the first year and he couldn't ever remember our anniversary."

"But," began Hilda, "Uncle Henry wasn't —"

Her aunt, who had been regarding her intently, threw up her hands.

"Oh, what's the use of my talking!" she exclaimed. "You never can tell young people anything. You're twenty-one, an orphan and financially independent, so of course you'll marry just whoever you want."

Hilda rose, crossed to her aunt's chair, and bending over kissed her

"I know you've always wanted to do the best for me, auntie," she said, "but you don't understand." Moving to the door, she paused there, continuing: "I won't be living here in Maysville any more when Noel and I are married. I suppose we'll live in New York But I want you to know that in any case you're to keep on in this house."

"Thank you, dear. You've always been generous."

"You've always been good to me, auntie. I don't want you to think I don't appreciate your advice; but I'm in love, and that's something nobody can regulate."

As Hilda was closing the door after her Mrs. Berry spoke again

"I do think you ought to tell Donald right away."

Hilda's face was pale. She nodded

"Yes, tonight," she answered briefly.

On These Occasions She Was Gratefully Aware of His Efforts Not Only to Tempt Her Appetite But to Divert Her Mind

II

DONALD was always punctual; invariably he arrived at a quarter past eight, and usually Hilda let him in. After greeting her he would slip out of his overcoat and hang it, with his hat, on the middle hook of the hall rack, glancing briefly into the mirror and smoothing down his hair in back, where the removal of the hat had disarranged it—for it was straight hair, light in texture and color, and was easily displaced; and Donald Cooper had a great passion for neatness.

Hilda sometimes made the trait a topic for light raillery Once when she had occasion to go to the office of the Maysville Chain Company to attend to the transfer of some stock, she had seen him seated before his flat-top desk, and had been amused to observe how much neater his desk was than any other.

The blotting pad was entirely guiltless of ink spots, the shears, letter-opener and ruler were arranged with precision at one side, the inkwell and pens looked as if they had just been bought, and except for a scratch pad, on which he was figuring, not a paper was visible.

She was dismayed, tonight, when she let him in to see a box of flowers in his hand.

It had slipped her mind that this was Saturday, but now she knew it, just as she knew the flowers would be lilies of the valley. As she took the box, thanking him, her heart sank, and she felt, sickeningly, the impulse to put off again the task she dreaded.

Leaving him in the sitting room, she took the flowers to the pantry, and while arranging them turned over in her mind the words with which she meant to begin: "Donald, there is something very serious I want to talk to you about—Donald, I have a confession to make to you Donald, I must tell you something that I'm afraid will make you very unhappy —"

But she did not begin as she had planned, for when she returned to the sitting room, and, with hands that trembled a little, placed the vase on the table, an unexpected opening presented itself

Donald had gone to the far corner of the room to straighten a picture. He turned and watched her as she came in.

"What's the matter, Hilda?" he asked. "You look sick."

I am," she answered, and began to weep.

Upon the whole he took it very well; for the most part he sat staring at her without speaking; nor at the end did he reproach her.

"I'm not so surprised," he said. "I felt that something was out of kilter, and, anyway, our engagement hasn't ever seemed quite real to me—not being announced. Nobody knows better than I do, Hilda, that I don't deserve a girl like you. Far as that goes, I don't believe there's a man alive that does." He took a step toward her. "I hope you'll be awfully happy. And I don't see any reason why we can't keep on being friends—do you?"

"If you can forgive me," she said, looking at the rug

"Why, my dear, don't you suppose I know it's something you can't help?"

Though she could not answer, she wished to let him know how grateful she was to him, and how sorry she was for him, so she did the cruelest thing she could have done She kissed him.

"I'll be going," he muttered, and made for the hall

Longing to be kind, she followed. He snatched his hat from the hook and opened the front door.

"Your overcoat," she reminded quickly.

"Oh, yes."

He turned, took down the coat, and with his face averted made pretense of arranging it upon his arm as he went out

III

AS HILDA'S engagement to Donald Cooper had never been made public, she felt that there was really nothing to prevent her complying with Noel's urgent demand that she immediately announce her impending marriage to him; and a few days later she gave the information to Mr. Talcott, of the Courier-Democrat, who wrote a nice long story, referring to Noel Pemberton Ives not as "a poet," but as "the poet."

The news that a Maysville girl was to marry a poet created a sensation, for with the exception of Heber Tuttle—whose poem Fair Maysville, originally printed in the Courier-Democrat, had been set to music by Mrs Burchard, organist of the First Baptist Church—no poet had, so far as could be remembered, ever been in the town; and Heber Tuttle was in no sense a professional poet, his regular occupation being the placing of insurance—fire, life and accident.

True, nobody in Maysville had heard of Noel Pemberton Ives; nor did inquiries at the public library, immediately following the announcement, result in the discovery of any book by him. Nevertheless, when a day or two later the Courier-Democrat printed a picture, revealing him as an extremely personable young man with large, interesting eyes, and in the caption stated that, besides being the fiancé of Miss Hilda Larkin, one of Maysville's fairest daughters, he was the author of a newly published book entitled A City Symphony and Other Poems, the demand for the volume at Gowdy's stationery store surpassed anything Mr. Gowdy could remember since Ben Hur; and when that enterprising merchant had eight orders for the book he plunged to the extent of an even dozen, risking four copies entirely on his own account, and making a window display of them

If Hilda supposed that the announcement of her engagement to Noel would end his sufferings she was mistaken, for now, to judge from the flood of telegrams, letters and poems he sent her, they were only the more acute, although he was sounding a new note.

Her suggestion that they wait until fall to be married elicited from him a frantic protest in shape of verses beginning:

Six months? Six eons! Six thousand years of hell!

And the result of her efforts to convince him that a half year's engagement was as short as the conventions generally sanctioned brought first a scornful diatribe upon conventions, and almost immediately afterwards the man himself

The very taxi in which he arrived at the house seemed to be possessed by a turbulent spirit. He came in, and gazing at her with somber and accusing eyes strode wildly up and down the sitting room, excoriating the stupid mandates of society.

"Let dull people bow to their dull rules," he cried, waving his arms, "but don't tell me, Hilda, that you and I are such wretched pygmies that we must be governed by their idiotic formulas! You're wrecking me—you, who should be my inspiration. If I have you there is no end to what I can accomplish. We can live among the stars! Doesn't my career mean anything to you? Yet for ten days you have kept me in anguish. My work has gone to smash! You're driving me mad!"

Hilda was flattered and awed. Against his vehemence she felt like one contending with a hurricane; yet the simile was not complete, for even as it buffeted her, this hurricane cried out its own subjection. If she only would, it told her, she could control its force, as Jove on Olympus controlled the lightnings.

She struggled a little; but, struggling, was aware of a secret desire for defeat. And the desire was gratified, for next day the hurricane bore her off bodily; or, to be more literal, she bore off the hurricane bodily, driving it in her own blue runabout to Hammondton, where, with the assistance of an obliging parson, whose wife and whose general housework acted as witnesses, Hilda Larkin underwent a transformation from which she emerged Mrs. Noel Pemberton Ives. Nor was this gift of herself her first gift to him that day

"We'll need a ring," she had reminded him as they drew up before the rectory

"So we will! I tell you— you drive down and buy it while I am arranging things here."

She did so, paying with her own money for the plain gold band; then she drove back to the rectory and handed it to Noel, who, at the proper juncture, placed it upon her finger

As the ring slipped down, there came over her a sort of haze in which the minister and his wife, and the room in which they were, and even she and Noel, all seemed unreal. The older couple followed them out to the porch, and as they shook hands with her and wished her happiness they seemed somehow very far away. At her husband's side she moved down the narrow walk, out through the picket gate and to the car. He touched her arm as she stepped in; then, taking the seat beside her, slammed the door

Automatically she put her foot down, starting the motor, and turning to him gravely, asked "Now where?"

His face was alight with exultation. He snatched off his hat and waved it in the air.

"To Paradise!" he shouted.

IV

PARADISE turned out to be New York, whither they went by a circuitous and pleasant route in Hilda's car, and it was not until they were nearing the city, several days after their marriage, that practical affairs were mentioned

"Where are we going to stay?" she asked him

"At my place," he said. "It's only two rooms and bath, but I think it'll do."

He did not turn as he spoke, but kept his eyes upon the road, for Hilda had taught him to drive and was no longer at the wheel.

"That's where I'd want to go where you've been living." She pressed his arm

As they swung out of Van Cortlandt Park into upper Broadway and took their course along the car tracks between the steel posts of the elevated railway structure she asked, "Just where is Lafayette Place, anyway?"

They Seemed to be Interested and Amused With Each Other. Noel Leaned Over and Whispered to One of the Green Earrings

"Opens off Washington Square," he said briefly. "Don't talk, Hilda. I have to concentrate."

She was able to reason herself quickly out of feeling hurt; traffic did make one nervous, especially when one had just learned to drive.

Noel, however, worked his way successfully down through the maze of the city; and when, after having braved the congestion of Fifth Avenue and swung west through Washington Square, he stopped the car in front of an old four-story brick house he was manifestly proud of his achievement.

"There now!" he exclaimed. "You couldn't have done it better yourself. I never thought I'd enjoy driving a car, but I'm awfully glad we have one."

Eager for her first glimpse of her new home, she waited while he took their two suitcases from the rack; then followed him into the hall and up three flights of stairs; and any slight depression she may have felt in the dark halls was dispelled when, having unlocked a battered door, he led her into his rooms.

She saw at once that much could be done to improve the little apartment, yet it was not without a certain shabby charm. The brown rug was threadbare in places, especially in front of the large, littered desk at the center of the room, but it harmonized pleasantly with the buff of the wall paper, and an added cheerfulness was contributed by white-painted woodwork and bookshelves. There was a morris chair with leather cushions and several brown willow chairs cushioned in orange and black chintz, considerably worn. The bed couch, covered in brown corduroy, carried many pillows; over the walls were scattered inscribed photographs, sketches and Japanese prints; but, best of all, the windows of this room overlooked yards and the fairly remote backs of other houses, and the afternoon sun was slanting in through yellow silk curtains which, though faded, gave a pleasant welcoming light.

"Oh, how nice!" she cried, surprised by this brightness after the gloom of the stairs. Then, observing a pair of low shoes in front of one of the chairs, around which were several little patches of cigarette ashes, she picked them up, asking "Where do these go?"

The bedroom, separated from the sitting room by a pair of brown rep portières, was smaller, having but one window, and the tiny closet was full of Noel's clothes.

He took the shoes from her hand and tossed them carelessly upon other shoes on the closet floor, while she continued to explore.

Suspended from a piece of string stretched diagonally across the little bathroom were underwear and socks; several milk and cream bottles and an opened can of pulverized coffee stood on the floor; the window sill, used as a shelf, was crowded with bottles and shaving utensils, and in the short enamel bathtub stood a single-burner gas stove connected by a rubber pipe with a fixture depending from the ceiling.

Seeing her eying the gas stove, Noel explained, "I get my breakfast on that. Go out for dinner."

"We'll have a shelf made for it," she said; then, turning again to the bedroom: "The main trouble is closet space; we'll have to put a strip along the wall, with hooks, and curtains over it. I'll make new window curtains and re-cover the chair cushions. Oh, everything will be looking lovely in no time! What if we are a little crowded, dear? We won't mind, will we? I'll be happier here than I could be anywhere else, because it's your place—the place where you wrote A City Symphony, and those lovely poems to me. Sit down at your desk, Noel; I want to see you there." And as smilingly he obeyed she stood away, gazing upon him tenderly.

"I don't want to change your life one bit," she went on, "except as I may be able to smooth the way for you a little, so you can have that much more energy to put into your work. And some day we'll come back and look at this place, and we'll say 'We were never happier than we were in those two little rooms'; and there'll be a bronze tablet on the house then, marking it as the place where the early poems of Noel Ives were written."

He rose and approached her, smiling.

"And it will say on the tablet, 'Here he lived with Hilda, his Inspiration,'" he told her; then slipping his arm about her he led her to one of the windows of the sitting room. "Look out there," he said. "That's the picture I describe in the poem you like so much—The Little Checkered Yards."

Gazing out, she let her head fall to his shoulder.

V

"I'M GETTING hungry," he said a little later as she was endeavoring to settle the few belongings she had brought with her. "Let's go out and eat."

And presently, as they walked down the street, he explained, "I'd like to take you to the Brevoort tonight, dear, but I guess we'll have to go to Giuseppi's. You see, I'm just about strapped."

He Rattled the Door and Pounded on It With His Fists. "Come Out! You're Driving Me Mad!"

"I brought my purse," she said. "We can go wherever you want."

The Brevoort was new to her, for the New York with which she was acquainted was the New York that centers around Forty-second Street—the city of magnificence, of huge hotels, department stores and theaters; and the basement dining room here, with its brightness, its French waiters and its—as Hilda thought—artistic-looking patrons filled her with a sense of foreignness. As her eyes, always with that wondering look in them, took in the room, she exulted in the beautiful and strange life upon which she was embarking.

"Something very simple for me," she said to Noel as he studied the menu. "French chops, green peas and hashed-creamed potatoes."

"Oh, not in a place like this," he objected. "You can get a meal like that anywhere." And without further discussion he ordered for them both—hors d'œuvre, mushroom soup, guinea hen Bigarade, and endive salad with Roquefort cheese dressing.

"What's the matter?" he asked presently, observing that she was neglecting her soup.

"Too much dinner for me," she told him. "I'll wait for the guinea hen."

He looked surprised.

"But you must learn to appreciate good food. As a matter of fact, you don't eat enough. You'd be better looking, my dear, if you put on a little more weight." He regarded her with an estimating eye. "About ten pounds, I should say. By the way, where's that money? Just slip it to me under the table, will you?"

They had nearly finished dinner when a lank Oriental-looking young man with blank curly hair and shell-rimmed spectacles came up and spoke to Noel, who rose and greeted him cordially.

"Hello, Leo. Glad to see you. This is Hilda." And he explained to her, "Mr. Eisner is editor of The Torch—has published some of my stuff, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Hilda, who had never before heard of The Torch.

"Sit down, Leo, and have some coffee with us," Noel invited.

"I've got Florence with me," Eisner smiled slightly, as if to say "You understand," and gestured with his head in the direction of a pretty young girl standing a few paces away, waiting for him.

"Noel and I would be delighted," Hilda began graciously, "if you and your friend would ——"

But Noel broke in upon her.

"No, we wouldn't, either!" he exclaimed, looking comically at Eisner, who merely laughed and went away.

"Why, Noel!" gasped Hilda. "If he's an editor and you sell him poems ——"

"Oh, he understands," Noel calmly assured her. "He wants my poems all right. Let him keep his beautiful morons to himself."

"Morons?" she repeated, shocked. "An editor—an intellectual man ——"

"Certainly." He spoke in a casual tone. "Just because a man is intellectual, it doesn't mean he can't enjoy pretty idiots. Sometimes, in fact, it's just the other way. If you've been working with your brain, and are tired, there's something restful about them that in the end proves stimulating."

"You speak as if you knew from experience," she said, gazing into his face with a slightly troubled look. "What is life all about?" her eyes seemed to be asking.

"Oh, I've played around with them, of course. An artist has to be stimulated or he can't produce."

"You frighten me, Noel! Oh, I do hope I'm going to be able to fill your life!"

"Fill my life?" he repeated ardently. "You *are* my life!" And as Hilda looked into his great, grave eyes she pitied other women who could never know such happiness as hers.

VI

NOEL lay half asleep upon the bed-couch in the sitting room when, next morning, she brought in his breakfast.

"You lovely thing!" he said, looking at her drowsily. "How beautiful to wake and find you here!"

While his bath was running she cleared a place on the disordered desk, dusting off the cigarette ashes and piling the scattered papers neatly at one side, and when she was endeavoring to arrange the china tastefully on a clean towel, serving as a tablecloth, there came from the bathroom the wild singing, punctuated by sudden whoops, which she had already learned to associate with his morning ablutions.

"Hurry, dear," she called, "before your eggs get cold."

He came out in a bath robe, his hair on end, and catching her in his arms danced her around the room.

"What a difference a woman can make!" he cried as he sat down. Then, as she stood by him, assuring herself that he had everything he needed, he demanded, "But where's your breakfast?"

"I've had mine," she said. "I thought I'd let you sleep. As soon as I've done the dishes I'm going shopping, and then you'll really see what a difference a woman can make!"

After breakfast he lay back in the morris chair, read the morning paper and smoked cigarettes; and so she found him when, having washed the dishes, she returned to make up the bed couch.

"There's just one thing you must learn to do, dear," she said, observing him fondly as she spread the corduroy cover over the couch. "You really must stop dropping ashes everywhere like that."

"Sure!" he agreed amiably, without looking up from his paper. As he spoke another long ash fell to the rug, but Hilda was in the next room getting her hat and coat.

"Huh!" she heard him exclaim. "Here's a man they say gets twelve thousand a year for writing a daily verse that's syndicated in newspapers. Poet? He ought to be working with a pick! There's only one thing worse than a newspaper poet, and that's the kind that sports a poet's uniform—long hair, soft hat and Windsor tie—dressing the part! There's one around here that even wears a cape. I'll show him to you some time."

And as she returned, ready to go out, "Just listen to this!" he went on, and read her a few lines. "Did you ever hear such drivel?"

"Awful!" she agreed. "Don't you think chintz curtains with valances would be nice, besides the silk ones? Big birds?"

"Sure!" he replied, still looking at the paper. "Think of it! Twelve thousand for such truck as that, when I'm glad to get a dollar a line."

She came across the room and kissed him.

"Never you mind!" she said. "Just give us time. We'll show them!"

At midday she returned, laden with bundles.

"There!" she sighed, and jettisoning her cargo to the couch, wearily sank down. "This is only a little part of it. I've bought two new rugs, and a dresser, and chintz for the chairs and windows, and silk for the curtains, and linen, and these things, and thousands of ash trays."

As she spoke she was unwrapping a cardboard box, and now, opening it, she drew forth an electric coffeepot and proudly displayed it.

"And I got a toaster," she went on, "and ——" But there she stopped, arrested by the expression in her husband's eyes. "Why, what's the matter?"

"My papers!" he said tragically. "When you put my breakfast on the desk this morning you brushed aside my papers as if they were sweepings! Mere sweepings! Ever

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BURBINE'S BARBECUE

By Freeman Tilden

FIRST, a few words as to how the firm of Slare & Basker became an orphan in the world of commerce. You have to go back and recall the days when no bride within five hundred miles of the Atlantic Ocean, in the United States, was really equipped for the domestic life to come unless she possessed at least two pairs of Slare & Basker woolen blankets. If she had them in her treasure chest, very well. If her tender swain couldn't provide her with Slare & Basker's, then she had made a *mésalliance*. No deacon was a real deacon and no first selectman was the best chop whose carryall or chaise wasn't provided with one of those all-wool robes made by Slare & Basker.

It takes years and years to build a business reputation, and it takes a long time to kill one. In 1915 the reputation of Slare & Basker, of Noren, Vermont, wasn't yet dead. But, to say truth, it wheezed a good deal, and needed strychnine.

There were still people scattered around—mustard seed in a ten-acre lot—who would write longhand letters addressed to Josiah Slare, Noren, Vermont, saying: "Respected sir: The carriage robe which my grandfather bought from your factory in 1866 is almost worn out. Can I get another one like it, and what is the price?"

Josiah Slare had died in 1891, so he was not rejoiced by these tardy testimonials to the worth of his product; but the letter was duly turned over to Henry Hallen, manager of the Slare & Basker mill, and the order filled with solemnity and honest material.

Yes, Josiah Slare died in 1891, leaving no children. Appleton Basker died in 1912, at the remarkable age of ninety-eight, and left practically no children. That is, so far as the fortunes of the firm were concerned, he left about as many children as Slare. He did leave a son and a daughter, aged fifty-four and fifty-two respectively, who had been living in Rome so long that they were saturated with ruins and olive oil. On their last visit to Noren, in 1915, they created a scene at the Woodcock Inn because there was no grated Parmesan cheese on the table. And when they discovered that the honest Mrs. Fiske, chef at the Woodcock, had never heard of *minestrone* they almost wept.

Poor old firm. The sole survivors of Slare & Basker didn't care three centesimi whether the blankets were made of wool or wood pulp, and they felt that the place for carriage robes was in the Smithsonian Institution. They went out gingerly to look over the stone mill, which reared its weathered head beside Old Stony—the river which furnished water power for the wheels eight months in the year. They saw the pile of black dust, near-coal, with which Bill Armstrong, the fireman, mixing it liberally with profanity, turned the wheels the four other months. They heard the noisy click of the looms. They saw, at noon hour, many rosy-faced operatives looking down hungrily into luncheon boxes and rollickingly mixing pickles and pie. They turned away in distress from the vulgar commercial spectacle.

George and Sarah Basker wondered whether they could swap their property for enough depreciated Italian lire to buy a respectable palace in Italy when the horrid war, which had disgustingly begun during the previous year, should have ended.

Well, can you doubt the story of the feeding of the Israelites with manna from heaven, in the light of what happened to these Basker self-made exiles in 1918? They sold the old stone mill to the Three-City Export Company, of Chicago, for one hundred thousand dollars, cash on the doorstep, and sped back to Italy with as much haste as though they had an appointment with the royal family.

At this point George and Sarah Basker disappear from the tale, without regrets on anyone's part, I suppose. At this point the Three-City Export Company, of Chicago, enters with a surtax rush.

Now, you can say that the officers of the Three-City Export Company were crazy when they bought the Slare & Basker property if you want to. Of course they were, in a sense. In a manner of looking at it, nearly every business house in the United States went crazy toward the end of the Great War. It was about as much use telling the man who had a lucrative turnover every ten minutes that the evil days were to come as it would be to tell an inhabitant of Los Angeles, after a drought of seven months, that it is bound to rain sooner or later. The Angeleno would look at you wonderingly for a moment and reply, "Yes, yes, I know. But much later."

So the business man in America, raking in the coin from a world which couldn't consume fast enough to satisfy itself, would have looked at you in a distracted way and replied, "Yes, of course—but not for many years."

We know all about that now. The point is that the Three-City people were no crazier than most of us. They foresaw a long drought; they had surplus which had to be jettisoned somewhere or it would be gobbled by the excise man, and a hundred thousand dollars didn't seem much money anyway.

I forget what they planned. Everybody was planning everything at that time. I think they expected to enlarge the plant and turn out contract blankets for Montenegro, or some warring element in it. Maybe it was Portugal. No matter. They bought Slare & Basker without giving thought to the fact—you couldn't expect them to at the moment—that they were buying the mausoleum in which great old Appleton Basker's and Josiah Slare's very life-blood was entombed. They were buying something which money cannot usually get—a property which for nearly a century had never walked other than in the path of honor; had never knowingly turned out a poor piece of goods; and had never, almost, had a workman who didn't put his heart into the cloth that went through his hands.

Sentimental? No. The explanation is easy. Slare & Basker came into the business world in a day and place when no one could succeed else; they grew to planthood in a little village which was away from the great centers of trade; and their workpeople were raised to order for them within cry of the golden cock on the factory tower.

Both as to good and bad business practice, they were an age behind the times.

Time was when Slare & Basker had traveling men on the road. But that was in the days when the best hotel room was two dollars the night and a chicken dinner was twenty-five cents. And even at that, sometimes when a salesman came to the home office for a conference old man Basker would dig out a bundle of expense accounts beneath the nose of the uncomfortable traveler and root through them, saying in his thin, gouty voice:

"Now, George, I want you should remember we ain't aiming to maintain any gormorants on our force." A "gormorant" was the old man's idea of a man who ate humming birds' tongues. He had probably confused the words gourmand and cormorant. "Keep your feet on the ground, George. Don't let these flashy fellers demoralize ye!"

There was one traveler who thought he knew the way to introduce a laundry bill into his expense account. He was wafted the way of all erring flesh.

For some years the output of the Slare & Basker mill, except for a small amount of orders which had a personal smack, were factored through the New York house of McLachan & Frisch, a firm almost as old-fashioned and unprogressive as Noren itself.

Things lay as they lay. After the hydrogen went out of the balloon, the Three-City Export Company, not knowing what to do with Slare & Basker, did nothing. By running close to the wind, the Three-City people weathered the deflation storm and picked up rapidly when the turn came. After all, they had been crazy, but not too crazy. But just what use to make of an antediluvian subsidiary like Slare & Basker, a thousand miles by distance but a million miles by any other measurement from the Chicago offices, wasn't clear to anybody. The directors used to have weighty conferences on the subject which went something like this:

PHILIP M. FROST *(vice president)*: Now, what are we going to do about that hick white elephant up in what's the name of the place?

SECRETARY PEEBLES: Yes, we ought to do something about it. Write it off and close it down, or something.

J. L. STARR *(president)*: H'm! Yes, we ought to do something about it. . . . By the way, Phil, I made that third hole in three yesterday afternoon. That's swinging a good club! Drove into the rough too. But my next shot—I used the mashie ——

SECRETARY PEEBLES *(seriously)*: But we really ought to decide something about that Slare & Basker—

MR. STARR *(with profound enthusiasm)*: Oh, damn Slare & Basker! Well, has anyone got any good ideas about it?

A conference is not the place for good ideas. It is not precisely the place for ideas at all. It developed that Slare & Basker was paying at least one-half of one per cent on the investment. It seemed that Henry Hallen, manager, was doing about as well as anyone could do with a poor, piebald, spavined, sweenied, wind-blown, fallen-kneed old plug. The consensus of opinion was that something must be done about it—at the next conference.

II

IT IS an ill wind that blows nobody good. This aphorism is not original. I heard it in a play on Broadway the other night, and as it was roundly applauded by the audience, it is good enough for my use.

When Henry Hallen was told that Slare & Basker had been sold to a Chicago company he felt that the world was coming to an end. When the Chicago company doubled his salary and asked him to stay on his job—then Henry knew the world was coming to an end.

Henry Hallen had spent thirty-eight of his fifty-five years in that old stone mill. His hair had turned gray in that mill; he had worn out many a duster coat in that mill; and he felt that he had buried both Slare & Basker from the mill. When Josiah Slare and Appleton Basker were alive, Henry Hallen had managed what was left to manage after those two elderly persons got through managing—and that was precious little. He used to cry "Yes, sir," as briskly as an office boy when old Basker yelled "Hen-e-ry!" and he would have leaped an eight-foot hurdle to get there on the minute. He thought Slare the greatest man in the world, except Basker. Some sophisticated wag remarked that

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What Everybody Knew, However, Better Than Burbine Himself, Was That He and Mary Cresswell Were as Thick as Thieves

THE CELEBRITY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

IT WAS just as the train pulled out of Orcutt and passed the yellow water tower that Amélie Dinsmore West died quietly and unobtrusively on the smudged red plush car seat and Amelia D. West, of Mount Pleasant, Tyrone County, took her place. The metamorphosis was accomplished so simply that nobody noticed it at all.

The small Italian opposite, eating alternately and passionately of cantaloupe and tinned sardines, whereof he carried a store in the bag at his feet along with the gorgeously striped pajamas and yellow shoes, would have sworn by the blessed Virgin that nothing at all had occurred to alter the charming young lady in lavender across the way. And the tired woman with the crying baby, whose wails she sought to assuage with convulsive tossings, to say nothing of the bareheaded old couple eating a shoe-box luncheon, and Mark Pettit, the one-armed conductor, gathering grimy green slips along the aisle, would have fully supported him.

Yet the fact remains that the spindle-legged, unromantic water tower sadly in need of paint accomplished the curious transference.

She Ran Because She Must Run! And Her Heart Choked Her!

The lavender-clad girl, who a moment earlier had twisted the last bit of tin-foil wrapping from the last chocolate bar that had sustained her buffetless journey from New York, and had leaned back with patrician contempt for the abandoned Latin and his succulent comestible, became suddenly energized in a leaning-forward pose. One elbow on a neatly unfolded handkerchief spread over the sooty sill, she looked through the window with a sudden choking in her throat, a sudden mistiness across her vision, and with the amazing rapidity of those celebrated principals of personality, Miss Beauchamp and Sally B, Amélie and Amelia changed places.

Because the water tower marked the beginning of the homeland, every mile of the ensuing eight running off in a familiar peaceful ribbon of green-and-gold countryside, whose contours, utterly unnotable to the questing eye, were filled with association for Amelia's mind; associations set in a remote past of two years back, across which she surveyed herself with the detached, appraising eye of a totally new and changed personality.

There it lay, the countryside in which she had grown up—farmsteads and patches of woodland with winding osier-girdled creeks like bushy caterpillars over the land; and far away in the distance a line of low blue bluffs vaguely referred to as the mountains—Mount Pleasant was as flat as your hand. There it lay, with familiar pikes and state roads, with pleasure grounds and country parks and clumps of chestnut woods. Was it possible she had gone nutting and swimming and dancing and roving over that countryside with the gang? Was it possible that only two years ago she had been content with what Mount Pleasant had to offer? That she had gone to Windsor Woods and Marvin's Park, just like any of the Mount Pleasant girls, and taken her share of small-time happiness, of light-hearted unquestioning acceptance of small-town simplicity?

Was it possible, for instance, that she had let Pitt Welburn kiss her in Marvin's Park on that last July two years ago? Oh, not that the kiss mattered. A kiss is nothing but that she had got a thrill. Yes, tell the truth about it—actually a thrill out of letting Pitt Welburn kiss her. Letting Pitt kiss her! Amelia blushed with a sort of blasé shame. Letting him kiss her! She bit her lip slightly and drummed on the window sill. Even now she could recall exactly the details of the whole thing. They had got away from the rest, and up in the end of Marvin's Park, in the buttonwood grove.

It was the first time Pitt had kissed her, but it wasn't the first time he had thought of it. Over and through the youthful badinage in the gang, in the pleasant casual give and take and raillery of their group, Pitt's dark eyes had threatened her a dozen times, and on that July morning he had carried out his threat.

A cicada overhead in one of the buttonwoods had burst into its shrilling cry and Amelia had looked up and spoken about it. Just as though she didn't know! And Pitt had kissed her. Oh, tell the truth, she had kissed him back—for all she was worth. Oh, she couldn't help it! There was something about Pitt at that time—there must have been. Her heart had almost stifled under the touch of Pitt's lips. She had wanted—she had felt—that she could go on kissing Pitt Welburn through eternity. It was as good a movie close-up as you could wish! And, probably, if Lea Chester hadn't come up stumbling along toward the grove and disturbed them Pitt would have successfully persuaded her to stay in Mount Pleasant—to stay with him. But that had been, of course, deflected—happily. When she had got home, that very day, there was the letter from the editor of the Farmer's Home Manual and Handy Gazette, and only two weeks later the godsend of her namesake aunt's little legacy. Three hundred a year to do with as she pleased! Not much but the fulcrum from which anything might spring.

Pitt had, of course, come around to see her, and had tried to resume the mood at Marvin's Park. But, it had been all too foolish, when life was before you.

Kissing Pitt under the buttonwoods, she had forgotten what life was for a little. She and Pitt had been just a man and a woman. He had been romance, someone like a splendid *conquistador*. But, of course, in cool blood—well, Pitt had been sore certainly, and had coaxed and pouted and had at last been coolly sardonic. But what could he expect? Pitt Welburn was planted in Mount Pleasant. He was the local miller, and she —— It had been an act of Providence for Lea Chester to interrupt them, and it was utterly silly for her to revive even in memory that peculiar emotional aberration of Marvin's Park—unless it was the instinct toward self-punishment that troubled women. But there was no reason why she should punish herself, remembering a moment of foolishness about Pitt Welburn—to punish herself in thinking of him at all.

She resolutely drove the recollection of him from her. He was, after all, part of a definite, completed past, with which she had broken all links. She hadn't come home in the two years' time, nor did she mean to stay long now; only for a little rest and to please Mame, who had twice visited her and who was always persuading. Her life was, however, remote from Mount Pleasant. Her interests lay in new fields, following the insistent call of her vocation. Not that it wasn't pleasant, delightful, to look out of the window and see the old landmarks one by one, to yield herself to this little touch of emotion, this returned-exile feeling, this little homesick pang of gladness. But it was only a mood. After a little she must go on along the new paths whither destiny had summoned her—into life.

Her eye unconsciously brushed the open bag at her feet, whence she had extracted the chocolate bars. Right on top lay the bright-covered magazine. A bathing girl in a scarlet wisp of suit skipped rope on its bright green cover, her flying mane of orange-colored hair blown in the wind of her exertion. The cover bore the caption

TOMTIT MAGAZINE

A Periodical of Pep, Pleasure and Paprika

Fiction by all the Great Fiction Writers of the Day

Featuring This Month a Novelette by Reginald Wainwright de Navaro, Entitled The Wages of Pleasure, and a List of Notable Contributors—Florence Bubb Cherwit, Thomas Capricorn Crogan, Aileen Harriet Hankey, Winona Prudence Chubble, Amélie Dinsmore West ——

She had seen the other names before—in Tomtit. And her name was only fifth! If she did say it, who shouldn't, it was a lot more poetic looking than the others! It was her third story in Tomtit Magazine. She had received forty dollars for it.

A delicate ecstasy that threatened to revive the departed Amélie ran through Amelia's veins. There formed before her inner vision a neat copy of the press notice accorded her in the Mount Pleasant Star two weeks earlier, which Mame had kindly clipped and sent her:

"We are pleased to call the attention of our fellow townsmen to the continued success of our young townswoman Amelia D. West, who under the name of Amélie Dinsmore West, is making a success of a metropolitan career in literature. Contributions from the pen of this gifted authoress appear in some of the best-known fiction publications; among others, in Tomtit Magazine, a New York publication.

"The last named contains a story of hers in the present—August—issue, her name being on the cover. The story is entitled Her Hidden Sacrifice. It is a story of the trials and temptations of a young movie actress, caught in the vicious net of a great city, from which, however, she emerges unscathed.

"Amélie Dinsmore West, who will be remembered in private life as the daughter of the late Dr. Thaddeus West who doctored the Mount Pleasant sick for forty years; and as the sister-in-law and sister, respectively, of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bent, of the Mount Pleasant Drug Emporium, went to make her home in New York two

years ago, since when she has had many brilliant successes and captured many laurels in the literary world. We predict a continued career of great achievement for Miss West.

"We understand that she anticipates visiting us shortly. Mount Pleasant extends its hand in greeting to its young celebrity and wishes her well."

Really, the thing—Ben Tisdall, the editor—was rather strong stuff; far too strong, if the truth must prevail.

The mental picture of the metropolitan life she had left smote Amelia. Then she drove it away. Well, if it wasn't true yet, it should be some day. She would go on fighting to the bitter end, at any cost. Some day, perhaps, she would be like one of the big ones—like Margaret Selgrove, the author of Selah. Selah had sold two hundred and fifty thousand copies this last year. She, herself, three stories for Tomtit, two newspaper letters, two little tales unsigned in an anonymous magazine. Why, only the catalogue work she had secured had managed to eke out her small legacy and make New York possible. But they didn't know shouldn't know—at home!

At home—how sweet and kind was the thought—they counted the things she had done as real achievement. She loomed big; she was Mount Pleasant's celebrity. She had an instant of humility, of gratitude. Why did people have this passion to get into print—any kind of print—respect it so disproportionately, regardless of its values?

Amelia looked out of the window and started with pleasure. Here was the town itself. Here were the oil tanks and the grain elevator, the top of the box factory and the excelsior mill, the clump of horse chestnuts and the white rail before the Mount Pleasant House; its covey of blue pigeons. School children were coming home, jostling, pushing, carrying books in straps. Little whitewashed fenced yards with tall sunflowers and garnet dahlias rolled by; a little hairy dog stuck out a long red tongue and barked at her.

Mark Pettit put his head through the door and shouted, "Mount Pleas-unt. Mount Pleas-unt!"

Amelia stood up arrow-straight as the train slowed, trembling a little, a warm apricot color blown into her cheeks, her dusky-lashed gray eyes not quite clear of vision, her dark soft hair cropped straightly across her white neck. This time she came home on the day coach; but some day, on one of the rare Pullmans that made Mount Pleasant some quaintly named Atonia or Winonah—she would come in a drawing-room, important, wealthy, a real celebrity like Margaret Selgrove.

She bumped out in the rear of the woman with the bounced baby and a man with a gray canvas grip and a package of huckleberries—beginning to bleed through the paper. About the train were a dozen rural passengers waiting for ingress with bags, bundles and straw suitcases. A truck laden with new-dressed veal stood near, a second with empty milk cans. There was shouting, a great deal of kissing, handkerchiefs flapping, promises to write and tell Mabel ——

A stout old woman with a bouquet of lady's-slipper and nasturtium tied in newspaper got on too soon and had to back off. Somebody was running with a mail bag, shouting, and suddenly Amelia saw her sister scrabbling through the edge of the crowd. Mame had grown stouter, but she looked modish. There was hula fringe on the short skirt about her heavy calves—oh, don't tell us, what with radio, motor cars and movies ——

Mame was sentimental. There were tears in her eyes.

"Ameely!" she squealed over the crowd.

Amelia saw people look her way; two young girls in gingham dresses, lace picture hats and painted lips, out with a little country brother in a too-large cap and a Norfolk suit, with ankle-length knickers and a string shopping bag full of bundles, stared discontentedly at her straight bob. Their own were elaborately curled. Somebody whispered and nudged. She was immediately conscious of silent recognition.

"Oh, that," she heard someone say, "is Ameely Dinsmore West—Doc West's girl. She writes ——"

The whisper frayed away.

Amelia pushed forward, conscious that her cheap suit and hat were impeccably, tastefully chosen. She had an effect more than they realized—in her sporty plainness of Piping Rock. That was possible even to a meager purse But now Mame engulfed her.

"Ameely! So glad! The babies are over there by the hotel. Oh, Ameely, it's dandy to have you back!"

It was good to be loved and welcomed, to be stared at, whispered about importantly. The woman with the baby turned to look at her, aware now of the angel she had lately traveled with; the old lady with newspaper bouquet had to be reminded to get on. Old Ben Rich, the baggage man, turned a last truck out of her way as she moved with Mame's arm about her waist. Mame led her triumphantly toward the Mount Pleasant House and her cherubs. Then Amelia started, "Oh, Mame, not a car!"

Mame nodded proudly.

"Harry gave it to me for my birthday. Fifteen hundred I drive it myself. Look who's here, darlings! Here's aunty! Aunt Ameely's come home. Here's Buster and Amy and Harriet. Look up, Buster! Kiss aunty, dear. Harriet, wipe your hanny—don't touch aunty's dress. Don't touch it, I say. I gave her one of those horrible synthetic suckers to keep her quiet. Kiss aunty, Amy - Amy, too, Ameely. Tell me, haven't they grown? Buster's so big! Did you ever see anything like 'em?"

Amelia was a little stunned. Mame's car, a festal brightly polished affair, had been so unexpected, and now an opulence of soft waving arms, of wriggling pink-and-blue bodies, of fragrant floss-silk hair and moist cool lips on her cheeks.

"I had no idea you had such a mass of children, Mame," she laughed as a pink and a blue one claimed her lap simultaneously.

"They get more massive every minute," Mame laughed. She climbed up, and slammed the door.

"Well, now we'll take our cittified aunty home. I suppose it seems awf'ly little and rube, Ameely, after New York. 'Course I'm fond of this town, but I know it's the country and an awful contrast ——"

They circled out broadly, swept into a wide street under branching elms. Amelia sighed, relaxed into the comfortable leatheret cushions. It was her first ride in a motor car in a long time, unless you counted a few exigent fares in rattle-brained, rickety taxis in wet weather.

"It's a nice car, Mame," she said with a little sigh, "and Mount Pleasant's nice too."

She knew Mame would be shocked by the curious emotion that suddenly welled up in her throat at sight of broad gray and white and green houses, half hiding behind the elms, of the sidewalk over which she had skipped to school, the Presbyterian Church, the old High, Miss Fannings' Ladies' Furnishings, Hamperdinck's Grocery ——

It was *de rigueur* to come home a little scornful—amiably so—for Americans. Only English people cared about their country—loved little thatched villages with rooks, and bad drains. But that was different. That was picturesque. Here the villages were bald and four-square and cheap looking, and the drains—that is to say, the plumbing—were practically perfect. Perhaps the plumbing made the difference.

A woman looked out of a veranda and waved to Mame, and Amelia, remembering, straightened up. After all, she had come home from New York—and there was the piece in the Star.

"Shall We—er—Not Both Go?" He Breathed Daringly, and Blushed Almost Audibly

II

AMELIA lay in her bed, thinking. Mame had left her not five minutes before, stopping after a period of sisterly amenity to smooth the full hips which she fought like a demon, for a farewell flourish.

"I'm glad you like it," she said comfortably. "I was determined you should have something appropriate.

"Don't talk to me about Main Street. I've lived here all my days, but I know just how Carol Kennicott felt."

She was speaking of Amelia's room, but a moment before she had spoken of Amelia as the latter had slipped her slender arms out of her blouse.

"You're looking thin," she said briskly. "What did you eat today?"

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THE SELF-STARTER

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ON THE morning after he went broke in Los Angeles the Wildcat listened to nine varieties of marching orders. The main trouble with cities was that a boy got himself pestered to death and run ragged by policemen whenever he craved to sleep himself a little on a park bench. About the time he began to give the sleeping question serious thought, spinning it around in his skull so that he could admire all sides of it, the heavens darkened in their wrath and the rain descended.

Thereafter, navigating a cloud-burst and stepping friendly on his feet, which were tender from overwork, the downtrod pilgrim turned up the collar of his Prince Albert coat and growled an oration at his bedraggled mascot goat:

"Foller 'long, Lily, an' quit dat bellerin'! You ain't got half de cause fo' complaint whut I is; yo' skin is rainproof an' yo' vitals is nutrified wid grass rations. Step 'long proud, rainbow chaser, whilst us finds a sleepin' room whut fits me financial."

The Wildcat clutched a solitary dime which lay in the soggy depths of his pants pocket and headed for a tumble-down Jap rooming house wherein pasteboard partitions bounded apartments that could be rented for ten cents a throw.

At his destination, when the rooming-house man announced that his inside rooms were a dime a day, the Wildcat made sure, first of all, that the day in question was a sleepers'-union day of twenty-four hours and not a measly little lodging for the night. The Japanese proprietor of the rooming house assured him that the day mentioned in the verbal contract was a full-size thirtieth part of November; and with this meeting of the minds accomplished, the Wildcat relinquished his clutch on the dime and handed it over.

"Lead me to it," he directed. "I is so unraveled hongry Ise got to sleep mighty quick to keep fr'm starvin'. Come 'long heah, Lily!"

The Jap led the way to the third floor of the house, and midway of a narrow hallway he opened a door which was swinging on one hinge. There was no window in the room. Half of it was occupied by a low couch on which was a thin mattress and a single blanket.

"Kain't say dis looks so grand," the Wildcat commented. "Looks like ten cents' wuth, but right now it don't make no diff'runce; Ise too sleepy to be choice. Git 'long wid you! You has yo' dime an' us craves sleep. Heah's whah I buys a million dollahs' wuth fo' ten cents."

When the Jap had left the Wildcat removed his dripping Prince Albert and threw it over the foot of the cot. He shut the door of the room and turned to his mascot.

"Lay down, Lily! Git sleepin'! Dis is yo' home sweet home whilst Lady Luck is huntin' whah at us is."

He sat on the edge of the bed and began fumbling with the laces of his shoes. He removed one of the shoes, but before he got the other one off he had fallen over, sound asleep before he fell. Twelve hours later, half awakened by the chill of his wet clothes, he reached down and clawed the soggy Prince Albert up over his head. After that, anæsthetized back to dormancy by the heavy air of the little room, he enjoyed the biggest nickel's worth of sleep ever bought with half a dime.

On the following day the ten-cent customer was overlooked by the callboy with the result that for his dime the Wildcat thrived himself nearly fifty hours' sleep. His annoyance at being awakened was tempered with gratitude toward the Jap who had aroused him.

"Might of laid heah sleepin' till I starved plumb to death," he reflected; and then when his host demanded another dime he used this argument as a counter accusation in his own defense. "'Stead of payin' you ten cents mo', by rights I ought to collect a dollah damage money f'm you. Whut kind of landlord does you call yo'self whut lets yo' roomers lay down an' dwindle away widout pertection f'm dey ravagin' appetites? Go 'long, boy! You gits no ten cents f'm me. Come 'long, Lily, befo' dis man leaves you sleep yo'self into a famished graveyard."

Lily came along, having nothing better to do, and on the street, free again to indulge her appetite, she began grazing on a six-foot parking strip which appeared to extend from the famine center to a vanishing point in the land of plenty. The Wildcat permitted his four-legged companion to indulge an overgrown appetite until the sight of Lily's activity became more than he could comfortably tolerate.

"Dere you goes, gloatin' proud right in my face wid yo' banquit! Makes me double hongry to look at you."

Lady Luck's discarded protégé devoted the next five minutes to the exercise of what was left of his thinking apparatus. He searched the pockets of his moist coat three times without finding anything except a practical solution for his difficulties.

"Us sells dis coat an' gits money to eat on, an' den us gits a job! Come 'long heah, grass cutter, till you listens to de pawn man talk financial fo' dis new lodge-goin' Prince Albert."

Four blocks down the street, at a pawnshop, the reception committee waited stubbornly with a three-dollar last price instead of the ten dollars which the Wildcat had demanded.

"Hand it oveh whilst you is still reckless an' neutral," the victim finally conceded. "Dat coat cost me fo'ty dollahs."

When he had received his three dollars he turned and started out of the pawnshop, but midway of the aisle his attention was arrested by a stack of salvaged military blouses.

Over the left breast pocket of the one on top of the stack there bloomed a row of meaningless ribbons counterfeiting the legitimate service ribbons of the Army. He picked up the blouse. On the left sleeve were three gold stripes.

"Dat's me!" he reflected. "Dis bright ribbon an' dis heah army coat might be handy to have whilst Ise ramblin' round lookin' fo' a job."

He tried the coat on and devoted two minutes to admiring the service ribbons. "How much is you askin' fo' dis coat?"

It developed that the blouse would be sacrificed for two dollars. The Wildcat left the pawnshop stepping high under the influence of the bright ribbons on his breast. On the sidewalk he barked half a dozen mil'tary orders at the troops.

"Lily, 'tenshun! At ease! Fo' de las' time I tells you, head up, an' retreat dat stummick! Don't you neveh fo'git dat de fust position of a soldier is facin' a loaded mess kit. 'Tenshun! For'd, march! Foller de eagle bird whut's screamin' de mess call f'm whah he roosted on dis silveh dollah!"

The Wildcat resumed his march, and now he double-timed it in the direction of an eating house half a block from the pawnshop. In his hand he clutched the residue of his bargaining, and with the silver dollar he proposed to buy himself a cargo of nutriment two sizes larger than his appetite.

Head up, chest out, stummick in, eyes front, he marched with the old swing, straight for the little restaurant. In front of it he executed a perfect column-left in time to stumble over the mascot goat, who had been marching, by reason of her inferior rank, on the wildcat's port side. In his fall the sleep-walking victim of the military trance landed sprawling in the narrow entranceway to the little restaurant. He showered down a hurried curse on the mascot goat; and then, recovering his mantle of military dignity, he entered the food emporium.

"How much is dese loaves of bread?" he inquired of a man behind a show case full of ancient-looking bread and pastry.

He discovered that bread was fifteen cents a loaf. He bought one loaf and carried it to a table.

"Bring me three bowls of soup at a nickel a bowl, an' cook up fo' bits' wuth of cheap meat."

The solitary waiter returned with a three-gallon soup kettle and from it he ladled the first installment of the Wildcat's meal. The bread and soup were followed by a cascade of stew whose cabbage leaves and potatoes herded close and friendly with segments of what had been a Texas steer.

To Lily, rejoicing with her master at his ability to eat, there fell three prizes. First of all she got a quarter of the loaf of bread, and then a bowl of soup; and then, toward the end of the gorging contest, two boiled potatoes and half a pound of limp cabbage leaves.

An hour after he had come in the place the Wildcat departed. At a cigar store he bought two five-cent cigars. He gave one of them to the mascot goat.

"Heah you is, wid Lady Luck's compliments! Wait whilst I buys you a smidgin' of lic'riss candy befo' you eats yo' seegar!" The Wildcat invested his last nickel in five elastic black strips of rubber licorice, which Lily inhaled as if it had been spaghetti. "Now enjoy yo' tobacco," the Wildcat directed after the candy was gone. He returned the cigar to the eager goat.

Lily rolled the cigar around between her front teeth and bit off a gratifying inch.

"Blaa-a!"

As nearly as goat language could be translated it appeared to the Wildcat that Lily was indulging in an oration of superlative terms of gratitude.

The Mascot Reached Up and Nibbled Gently at the Ribbon Binding the Brim of the Hard Brown Derby

"Hund'ed Dollahs! Cap'n, Suh, I Ain't Got No Hund'ed Dollahs!"

"Dat's all right, goat," he replied. "Ain't I always divode even wid you? Come 'long heah whilst us trails down a job whut pays livin' wages. I 'spect when folks sees dis army coat dey busts demselves strivin' to see who gits de fust chance to donate a easy bonus job to a old-time vet'ran."

Instinctively the Wildcat reached up and smoothed the chest of the military blouse, caressing for an instant the gaudy strip of ribbons which illumined the area above the left-hand pocket, until his fingers encountered a break in the O. D. fabric. He looked down and discovered a ragged irregular hole the size of a dollar over to the left of the strip of ribbons.

"Lawd gosh," he reflected, "mebbe some boy gits shot in dis heah coat! Ise wearin' his clo'es an' chances is I draws de same hand whut wuz dealt him by Old Man Trouble." He looked again out of the corner of his eyes at the break in the cloth and indulged himself in a sudden deep breath of relief. "Dat ain't no shrapnel hole! Huh! Dat's only dem flyin' cootie moths whut eats old clo'es."

Enjoying the languor induced by his indulgence in food and by the heat of the day, in the closely buttoned O. D blouse, the Wildcat managed to postpone his search for work for an hour after he left the restaurant. He had walked nearly three miles and his feet were beginning to tighten up in his shoes, which were still damp from the rainstorm of two days before

"Us is fed, Lily," he objected, when the mascot appeared to set a pace too fast for physical comfort. "What makes you such a steady traveler? Lookin' fo' work is all right, but dey ain't no sense goin' blind at it an' wearin' yo' feet plumb off. Come to 'tenshun! Halt yo'self!"

The Wildcat halted his impetuous mascot close beside a lamp-post on a busy thoroughfare in the heart of the city. He leaned against the lamp-post, relaxing a little from his military bearing in favor of a chronic fatigue which seemed to possess him. The lamp-post was a corrugated column, and much to the leaner's satisfaction he discovered that the bones and tissues of his shoulder fitted comfortably into one of the corrugations of the post

Anchored north and south, and leaning heavy, the Wildcat closed his eyes against the glare of the sunlight. To his delight he discovered that the world was a more comfortable place to live in the moment he closed his eyes. He opened them and instantly reacted to the turmoil about him.

"Dis place sho' looks all excited about sumpin'."

He closed his eyes again as a shield against the excitement, and this time they stayed closed for thirty seconds. He blinked them open again at the explosive note of an automobile horn close beside him, but immediately his eyelids fell and his head sogged over against the iron standard.

His hat, an unyielding brown derby, served as an awkward buffer that prevented his head from finding a harbor against the lamp-post. He reached up and clutched the brown derby in his right hand. Then, while the muscles of his lower jaw relaxed, his drooping head found its haven against the substantial iron. In a moment Lily was attracted by a gentle snoring with which her master was ornamenting the trick of being asleep on his feet

The mascot reached up and nibbled gently at the ribbon binding the brim of the hard brown derby.

The Wildcat wiggled his hand, and to passers-by at that moment it appeared that the hat was being supported mutually between the upright figure and his four-legged companion

Five minutes from the time the Wildcat fell asleep, a six-year-old girl, equipped with good-behavior money, succumbed to the emotions inspired by the attractions festooning the lamp-post and piloted her mamma on a detour which permitted the contribution of a five-cent piece to the poor tired soldier. She was followed by a gentleman, slightly intoxicated as a result of a business conference at his club, who responded to the charity complex to the extent of twenty-five cents.

As well as she could, while still nibbling on the brown derby, Lily followed the two contributors with her rolling eyes, and then returned to the business of munching a neat sector out of the felt fabric which she had stripped of an inch of its silk binding.

It was then that a stranger within the gates of the city, a kindly old lady, approached the somnolent Wildcat and shook her head sweetly at the sight of the gaudy strip of ribbons adorning his chest. Her sympathy quickened to a more practical form of expression and her dimpled fingers explored a gold mesh bag packed with currency and silver and two copper pennies. The pennies clinked down upon the twenty-five-cent piece and on the instant the Wildcat jerked his eyes open in response to the sound of money talking to him.

He looked at the lady standing before him and then his gaze fell quickly into the depths of the brown derby, where, smiling cheerfully, lay an eagle, two Indians and one buffalo, stamped on silver, copper and nickel.

"Cash, rally round!" the Wildcat mumbled. "See whut Lady Luck done showered down!"

He looked again at the lady before him and framed his thanks to fit the twenty-five-cent piece.

"Thank you, ma'am!" he said. "Me an' Lily sho' 'preciates whut you is done. Times is mighty hard now'days on us boys. Kain't hardly git 'long none since de fightin' stopped after us shock troops licked dem German boys."

The lady smiled at him.

"Were you in France?" she asked.

"Lady, sometimes when I thinks how long wuz I in France it seems like I neveh wuz no place else. Yas-sum! Sho' wuz! Goes oveh befo' de fust graft troops an' stays detained till afteh de buryin' squabs got married to dem war bribes. Got me three service stripes."

Then, seeking to improve his effect, the Wildcat fumbled with the ragged hole which the moths had eaten over to the left of the spurious service ribbons.

"One lump of dat screamin' shrapnel meets me right heah"

His right hand, having functioned an index to the scars of battle, fell to his side, where his fingers, clutching the lower edge of his blouse, jerked quickly to smooth the wrinkles which had formed with his previous gesture. Offering hardly more resistance than a wet blotter, a piece of the shoddy material as big as the palm of his hand came away in his fingers. He looked sideways, avoiding the lady's eyes, and then quickly he stuffed the scrap of cloth into Lily's open mouth.

His hand, free now from its embarrassing cargo, explored the sides of the blouse and traveled around over those areas which could be reached without tying the reacher into a knot. In a ten-second exploration the Wildcat discovered five more holes in the back of the blouse, varying from buckshot size to some which might have been made by a triangular fragment of stove lid

"Lady Luck," he prayed, "us sho' hopes dis white lady don't do no 'vestigatin' round behind me. Looks like mos' of my wounds wuz got afteh de heavy retreatin' begun."

The kindly white lady evidenced no further curiosity concerning the extent of his wounds. She seemed to extend the charity of belief to his general summary of his suffering; and then, while he was indulging his imagination in the recital of his war experiences, the lady interrupted him.

"Do you say you are experienced in driving automobiles?"

"Lady, yas-sum! Us drives ennything. Started drivin' spikes in de Bo'deaux warehouses. Graduated to fire-department mules, an' den on up de line to autobeels. By rights Ise a make-ignition. I makes ignition in dese heah spark plugs. Sho' do!"

"Have you had any experience with electric cars?" the inquiring lady continued.

"'Lectric cars! Lady, I 'spect de mos' ridin' us eveh done wuz in 'lectric cars."

The Wildcat was thinking of trolley cars, and meanwhile the lady who was conducting the cross-examination thought of the excellent appearance that this straight-backed young soldier would make, dressed in the maroon livery of her former chauffeur and seated at the steering bar of her maroon-colored electric phaeton.

A little confused on the electric-car deal, the Wildcat was about to ask his benefactor if she had hired a conductor, believing modestly that what the conductor's job lacked in opportunities for spectacular gong ringing might be made up in a steadier exhibition of verbal authority, directed in the manner of a sheep herder at scurrying patrons of the vehicle in question. He pictured himself stepping folks forward in courteous tones and prodding

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Groggy, But Still in the Ring, It Headed Across the Open Area in Front of the Long Bar

THE NEW AUSTRIA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

The Imperial Museums in Vienna

The Home of Viennese Opera

ARRIVING in Vienna after having visited Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary is an experience that gives one strong contrasts. There is a tremendous difference in the national characters, and the Austrians accept experiences like those the others are going through in a completely different manner. Instead of rushing crowds of busy-looking people such as there are in Prague or Budapest, one finds Vienna's station seemingly empty, so silent is it. The conductor of my train was most polite. He called a baggage carrier, who quietly began to hand my baggage out of the car compartment. With equal quiet and as if the question bored him he asked me if I had other baggage, then he took my receipt and went after my trunks without a word. At the frontier these had not been looked at, so it was necessary to make them pass the customs in Vienna, and upon the statement of my porter that nothing would be opened and it would be a matter of no time, I remained to see them through myself.

He deposited me and my hand baggage near the counter in the customs house and drew up my two modest trunks almost immediately. This done, he touched one of the customs officials on the sleeve and brought him to where my things were all assembled. It took but a few moments and everything was attended to with silent discipline. The official looked me over, then casually inquired whether I had anything that was dutiable to declare. I said "No," but that I was quite willing to open any trunk or bag, whereupon he smiled politely and said, "But that is not necessary; I will just mark them." Naturally I passed him about fifty cents, for which he touched his cap and expressed appreciation. It was an open proceeding with the assurance of old habit in it. Evidently the officials are too ancient not to guess the psychology of each traveler, and they are not over anxious to do unnecessary work; so that the Austrian Customs are administered in the same informal way made a habit by the old régime and with a general trustfulness of the stranger's honor.

A Cheerful, Plucky People

THE porter who had put my business through so rapidly then asked me how I wanted to send my baggage on to the hotel. I looked doubtful and inquired how such things were usually done in Vienna, whereupon he promptly replied that if I cared to pay for it the best way was for me to take a taxicab myself and my small baggage in it, and let my trunks follow me in a one-horse fiacre. The automobile would cost about eighty thousand crowns, and the one-horse fiacre for the transport of two trunks would work out at from forty-five to fifty thousand. It sounded appalling until one made the calculation that forty-five thousand crowns represented fifty-odd cents! I made a protest, of course, and as a matter of principle declared I was being done, thus obtaining a modification by some five thousand crowns on the general bill for my transportation between the station and the hotel.

Cabs were called, and all the porters and loafers about took a great interest in the placing of my trunks and gave valuable advice as to how they should be piled so the fiacre would suffer no damage. Evidently I was an event. Obviously comparatively few travelers did such wildly extravagant things. I asked the baggageman how I was to make sure the fiacre would not go off with my trunks since I was being given no receipt for them, whereupon he expressed amazement and said, "Why, we have told him to go to the hotel; and after all, you know his number. It is 417." Apparently no cabman in Vienna would ever run away with anything. The mere suggestion was too surprising even to cause offense.

With the blind confidence the case demanded, I climbed into my motor and had soon left my trunks to follow on comparatively slowly, as the horse was underfed. When I reached my hotel I found the hotel porter felt perfectly certain of the safe arrival of my belongings. He reassured me, in answer to my question as to what he thought of the chances of loss, and he was right, for I had not settled in my rooms before the things were delivered in good order. This in a poverty-stricken city seemed to me miraculous, for to the fiacre driver his load meant a comfortable fortune.

At the station I had noticed the quiet of the faces, the sad and hungry look of all the people round, and their white skin and thin cheeks—sure traces of the misery and lack of food Vienna has suffered from in the last few years, and is still feeling. When they moved trunks or bags the porters did it with an effort I noticed nowhere else, and this was quite evidently not an affectation, for each one was as anxious to do as much as he possibly could without help, in order to gain a few crowns more in the way of tips. It gave a pathetic impression of patient suffering, very striking in contrast to the grimness of Berlin and the busy prosperity of Prague, or to the energetic, noisy ways of Budapest.

This strong first impression remained with me. As we drove through the streets that Sunday afternoon, towards the town's center, there seemed to be a marked change since the old days. The vast boulevards and squares were still splendid and there were still numerous people walking about, as the afternoon was warm and fine. But their clothes were shabbier, and there seemed to be less gayety in the air, while the fine equipages and masses of smart fiacres of the ancient régime were quite gone. I recognized a lot of dear familiar sights—the street and house where as a child I lived, and the fine old gardens where I used to take my walks, while the monuments and many of the buildings on the Ring-Strasse had changed very little. My hotel itself was comfortable enough, the servants kindly and plentiful, as it had been of old. They showed a politeness that gave one the agreeable sensation of being among friends. They have the knack of seeming disinterested, too, and very cordial with a patriarchal familiarity. The director and the servants looked equally surprised when, though I came a stranger among them, I spoke their language—not German, but the Viennese they were used to. They were very discreet at first; but little by little as I got to know them, not one of those around me failed to express interest and to ask if I had been in Vienna before. All expressed their pleasure that I spoke their own patois. Comfortable rooms—sitting room, bedroom and bathroom cost me four hundred thousand crowns a day, which amounted to about five dollars with the then exchange. The difficulties of housekeeping and catering are so great apparently that the little hotel at which I stopped had closed its restaurant. They merely kept a woman cook, who could prepare what one ordered, and waiters who served these simple meals up in the rooms. It was a curious arrangement, old-fashioned and rather homelike, and it made for a privacy which I liked extremely, but it showed the condition of things in an economic sense. What food we had was good, but there was little variety and it was exceedingly expensive compared to rooms and other things. The waiters and chambermaids with whom I talked assured me, however, that matters were much better now than they had been a year ago: that then vegetables, milk, butter and all such things were practically nonexistent; whereas now, even if living was high and variety not large, one could get supplies of one sort or another provided one could pay the price. Apparently hotel servants who came in contact with foreign travelers and had fair wages, plus good tips, could manage. All the servants carried large quantities of paper money, and could change large bills when I asked them to. It is a curious sensation to see a bell boy or a baggage porter take out hundreds of thousands of crowns and begin to count them. I soon lost the sense of what a crown represents in American or other foreign money, and I grew to feel, as the Austrians themselves must feel, a heavy weight of anxiety over my living expenses. One hands out such large sums and they buy almost nothing. It was only in the bank when I went to change money, or in making my accounts and counting the crowns in dollars, that I actually realized I was not spending a fortune. I found it most annoying to handle so much money. I drew two hundred dollars one day at the bank, and it made about sixteen million crowns. In the shops, to hear that a sweater cost a million and a half or more, and a pair of stockings was worth four hundred thousand crowns, gave me a little shock.

Restaurant Checks in Six Figures

ONE day I lunched at Sacher's. It was a simple luncheon, where four of us ate omelet and some sliced beef with potatoes, fresh beans and a salad. There were pancakes for dessert and one bottle of white wine. The bill for this was between five and six hundred thousand crowns; and in tips to the two waiters we paid fifty thousand more. One gives three or four thousand for keeping a hat in restaurant coat rooms and nine hundred for a program at the opera or theater, while an old peasant woman in the street was asking eight thousand crowns for a bunch of violets smaller than one's fist. In some of the more important shops the dressmakers and others asked their prices in French francs; and they insist on being paid in French or Swiss francs, in Czecho-Slovak crowns, in sterling or, best of all, in dollars. Sometimes they will make considerable reductions thus to get the foreign money. It is a curious thing to see how anxious everyone is to have a small nest egg in any currency but the home crown. There are ever so many tragic-looking beggars on the streets, but

at any rate in the center of town there seems to be no difference since old days, in the manner and the cheerful language of the people. They have stood the war and the changes that came after, with the same patience, the same kindly feeling towards the world outside, that they might have shown had they had no difficulties or problems. If one actually questions them about their troubles or expresses sympathy, they will say "Yes, is it all not dreadful?" and they will explain some of the experiences that have come to them, and some of the injustices of the peace treaty. But all this is told with an air resigned and understanding, and they add: "It was not possible the Allies could have known what they were doing. Otherwise they surely would not have insisted on such dreadful conditions."

Always they express hope, also, that now they are beginning to understand, outsiders will come to Austria's rescue and help her over this crisis.

At the Vienna bank, in strong contrast to Berlin's, there was perfect order and discipline, and everyone was most polite. The public was served with great rapidity and entire courtesy; and when I spoke to the paying teller of my regret that the crown had gone down so much, he thanked me as if I had done him a service, and added, "Yes, madam, it is frightful and one cannot tell what will happen soon if this goes on." I expressed a desire to have my money, which he was giving me in bills, of another denomination, and he was quite amiable about changing them, although it caused him some trouble and took a little time. He helped pack up my enormous bundle of crowns and to put them into my bag. There were so many! Quite unbelievable! Everyone goes about with huge wads of one-hundred-thousand-crown bills tied in million-crown bunches, or ten-million-crown bunches, which are drawn out and counted in shop or restaurant. My comment of surprise brought me the explanation—"It isn't dangerous to carry it around, because this money isn't worth stealing."

Making the Best of Things

THEY haven't enough money in Vienna at the banks, it would appear. The situation is almost as in Berlin, but in Austria there seemed to be no fuss about it. I was given checks of a million each, and what they had in bills besides. I asked for a little more cash than the amount allowed; and the paying teller was extremely amiable. He also made me smaller change, telling me with a kindly smile it was not allowed, but that he was glad to do me this small favor. While I was waiting for a draft in American dollars to pay a bill, I heard him say amiable phrases to a number of other people, so it was not exceptional but purely a habit of polite form and manner which he went through daily in dealing with his clients. We strangers were all treated in such a way that when we left we were all friendly to the bank and full of sympathy for the troubles of Austria. There was no confusion or excitement whatever in the letter-of-credit department. Comfortable chairs and newspapers were there, to fill in the necessary short wait, and I kept thinking of the difference between this and the Deutsche Bank in Berlin

The Hotel De Ville, Vienna's City Hall

All through the city this same trait is noticeable. I went back to Charles Drecoll, the great dressmaker who thirty years ago had made me my first long gowns. When they found out who I was they made a most tremendous fuss. Old Drecoll himself had given up the business, sold out and moved away; but there were those still in the house who remembered their time of splendor, when he had been tailor and dressmaker for the brilliant women of the court, and his genius had made the reputation of the smart Viennese beauties. To express their delight over an old client's return the present company made me various small accommodations both in time and prices on the few things I ordered

The Viennese always seem most amiable and gentle, and everywhere they showed their gratitude for any sympathy expressed towards them in their great troubles. They immediately become confidential, are exceedingly cordial in their manner with the genial assumption that you love them as much as they love you, for the least word of kindness. In Germany it was hard to make one's neighbor or companion talk of his country, its problems or himself. In Vienna apparently they are all waiting for an opportunity to pour out their souls and tell what each of them has suffered or what their small ambitions are. It was a great delight to me to draw quite near such people. Time isn't money in Vienna. Their appeal as humans, though, is really very great, and their sufferings are borne with such fine patience and such stoic courage one can't blame them; one only loves them. Those who go to write about them love them, those who go to make an economic study also do. Foreign bankers, and diplomats from other countries, and those who stay to help in welfare and in charitable work, all fall victims to their innate charm. Everyone succumbs, I noticed, and really it is natural, because they not only talk attractively about themselves but they are truly and deeply interested in the visitor and his or her affairs.

I had a striking illustration of this one day when in passing a shop I saw a veil I wanted, and went in. It was a small and unimportant place, kept by two women. Having tried on and bought my veil, as usual I lingered for a chat. The elder woman asked me, in an interested way, how it happened I spoke Viennese yet looked quite foreign. Then she asked if I was French

Graciousness Typical of Vienna

I SAID, "No. It is hard to tell what I am. I was born in America across the sea. I married and lived for twenty years in Russia, though meantime I had been brought up in old Vienna. I have lived all together in Europe almost thirty years and really feel at home in many places. But at present I belong nowhere, and am among the Russian refugees driven by Bolshevism from their home country I left Vienna thirty years or so ago."

The woman's eyes shone with sympathy, and answering perhaps the underlying complaint she felt I had been

(Continued on Page 141)

The House of Parliament

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Our Too-Free Air

BEFORE steamboats and motor-driven craft can begin to navigate they must be inspected by government authorities to make sure that their seams won't open or their engines blow up at inopportune moments. Steamboat pilots, too, must be examined and passed by government authorities, so that boats won't be piloted by persons who may carelessly run them ashore or into other boats. The person who failed to grasp the need of such inspections and examinations would be almost universally regarded as somewhat weak in the head.

All over the United States today, however, there are civilian aviators whose knowledge of flying is imperfect. These aviators are not under government control. They can fly when they like and where they like. The machines in which they fly are not inspected by the Government. Consequently they can take up any machine that can be coaxed to leave the ground. As a result many of them fly in machines that should be strictly confined to the junk heap. In these machines civilian aviators fly blithely over large cities, swoop gayly over masses of people that congregate at fairs and football games, and take up passengers to whom all airplanes look alike. Only a few states and cities have passed regulations forbidding planes to be flown over crowds at low altitudes, though army regulations strictly forbid military aviators to do it.

If the boilers of a steamship explode, or if she is run on the rocks by an unskilled pilot, there is an excellent chance that the passengers will escape unscathed. If an airplane breaks in midair, or an unskilled aviator loses control of his plane, there is scarcely a chance of escape; nor are the city and the people beneath in a particularly enviable position. The need for a law putting the control of civilian airplanes and aviators into the hands of the Federal Government is imperative. The Senate has passed a bill calling for such control; but the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives has delayed for over a year to report favorably on a similar measure and so, in effect, to make the bill into law.

Political Parties in Great Britain

THE future of party government in Britain is very uncertain. Mr. Bonar Law was fortunate in securing a good working Conservative majority in spite of the fact that the Conservative Party polled only somewhat more than one-third of the aggregate votes cast at the general election. The Labor Party, with an aggregate vote of nearly four-fifths of the Conservative, secured less than half as many seats; while the Independent Liberals received still less adequate representation.

From this point of view the results form a very striking argument for the proportional system of representation, or for the alternative vote, which is preferred by many English authorities.

If the object of representative institutions is to provide a parliament or congress that will as nearly as possible be a mirror of political opinion, the British and American systems must be condemned, especially when a great number of three or four cornered contests result from the splitting of parties. On the other hand, there is something to be said for the view that a strong and cohesive government is more important for a country than a perfect mirror of all the contending elements.

At the British elections all the party leaders and caucuses recognized before the elections the enormous strength of peace sentiment. The Conservative Party, which used to be associated with war feeling and war preparations, recognized the drift of popular opinion. One of the favorite posters of Conservative candidates was "Peace and Economy. Vote for So-and-So." Another ran, "Grey and Asquith muddled you into the War. Will you trust them again?" A remarkable fact, illustrating the overwhelming desire for peace at almost any price, was the return as Labor members of all the leading pacifists, several of whom had been habitually denounced, however unjustly, as pro-German. The names of Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden, E. D. Morel and Arthur Ponsonby are familiar as outstanding critics of prewar secret diplomacy and of the Peace Treaty.

One Liberal but very independent and influential organ of middle-class opinion described Mr. Bonar Law after the election as a man of scrupulous sincerity, who had promised the country if he were returned to office to pursue peace and economy and also to abstain from any such extreme and contentious measures as an attack on free trade, a reversion to violence in Ireland or a transference of power from the Commons to the Lords. If Mr. Bonar Law follows this wise advice and contrives to carry out his own motto of "Tranquillity and stability" there is no reason why he should not have a long lease of office. He is, however, confronted by a much more formidable array of debating talent on the opposition benches than was his predecessor.

The Fall of the Mark

AMERICANS attempting at a distance, from the standpoint of orthodox theory of international exchange, to envisage the decline of the German mark naturally find the situation exceedingly complex. To the American business man in Germany, endeavoring to buy or sell goods, the situation appears simple. Ten traders seek to purchase foreign currencies and bills of exchange to one who offers to sell them. There has been heavy pressure in the direction of German purchase of foreign bills, no pressure in the direction of foreign purchase of German bills. In the exchange market the situation has resembled that on the grain exchange during a corner—except that the grain trader knows that on the first of the month a new deal will open, whereas the exchange trader knows that no such fresh start is in prospect. Though the pressure of trading, expressed in volume of transactions, is of direct effect in determining the price of the mark, the motives of the traders are of equal importance in a forecast of the future.

In general, German buyers of foreign currencies and bills of exchange belong to one of five groups:

1. The German Government. Official purchases have had to be carried out in order to make reparation payments. This factor has not been active recently, because the country has enjoyed a moratorium. The recent decline of the mark, in the absence of reparation payments, has proved the verbal correctness of the French position that reparation payments were not a major cause of depreciation of German currency, though this does not touch the kernel of the problem.

2. Importers. German importers need foreign bills to pay for goods already received or lying at the frontier or in foreign ports awaiting acceptance, or held at a distance pending definite commitment. The volume of imports has not been unusual during the autumnal months and the decline of the mark during this time is not to be attributed to the negative balance of mercantile trade. The German industries have on hand raw materials sufficient to carry them well into the winter. The inevitably heavy imports of foods and feeds have not yet been undertaken. On the whole, the situation in foreign trade has been much better than the situation in currency.

3. Business men, buying foreign currencies and bills for domestic use, to escape the uncertainties in transactions inevitable with heavily depreciated currency. German business men in weekly increasing numbers have been using foreign moneys and bills. Manufacturers have declined domestic orders and jobbers have refused deliveries to retailers unless paid in foreign values. Transfers of stocks and bonds of domestic corporations have been executed more and more in terms of foreign values. Real estate has been bought and sold for dollars, Swiss francs, gulden and pounds sterling. This means the substitution, by Germans, of foreign currencies for domestic currency in order to minimize risks. When, however, one contrasts the volume of foreign currencies available with the volume of circulating medium needed by German business, even at maximum velocity of turnover, it becomes clear that the German who stabilizes his business in this manner does so by disrupting the business of scores of fellow Germans.

4. Hoarders. Germans of all classes are tempted to convert mark savings into foreign values, to escape future depreciation. Such hoarded foreign values may be retained in the country or exported for safekeeping. This is a typical illustration of the flight of the mark.

5. Speculators. Germans buy foreign bills because they believe their value to hard-pressed importers or frenzied hoarders will rise if and when conditions become worse. Foreign speculative holders of the mark, including Americans, have been losing faith in their ventures and have been throwing marks on the market.

The example of Austria has not been lost on the observant world. When a currency loses its buying power in foreign markets inevitably it will later lose its buying power in the domestic market. Apparently German business men have come to agree with German hoarders and speculators that the economic processes of the country stand on shifting sands. What has brought the Germans to this lack of confidence in their own country and why this has developed so extraordinarily during recent months are different questions. But it is important for the correct evaluation of conditions in Germany to recognize that the present low position of the mark corresponds to the low position of the Germans' confidence in their economic capacity under present environments. There is nothing surprising in this loss of confidence, for in the early part of December the money presses were turning out paper currency at the rate of 110,300,000,000 marks a week and it was freely predicted that on January 1, 1923, the total paper currency in circulation would not be much under a trillion marks.

The German Stock Exchange has been the scene of great excitement. Since the German industrial stocks have a gold value, their price must rise as the mark falls. There is, however, an additional reason for the extraordinary increases in prices of stocks, especially of steels. Holders of the mark outside of Germany, finding themselves unable to sell marks for foreign currencies, are doing what they consider the next best thing—purchasing German industrials. Foreign-held marks are also being used for the purchase of German real estate.

The German retail trade views the fall of the mark with complacency. Trade is active. This trade consists of three fractions—goods for immediate domestic consumption, sales for hoarding, and sales to foreigners. In some of the large department stores sales to foreigners constitute one-third of the business. If German currency is ever stabilized sales for hoarding and to foreigners will cease, and retail trade will fall into a slump that is greatly feared by the shops. That shopkeepers are so shortsighted is one of the tragic aspects of the situation.

WHEN JOHN BULL VOTES

By Samuel G. Blythe

AN ENGLISH general election differs from an American general election in this regard: The election in America is a slow-moving, shapeless, cumbersome, complicated campaign that extends over months after it begins, and is months in preparation before that, and culminates in three or four weeks of intensive fighting; and an English election is a mass attack that begins, biff! with all forces engaged on every front, with every gun firing and every band blaring as soon as the date is set, lasts only three weeks or so, and winds up with a hand-to-hand struggle for the capture of Westminster.

Among the current misapprehensions about the British that prevail in the United States is a particularly foolish one that they are a stodgy, stolid, unemotional, slow and custom-cursed people; that precedent and tradition control their actions, and that they take a much longer time to pass a given point than do the hustling Americans. The English promote this view of themselves. Whenever they have a particularly difficult project in hand, or a heavy responsibility to meet, they speak of themselves as muddling through; and while the people with whom they are dealing sit back to watch them laboriously and stodgily muddling, the English go through without any muddling that you could notice if you looked for it instead of taking it for granted, and emerge with the goods, the collateral, the territory, the treaty or the policy in their pockets and pouches. The fact is that you get quicker action on any proposition in which an Englishman is interested, if quick action is an advantage, than elsewhere in the universe.

Snappy Campaign Work

A GENERAL election is a case in point. It is quite true that political-party machinery is continuously operative in England, and that political funds are balances and not collections as in the United States; but we maintain political organizations also. The difference is that when we go into a general election our political machinery is rusty and needs greasing and overhauling, while the English political machines are like fire engines, ready to go tearing out at the tap of the bell. A government falls or is pushed on a Tuesday. That government gets out. On Wednesday the King summons the leader of the party that overcame the old government and tells him to form a new one. He forms it in a day or two. A general election is called immediately, and the fight opens, not with skirmishes and sorties and advance-guard actions, but with every available man thrown in, with every gun unlimbered and firing, with the whole front engaged. And in three weeks it is all over.

There is no long period of uncertainty. There is no continued disturbance of business. There is no protracted clamor from platform and in the press for months and months. There is none of the preliminary sparring on policy and platform, and waiting for breaks, and the marching up the hill and down again. All that comes before the issue is joined, and is the ordinary practice of politics, and not after the issue is joined, as with us. The British campaign is made before it is opened. The American campaign, largely, is pieced together after it has begun. When the English have any electing to do they go out and do it. When we have that need before us we talk about it for five months before we start the actual work.

As an example of what I mean, take the publicity end of an English political campaign—or one phase of it, rather—the circulation of posters and printed matter among the electors. In the three weeks of active campaigning in the general election that ended on November fifteenth last the Conservatives sent out 300,000 posters and 19,000,000 leaflets; the Labor Party sent out 250,000 posters and 18,000,000 leaflets; the Independent Liberals put up 200,000 posters and mailed 15,000,000 leaflets; and the National Liberals 65,000 posters and 4,000,000 leaflets. In addition to this, 54,000,000 election addresses were circulated among the 18,000,000 electors in England and Wales, not mentioning the literature used on and with the voters in Scotland and in the Ulster section of Ireland.

That was all done in three weeks. The stuff was written, printed and distributed in twenty-one days. And the figures set down here do not comprise it all, for there was a vast quantity of independent circularizing. Of course, skeleton organizations to handle this work are always maintained, because an English Government has no fixed tenure of office as an American Government has. The English Government lasts only so long as it can maintain itself with a majority to uphold its policies, and when it loses on an important policy it must go to the country either for indorsement or rejection. Hence, as no party organization can foretell when an election may come or be certain what the issues will be, advance preparation, except in the most general way, is impossible. Any person familiar with the six months of labor of American national committees along these lines in political campaigns will understand the comparison. It takes our fellows more than three weeks to organize a printing committee.

Politics a Profession

THEY get political action in England—quick, decisive, biff-bang action. Their methods differ from ours in many respects; their procedures are unlike ours; their party distinctions, political terminology, voting qualifications, national policies, legislative processes and governmental procedures are dissimilar in many ways; but their political manners, their practice of politics—their practical politics, to put it another way—is sure-enough hands-across-the-sea stuff. Blood may be thicker than water, but politics is thicker than either or both. Our common heritage, which the orators at the Anglo-American banquets talk about so interminably and so passionately, may be this or may be that. One thing it is is campaign politics.

There isn't a line of hokum we have that they haven't. There isn't an appeal to the honest workingman, the horny-handed son of toil, the sturdy tiller of the soil, the great common people, the powerful middle classes, the hand that rocks the cradle, the business man who is the bulwark of the nation, the business woman who so worthily typifies the emancipation of her sex, the frugal and thrifty citizen who owns his little home, the small investor, the unemployed whose hard lot will be softened, the heavily burdened taxpayer, the harassed landowner, the sons and daughters of the dominions overseas, that they cannot and do not pull with all modern, up-to-date and highly expedient trimmings. There isn't a way to rouse the Briton who never will be a slave to coming to the polls that they do not practice as past masters. Politics is a profession in England, and it is played by professionals. A lot of our stuff is amateurish, crude, childish compared with theirs.

They are intensive politicians. They get out after the individual. Of course, this is a simple thing compared with the

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Mr. Bonar Law Leaving the Carlton Club After Killing the Coalition

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Safety First

A Rimed Editorial

THE sheriff said repeated reports that a mob would try to lynch the prisoner had reached him, but he had discounted them.

"The mob took my deputies and me by surprise and there was nothing we could do but surrender the man or get killed ourselves," said the sheriff.

–From a newspaper report of a recent lynching.

I

"Go, Private Jones," the general said,
And loud the general swore,
"We've got to take that trench ahead
Or lose the blooming war.
Once ours, and we have smashed the foe.
Come on! Trail arms! Giddap! Let's go!"

"Excuse me, sir," was Jones' reply,
"But I would rather not.
Have you considered, sir, that I
Might easily get shot?
That trench, as a strategic link,
Moreover's weaker than you think."

II

A storm. A ship. A reef. A crash.
The ship is going down!
Above the gale the rockets flash.
Oh, must the sailors drown?
The coast guard sights them through his glass.
"Oh, well," he sighs, "this squall will pass.

"It would not pay to risk the boat
On such a blowy night.
That ship looks staunch enough to float—
I guess she'll be all right."
And so the guard, his conscience whole,
Resumes his interrupted stroll.

III

The reasoning of this worthy pair
Seems, on the surface, very fair;
But—isn't there a flaw somewhere?

Baron Ireland.

Dr. Coue, Oriental Version—"Day by Day, in Every Way, I'm Getting Worse and Worse"

The Overweight Alibis

"I COULD put your two hands around my waist before I was married. I just wish you could see the belt on my wedding dress! But what I say is, Fred seems to like me just as well now as he did when I weighed a hundred and three, and as long as he's satisfied I don't see any reason why I should starve myself, and walk my legs off, and take electric treatments, and — "

"—— could diet just as easily as not; it doesn't mean a thing to me what I eat or what I don't. But the minute I start getting thin I lose it all in my face, and everybody says to me, 'Why, Bernadine Peabody, what on earth have you been doing to yourself? You look twenty years older!' So I just said, 'Well, I'm not going to make an old woman of myself to please anybody,' I said, and so I just go ahead and eat anything I want and ——"

"—— weigh a hundred and eighty-seven, but then, I've got quite a big frame, and I'm pretty tall, and you have to allow anywheres from five to fifteen pounds for the weight of your clothes. So you see I'm really not so awfully ——"

"—— was going to diet the minute we got back from the country, but then we got that wonderful Freda, and you never saw such desserts as she makes, whipped cream and I don't know what all. And it hurts her feelings if you don't eat up every bit, and of course I wouldn't want to lose her for anything in the world. So I simply have to ——"

"—— don't eat a quarter what Joe does, not a quarter! Everyone says, 'Why, I never saw such a light eater!' But there he is, just as thin as thin, and here I am, gaining every day. Honestly, it makes me so ——"

"—— going to start counting my calories next Monday sure. I really began last week, but then the Melnishes' dinner and Mrs. Leak's tea and the Wortley wedding came along, and you simply can't go to people's houses and refuse to eat what's put in front of you. So as long as I've fallen off anyhow, I might just as well have another of those chocolate eclairs and another cup of ——"

"—— not really fat; I just look fat. You'd be surprised to see how little I weigh, and on the scales in the doctor's office too. Why, I know lots of women who weigh more than I ever did in my life, and yet they don't look half ——"

"—— just so long as I feel well, I don't care what I weigh. Why, I knew a woman, a friend of Bessie's sister-in-law's, she was, and she got this idea that she must get thin, in her head, and she went on one of these crazy diets, and would you believe it, in less than three months' time ——

"—— mother was always well-rounded, and my father was a big man, and so I knew I had it coming to me. So I just said to myself, 'Life's too short,' I said, 'to go giving up potatoes and desserts and everything I like. If I'm going to be fat I'm going to be fat, and if my friends don't like it they can just ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

What Makes the Entente So Cordial; or, How These Early English Birds Catch American Worms

A Drama in Three Acts

(In the British Language)

By KATHARINE DAYTON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. HENRY HAWKINS, *an eminent British author*
LIZA HAWKINS, *his wife*
A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN AUDIENCE
A HUSBAND
A WIFE

ACT I—England

TIME: October, 1922.

SCENE: *The Hawkins' living room at The Glupps, Whidden-on-Mold, Crumbs, Herts.* MR. HAWKINS *seated despondently at a desk covered with manuscript.*

[*Enter* MRS. HAWKINS.

MR. HAWKINS *(whose intonation gives his speech the effect of vichy squirted from a siphon):* It's no use, darling; I can't stick it—I simply can't.

MRS. H. *(whose voice is pitched in the key of a peanut-roasting machine):* I say, old thing, don't funk! You look absolutely G. I. Are you really stony?

HAWKINS: Broke to the wide. The agent has just been for the rates, I owe me tailor for that blanket coat so I daren't even ask to see the new autumn suitings, and I can't think of a bally thing to write about! We must either steal or starve. Only fancy! Henry Hawkins in quod! *(Laughs bitterly.)*

MRS. H.: Henry! I've a ripping idea! Why not go to Amurrica and lecture?

HAWKINS *(wearily):* Don't be futile, dearest. I never lectured in me life. What could I lecture about?

MRS. H. *(eagerly):* Anything! Everything! The things one does lecture about in the States! Your books, the war, famous people, woman.

HAWKINS *(catching her enthusiasm):* They must be pretty well fed up on the war, and I don't know much about famous people or woman—but, by Jove, I might mugg up on them a bit!

MRS. H.: Rather! I've heard that Amurricans don't care tuppence what one says so long as one says it with a British accent. The Morganatic sails this day week. Couldn't we book at once?

HAWKINS *(kissing her):* Righto, old dear. Let's hop it!

(CURTAIN)

ACT II—The States (November, 1922)

SCENE: *Carnegie Hall, New York City. The stage is tastefully furnished with one chair, one table, one pitcher of water, one glass.* HENRY HAWKINS *enters, receiving a wildly enthusiastic greeting from the* REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN AUDIENCE, *which consists of 3289 very nice ladies, 126 reporters of both sexes, and 3½ husbands, all of whom—except the reporters and husbands—have gladly paid the regular box-office price.*

HAWKINS: Ladies and—er—ah—gentlemen: I may say, in beginning me lecture, that I only wish I were as happy to be in your great city as you seem to be to have me. (REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN AUDIENCE *applauds.)* My impressions of New York so far have been most unpleasant. (REP. AUD. *cheers.)* I can't say I'm disappointed, for really I expected very little, but positively, when I saw your Fifth Avenue I felt as I did in me old cricket days when a batsman swept me through the slips for six. (REP. AUD. *applauds to conceal humiliation.)*

A HUSBAND *(whispering):* What's he mean, Bertha?

A WIFE: Sh-h-h! He's speaking British. The Times will print the English translation tomorrow.

HAWKINS: And speaking of cricket reminds me of a most amusing incident which occurred during a recent hunt at Boveril, in Lloyds, Kent. Monday there was no scent. But Tuesday, though the first draw was at Stonehenge the hounds found at Cowes. The Prince of Wales, Lord Lascelles, who is a very good man to hounds, the Hon. Monica Gwinch-Lytton—Lady Muriel's youngest girl—Sir Guthrie Muffin, who's done fearfully well over the sticks this season, and myself—I'd a topping pony—got on the lee side of the covert! Just as we realized that something had jolly well got to be done about it the bally fox ran up wind instead of down! (REP. AUD., *a trifle uncertain just at first, decides that laughter is required, and acts accordingly.)* Most of us in England, as you have been told so often, consider that Amurrica was shamefully late in entering the war. In point of fact, many of us consider that instead of being dragged in, Amurrica should have started the war. (REP. AUD. *blushes, weeps with shame.)*

(Continued on Page 91)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

See the children go for them!

Let them eat all the Campbell's Beans they want. For these beans are slow-cooked and digestible. This makes them as wholesome and nutritious as they are delightful to the taste. Their famous tomato sauce gives them a tastiness that everybody relishes. Here is the real, sensible, body-building kind of food that should appear regularly on your table.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Princess of Paradise Island

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XI

JEANNE could not sleep. She tumbled out of her bed, tore off her nightdress and hustled herself impatiently into pongee silk pajamas, quite military and masculine with their white silk frogs. She tossed back her long hair and scuttled through the dusk of the drawing-room to the west porch. She flung herself into a chaise-longue, brushed a flying beetle from her bare feet and scowled as she saw the riding lights of the Juniata. They shone above one who had crudely and rudely thrust unaccustomed censure on her. She had never, never been talked to like that, and the words had scorched. After that, worse.

She lay looking from wide unwinking eyes as she felt his arms about her like bands of iron, crushing her, strangling her, forcing her to fight for breath. She sat up, bolt upright, panting again in the retrospect, agitated, feeling his lips pressed on hers. He had hurt her. That was why she had gone limp for an instant. Had he noticed that? Had he thought that she yielded? Could he have believed that for that instant in which she had rested unresisting in his arms it was for other reason than that she had been physically overpowered?

His passionate seizing of her, his kisses of fire threw a belated flood of light on her reading of fiction. Just as she had absorbed murders and mysteries with a pleasant thrill, so she had read of impetuous assaults on hair and lips and upturned faces with an interested superior smile. Strange people did strange things in books, and she had been glad that they were different from the living beings whom she met; but heroes in fiction were as far from her ken as King Arthur or Don Quixote or Roland. She was seventeen in her knowledge of men. She was an unconscious fraud who had deceived even so finished a worldling as Mrs. Shortbridge. She had had no mother to guide, no girl friends to comment, no young men to look or speak their admiration.

Yesterday seemed to her years ago. She felt years older. She told herself that you could read anything and everything and still know nothing till you had lived it. Why had her whole body relaxed? This was the hammering question returning always, knocking always at subconscious thought. At short intervals it became conscious thought, flashing through and across reflection about her serious troubles. She knew herself strong with trained muscles, and she admitted at last that if she had continued to struggle he could not have kissed her.

Fear? Had that paralyzed her? Yes, that must have been it. She had read of hares picked up by the ears because the conflicting instincts of flight and concealment had deprived them of capacity to move.

"But a hare can't fight." She muttered this and tried to concentrate on the things that mattered -on the morrow, on the mortgage. She would never leave the island: no, never. She could not, would not stay except as mistress and owner. The money—where was it? Her father had never deceived her, never failed her. Oh, she must find it. She was sure to find it. She must have time. They could not be so cruel as to deny her that. Charlie Bonsal —— She opened her eyes to full wakefulness as she remembered that he was not there to help. He had gone over to the enemy. Were they really that? Drake Holton's warnings were weighed. Spiders, weaving a web; no getting away from that; weaving it for her in full sight, and she must fall in, unless she could gain time.

Drake Holton's cool, quiet advice came with compelling force. She must keep friendly with these people while she made another search for her father's fortune. Nothing must upset her. Nothing must change her. She must keep smiling and demand time confidently, not plead for it humbly. Mrs. Shortbridge might be a wolf in the clothing of a Fifth Avenue sheep, but she was not the crude hungry kind that would gulp an island. A woman with those eyes had a heart somewhere. But suppose the man was an ogre, not to be influenced by his wife? It was on this fear that at last she fell asleep.

She woke at dawn, looked about with blinking eyes, saw golden reflected radiances in the west, and thrilled to the exhilaration of the fresh morning. The yacht of her enemies swung in the distance with the lazy tide, and it was of Charlie Bonsal and not of mortgages she thought.

"In Lotus Land You Dream Till Trouble Comes, Then You Wake Up"

"Damn it!" She said this twice over in a clear, slow voice, and each time the "it" meant Bonsal. This utterance gave relief, for it held an immense significance for her. It was the first time she had ever said it, and she believed it unique and depraved. Its depravity matched her degradation and seemed the exact expression for violated lips. In many ways she was a generation behind her age, and had no knowledge that postwar custom condones an occasional violent explet ve even from a girl with her hair down. Her Paris skirts were as short as anybody's, but she had never tasted a cocktail. Her evening bodices were worn without thought as they came, and some were cut very low, but she had never smoked a cigarette. Her undecorated bathing dresses, woven to order in England, were designed for a real swimmer and an accomplished high diver, and so might have been called daring. But she had never had a boy friend, had never had a flirtation, had never been kissed by a young man until one had leaped at her in crude, rude assault and forced her lips.

Coming from the north in silent rubber-soled shoes, Drake Holton was hurrying to his room. He was at the foot of the steps, not ten feet from her, when she sat up in her long chair, and for the third time freed her mind in a tense freighted voice. Then she saw him. Her impulse was flight. She had had one bitter lesson, and she almost jumped up and ran as he uttered a casual good morning and flopped down on the steps. Dignity kept her there; barefooted, in pajamas, she would not fly. She eyed him, her head a little aslant, brows lifted, her whole attitude expressing indignant rebuke. But hidden inside was curiosity, too, a spice of it, learned in yesterday's lesson. Would he prove, after all, to be like the other one? A courageous heart asks this question after a first experience in sex war. She saw that he sat as he had on the night of his first coming—spent, huddled—and she wondered what he had been doing, why he looked so tired, and why he had so foolishly forgotten his weak heart.

"This is lucky," he said.

"Oh, is it?" Would he go if she ordered him away?

"For me, yes."

"But I"—she pretended to yawn—"am sleepy."

"No time for sleep," he said gravely in the new stolid manner of the night before. "I couldn't. I didn't try."

"If my troubles did not keep me awake they should not you." Her manner was tart. She would incur no more debts of gratitude to young men who dropped on her shores and said they loved her. "Mr. Holton," she said with a chilliness seldom found in that climate, "I want no help. I don't want any advice. I just want to be left to myself. I hate to seem ungrateful. Indeed, I am very much obliged for what you told me last night. But I am in trouble and I—I—have no time to think of guests." Thus she ordered him from her island.

He nodded, staring out to sea. "I knew it. That's why I couldn't sleep. It wasn't your trouble that kept me awake. It was mine. I'll go."

She relented at this prompt obedience.

"I seem inhospitable." Her voice was more gentle.

"No, you are right. You misunderstand; that's my misfortune, and my fault I can't clear it up."

"Misunderstand? Oh, no!"

"You do. You thought I proposed to you last night." His even, toneless voice added weight to his utterance.

"Oh, no!" Her tone was just a little sharp.

"I said I loved you. I spoiled friendship anyhow. I have heard you say more than once that you would never marry. You meant it, I knew that. You are imperious. You love to rule. You love to rule alone. You are wedded to your island, to your power, to your position here."

She would have denied the charge of arrogance a month before. Now, in peril of losing her home, there lay reassurance in his words, and a subtle flattery. She looked into his upturned eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, startled.

No caressing softness now lay in those blue depths, and she saw his face at such an angle as to exaggerate his pugnacious jaw.

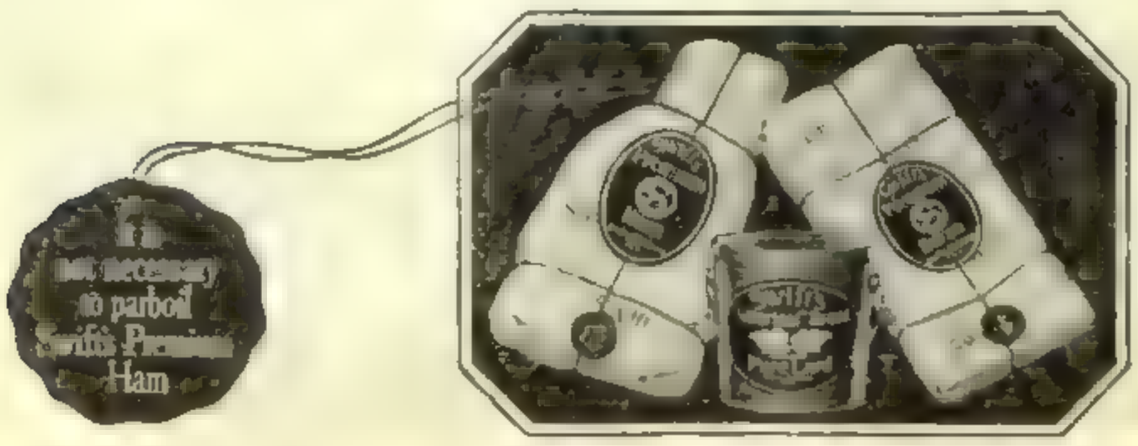
"In lotus land you dream till trouble comes," he said, "then you wake up." This was not the first time he had responded to her unspoken thought. "You are different from other women," he went on. She was young enough to

(Continued on Page 29)

Its choice bespeaks the discriminating hostess

When you serve a Premium Ham you enhance your reputation as a hostess. For, in the tenderness and exquisite flavor of this ham, your guests perceive that you have chosen for them with most considerate care

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



A distinctive way to serve it

Cover the butt end of a Premium Ham with cold water, bring to boil and simmer gently allowing 20 minutes for each pound. Then remove the rind and—here's the special touch—spread mustard over the ham fat and sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Stud the top with cloves and bake for an hour in a moderate oven

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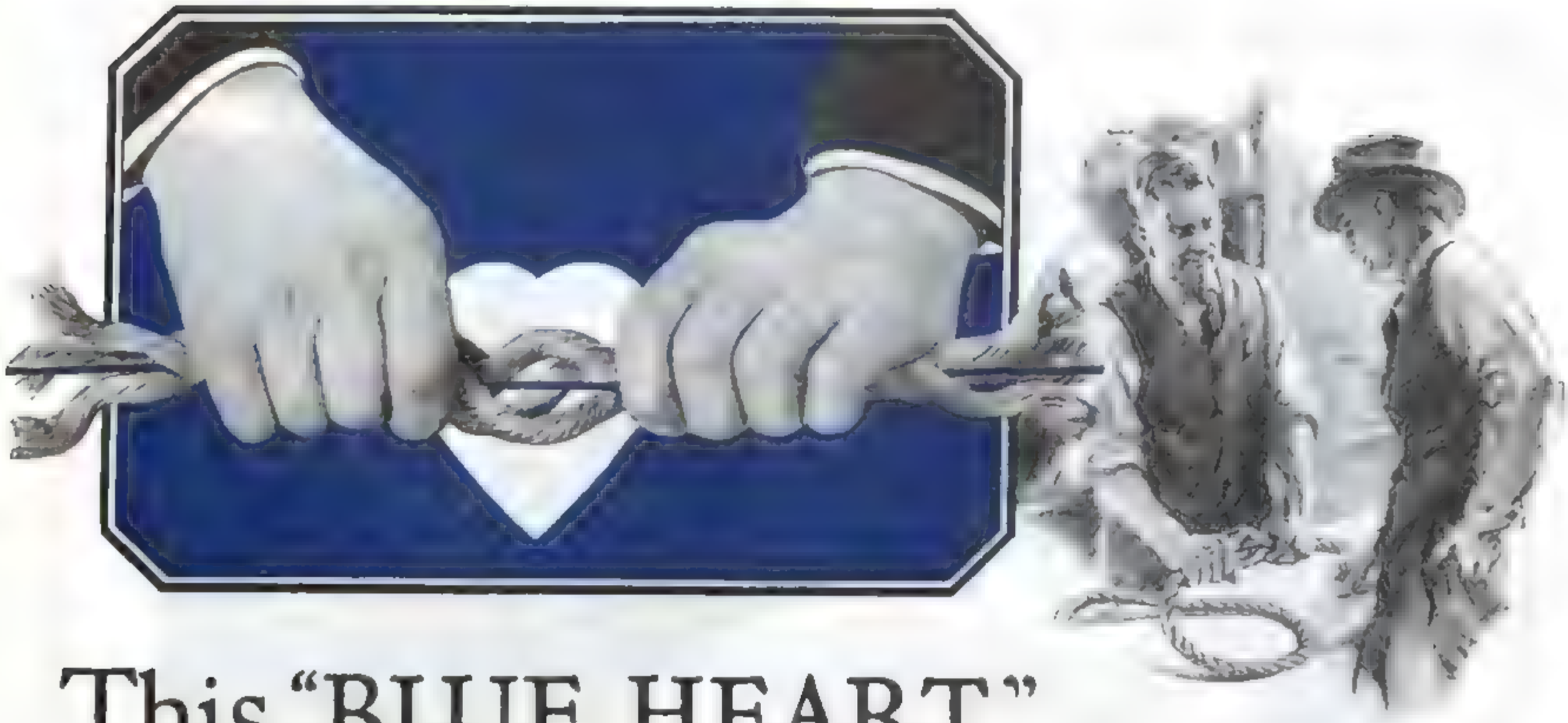

This "BLUE HEART" guarantees *excess* rope strength

Before you buy rope—make this test for guaranteed extra strength and long service

YOU can't look at a piece of rope and guess its strength—even approximately.

Because some inferior rope fibres look enough like manila to almost deceive experts. And even manila varies in strength through some thirty-three distinct grades.

But there *is* a way you can be sure of getting extra strength and long service in the rope you buy.

Look inside!

Running lengthwise through the center of every foot of H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is a small blue cotton thread—the "Blue Heart." Grasp any rope and untwist the strands. If you find in the center the "Blue Heart" trade mark, you will know that you have genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—rope guaranteed to exceed the U. S. Government Standard. (See guarantee.)

That means an average strength of 9200 pounds in an inch rope instead of 8200 pounds called for by government standards; in a one-half inch rope an average of 2750 pounds instead of 2450 pounds. In *every* size you get a stronger rope than is specified by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.

And longer wear

And with that, a rope that will outwear two or three ordinary ropes. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather, remain flexible, smooth-surfaced and easy to handle.

GUARANTEE!

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal the yardage and exceed the breaking strength and fibre requirements of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced.

Yet, H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope costs no more than many inferior ropes.

When you buy rope untwist the strands and look for the "Blue Heart" trade mark that guarantees long wear and definitely assures you of excess strength over the government standard for sturdiness.

For other tasks where a high grade sisal rope is wanted, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, carefully spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

A rope for every use

Whatever may be your use for rope you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm implement stores, builders' supply dealers' and mill and mine supply houses, etc. If you do not know where to get it in your vicinity, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

DEALERS AND JOBBERS: Send for our business-building rope proposition.

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H & A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

(Continued from Page 26)

like being called a woman, and to be told she was different. "Perhaps you will understand. No living person has ever lived your life. No living princess has your power. You hold a place apart. Above, that's better. That's the truth. They want to drag you down. I want to help you. I want you to believe that, and let me. So I say 'I love you' as one says it to a princess. I only mean I claim the right to serve you, no more. If you understand, don't tell me to go till you're safe on your throne. If you don't understand, and think of future gratitude and debts to pay—well, I'll go now."

Jeanne drew a deep breath, touched by devotion so unselfish.

"I'm no princess," she said. "I'm only a girl who needs help and friends."

He nodded companionably, smiling, knowing his sentence of banishment withdrawn. "Friendship is the tomb of love," he quoted. "They never go together. Forget that I said 'love.' I meant friendship. Remember," he warned as he looked towards the yacht: "Clamp down your feelings. Don't show enmity. Don't show fear. Ask for a month's grace as a matter of course. Good night or good morning, which you like."

He walked off abruptly.

Jeanne pattered in bare feet to her bed. Comforted, she snatched an hour's sleep, but dared not linger when her maid called her. Her enemies might be early birds. "They shall find the worm ready to fight," she said to herself. Her glass showed no rings round her eyes. Sleeplessness had not left her weary. She was keyed up for the struggle.

"Lulu," she ordered abruptly, "a block of ice in my bath, and a tablespoon out of the big bottle." Amid the heavy scents of the tropics she craved clean fresh odors from the north.

A half hour later, rosy-red from the icy tub, her skin for a few minutes exhaling the faint fresh odor of tar, she felt the glowing exhilaration of exuberant health and the satisfaction that violent antiseptic methods had washed out yesterday. She demanded abruptly whether that riding suit had been burned, and on hearing that her orders had been carried out she sat down to breakfast on her own latticed veranda with the conviction that that fire had reduced even memory to ashes.

Through the railings she glimpsed Cepara Turnquest in a new white dress and wearing a new hat trimmed with bright little red roses. This was not the road to the colored chapel, to which Cepara never went, and where service would not be held for hours; but it did lead past the bachelors' quarters. Jeanne saw the eager step, the parted lips, the suggestion of expectancy; and she said to herself that the man Bonsal had not kissed this girl good-by. She tried to track to its roots a vague sense of relief, and perceived that behind her perturbed thoughts of him had lurked the shadowy figure of Cepara Turnquest. But if Bonsal had been secretly meeting Cepara would he go away without telling her? Was Drake Holton right? Had there been anything between these two? She had finished her meal, when she saw Cepara, listless, with slacking gait and bent head, pause in front of the veranda, and somber eyes looked up at her with open hostility through the slats.

"Good morning, Cepara."

"Good morning, Jeanne."

Jeanne, startled by the calculated impertinence of this familiarity, rose to her feet. Fearing a bawled-out tirade, she hurried in almost panic retreat through the drawing-room, standing transfixed, breathing hard, as she came face to face with Charlie Bonsal.

"I thought you had gone," she burst out, panting.

"You hoped I had."

"Yes, hoped."

He was very white beneath his tan, but very cool. She was very red beneath the brown, and far from cool. He had the advantage, and a lady of great experience had taught him how to keep it.

"I hoped so too," he agreed calmly, "but I learned something on the yacht."

"You had a lot of things to learn."

"I know—lots," he agreed in an offhand way. "What I learned concerns you. It is important."

"It must be—to excuse your return."

Jeanne felt like a schoolgirl in the nursery, and knew that she was acting like a rude child, but she had been caught in an unguarded moment. She could not regain that fine composure which deceived people into thinking her a finished young woman of the world, and which she had resolved to maintain through this day. She eyed the apparently calm young man with apprehensive indignation. His self-control was an affront, his straight gaze an insult. His next measured words were an impertinence which rendered her speechless.

"I have forgotten yesterday," he announced without so much as a drooping lid of apology. "So must you. We must work together, you and I."

He turned and looked out at the distant yacht. It was an involuntary appeal for help to the remarkable lady who had given him his lesson in the art of managing a girl.

"Keep cool," Mrs. Shortbridge had said. "If you can't keep cool, seem cool. Astonish her by your nerve. Startle her by your audacity. Frighten her by your hints. Impress her by your strength."

A silence followed, so long continued that this apt pupil wheeled in sudden fear that Jeanne had stolen away. He had scared her, all right; he thought that he surprised that confession in her eyes. He straightened quaking knees, somewhat encouraged.

"I told you that I loved you," he said very slowly, for he was repeating Mrs. Shortbridge's dictated words. "I could have loved you if I had left myself a chance. But I did for myself. I know that. You made me angry. You wouldn't let me help you. You challenged me. You asked for it."

"Oh!" Jeanne's eyes blazed.

"You did, with your head in the air and your high-and-mighty pretense that you could save your island, and your mean hit at me."

"You were brutal," Jeanne flashed. "You disgraced yourself. You disgraced me."

"I was; I did. You were unfair; I was worse."

Bonsal drew a deep breath and honored the insight of Mrs. Shortbridge. "If she attacks you," that lady had predicted, "you've got her." He came near to losing the fruits of victory, for his impulse was to cry out that he loved her, and to abase himself in humble plea for pardon. If he did that, Mrs. Shortbridge had warned, she would forgive him and refuse him, and he would have to leave the island. He looked unnaturally stern as he again calmly told Jeanne to cut out yesterday.

"I'm sorry," he said in an offhand way. "So are you. Forget it. Let's start fresh. May we be friends? '*L'amitié est le tombeau de l'amour.*'"

He could not understand her glance of surprise, nor why her lips curved into a broad smile.

"They both walk backward by the same bridge," she was thinking, and she compared mentally the two who retreated from love declarations with the same quotation.

"Have you had breakfast?" she burst out companionably, with swift change of manner, and she almost laughed at the joy in his face.

He shook his head, not admitting that he had been too miserable to eat. He sat down heavily shaking, staring foolishly, astonished at the dancing merriment in her eyes, not believing in his success. A forlorn hope, a wild assault, planned by a wonderful lady, accepted with the certainty of failure, carried out, as he believed it, with obvious feeble insincerity; yet, he had won. He had wiped out yesterday; rather, he thought that he had. He could not guess that an irrepressible spring of humor had bubbled up in Jeanne; that she let it flow, forgetting care, postponing troubles, deliberately engrossing herself in the present moment; that she was ludicrously reflecting that she had had two declarations of love, and two jiltings, all within twenty-four hours, and that she was aquiver with a kind of impersonal curiosity. Had she two lovers, or two sincere friends, or one lover and one friend, or one friend and one hidden enemy? Combinations seemed endless. Young men were ridiculous. She ordered breakfast for two and pretended to eat. Youth responded to youth, and her gayety brought such laughter from Bonsal that Holton heard, slipped from his bed, wriggled along his veranda, and peeped through climbing vines, and retreated with a black scowl.

She looked out towards the yacht and spoke of delightful Mrs. Shortbridge. Bonsal concurred in her praises with enthusiasm. With a naïve candor, forgetting instructions, he blurted out that he would never have dared to come back but for that lady's wonderful advice. Jeanne flushed, eyed him as a mother might an indiscreet child, and knew that he had told Mrs. Shortbridge why he had fled. She drew him out, marveling at the simplicity of men, wondering at her new-found power, quickly perceiving that he had been

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She Looked Up at Him With Much Meaning in Her Glance. "Oh, But You are Dense!" She Said

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Conscientious Digger

THE New England conscience, that stern and rockbound product of hard winters, hot summers, sterile soil and constant attention to business, has begun to break down under the influx of summer hotels, movies, immigrants, garage owners and automobiles. In the old days the proportion of New England consciences to New England residents was at least one to every three. The New England conscience refused to tolerate the slick city feller and his deceptive ways. It built honest houses and furniture, it shied with instinctive horror from any investment that threatened to yield more than 6 per cent, it named its towns and its hotels honestly. If a town was built on rocky land the New England conscience named it Rockland. If old man Whittlestick built a hotel he named it the Whittlestick House. There was nothing fancy about the New England conscience, and it behaved as advertised.

Nowadays the proportion of New England consciences to New England residents is considerably less than one to twenty. A hotel that would have been called The Mosquito House in the old days is now known as Paradise Inn. A New Englander's word used to be as good as a bond; too frequently nowadays it's about as good as a share of stock in a Peruvian-bark mine. The stranger who sojourns in New England frequently wishes that he were down in Morocco trying to outwit a regular bandit like Raisuli, who only robs his victims when he catches them, instead of having the robberies attached to his bills by the sturdy New Englanders. Fortunately for the country at large, however, there are still a respectable number of New England consciences in existence; and when found, they loom above the jellied consciences that surround them in the same way that the Homeric looms up above a flock of white-winged coot. Prominent among these loomers is Brigadier General Herbert Mayhew Lord, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, who possesses one of the most reliable and valuable specimens of New England conscience that was ever brought up on the approved diet of hard work, simplicity, baked beans, Maine winters and the square deal.

PHOTO. BY THE BOYCE STUDIO, WASHINGTON

Brigadier General Herbert M. Lord, Director of the Bureau of the Budget

Herbert Mayhew Lord was born and brought up in Rockland, Maine, which has always been a good section of the country in which to be brought up if one wishes to obtain the proper perspective on any unreasonable expenditure of money and at the same time to absorb the knowledge that a little extra work never hurt anyone. There was no loose change in the Lord family for any such frivolities as cigarettes, theater tickets, Pullman fares, country clubs, golf balls or various other things that are frequently regarded as urgent necessities by the youth of today. When young Lord went up to Waterville, Maine, to attend Colby College he walked the fifty-five miles. When he came home on vacations he walked; and he walked back to Colby again after vacations. It became a habit with him to walk, and he has never succeeded in freeing himself from it. Even today he gets up at five o'clock in the morning and goes prowling through Rock Creek Park in Washington for an hour or two hours—a victim of a New England conscience that has made him enjoy a form of activity that would fill almost anyone else with horror and loathing.

A Little Matter of Conscience

LORD taught school for some time in those small unostentatious Maine schoolhouses that seem somewhat dwarfed beside the normal portable garage. Then he went down to Cardiff, in Eastern Tennessee, where there were a number of Rockland people, and worked on the Cardiff newspaper in the composite rôle of managing editor, society editor, sporting editor, star reporter, club reporter, proof reader, advertising manager, circulation manager and bookkeeper. From Cardiff he went to Denver, where he did a little more newspaper work; and then he had an opportunity to get back to the baked beans, the hard winters and the nice long walks of Rockland as editor of the Rockland Courier-Gazette. He welcomed the opportunity, and was soon keeping his New England conscience quiet by working from twelve to eighteen hours a day, and taking refreshing walks of ten or twenty or thirty miles every little while.

At that time Nelson Dingley, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, was the editor and owner of the Lewiston Journal. In casting his eye around his native state in search of able and deserving young men Dingley encountered the conscientious and hard-working Lord. He therefore offered him the position of clerk of the Ways and Means Committee; and at once Lord's New England conscience became inflamed and active. Instead of seizing the job with alacrity, as is invariably the custom when political positions are distributed, Lord went out for a short walk of fifteen or twenty-two miles in order that he might determine the proper procedure to be followed. He wanted the place, but he feared that he lacked the ability to fill it properly. His conscience kept assuring him in its harsh New England manner that a poor Maine boy with nothing to his credit except a college degree, and the ability to write good English, edit a successful newspaper, teach reading, writing, geography and arithmetic to large numbers of children of assorted ages, work eighteen hours a day and keep on good terms with everyone in sight, would be incapable of acting as clerk to such distinguished mental giants as the members of the Ways and Means Committee. When he got back from his walk he had about decided not to go; but fortunately for him and for the Committee on Ways and Means, his friends sat down with him and by assiduous labor succeeded in cooling and reducing his peculiarly inflamed New England conscience. So Herbert Mayhew Lord went to Washington to labor with the great committee that determines the ways and the means that shall be followed by the Government in extracting money from the citizens.

A job with the Ways and Means Committee is no sinecure. It is in session nearly every day; and the financial problems and the financial evidence with which it deals are, if understandingly followed, a liberal education in finance to the person who does the following. Lord's conscience and his gluttonous capacity for work made him one of the busiest and most persistent followers that had ever plowed bravely into the sea of figures in which the Ways and Means Committee is constantly wallowing. He was with the committee during the drafting and the enacting of the Dingley Tariff Bill, and also during the birth of the War Revenue Act, which financed the Spanish-American War; and during that time he learned so much about finances, financing, budgeting, auditing, taxes, tithes, imposts, octroi, sinking funds, debentures, floating capital and every other branch and side line having to do with the accumulation or scattering of money that he could have written—and later did write—a ten or twelve pound book on the subject without beginning to tell all that he knew.

Surrounded by Money

DURING the Spanish-American War, Lord was commissioned a major and paymaster of volunteers by President McKinley; and from that day until he took the position of Director of the Bureau of the Budget in July, 1922, his work was the handling of army finances.

In 1899 he was chief paymaster of the Army Corps in Cuba, and was given the job of paying off the Cuban Army. The Cubans had revolvers, machetes, ammunition and rifles, but they had no tools and they were a long way from home. Consequently it would have been very easy for them to turn bandits and disrupt everything in sight by means of a little well-directed banditing. The United States therefore undertook to give each member of the Cuban Army seventy-five dollars, which was sufficient to get each man to his home and buy him enough tools to start farming. It was estimated that three million dollars would be needed for this work; so Lord was given three million dollars in five-dollar gold pieces, silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, and told to proceed as necessary. Many of the Cubans were dead; most of them signed the pay rolls by merely making a cross. The situation presented an unequaled opportunity for graft, and never a word would have or could have been said if the records showed that the entire three million dollars had been paid out. Lord, however, turned back five hundred thousand dollars into the United States Treasury.

A similar situation arose in 1914 when he was returning from finance duty in the Philippines. Congress had appropriated two million dollars for those who had lost their homes and belongings in the Salem fire; and he was the one selected to distribute the money. He opened an office in the Salem Armory and financed the needy during the entire winter. In spite of the fact that New England had probably never before allowed any part of a congressional appropriation to slip through its fingers, Lord not only satisfied the want of every fire sufferer who needed help, but turned one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars back into the Treasury.

Lord's New England conscience has not only caused the grafters to burst into tears of regret but has also given the Treasury an occasional heart palpitation of terror. The New England conscience, it seems, not only forces its owner to do what is right but it also obliges him to apply common sense in choosing between various degrees of right. As a result Lord has cut enough red tape to tie bowknots on all the armies of Europe. In 1918 he had created the finance department of the United States Army for the handling of all army disbursements, his official title being Director of Finance. At the end of the war thousands of disabled soldiers arrived from overseas with no records of the outfits to which they belonged or of the payments which had been made or should be made to them. They filled the hospitals, and they were broke. Under the law there was no way of paying these men until their records could be produced. Lord took the responsibility, cut the red tape and paid the men on their own certificates. The proceeding was entirely illegal; Lord had no

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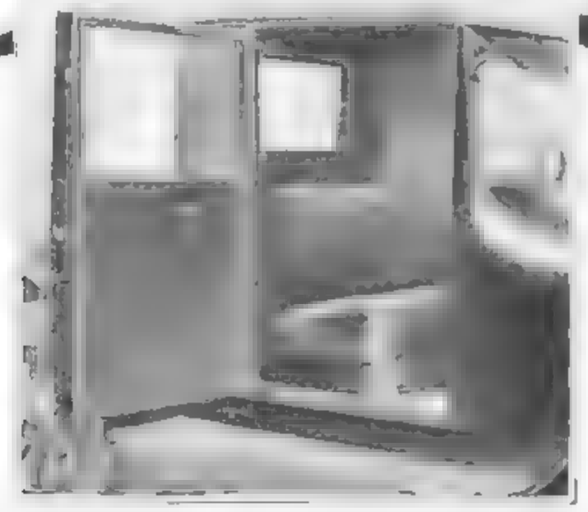

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

Gold Petals—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

The Existence Then, for the Sun-Gilded Moment, Was in Fandangoes and Gambling: There Were Guitars Everywhere, Olive Orchards, Vineyards and the Colored Sea

THE descent that I made into California was, in reality, a change through a night, from winter, from granite mountains of snow and black ice, to spring, to the April of the Sacramento Valley. The meadows, it seemed, were instantaneously green, the air was definitely warm, and palm trees took the symbolical place of firs. I had left an America which—although vastly more splendid than any I had known—was familiar, for a land that I saw at once was different from all the other states. It was, disregarding the palms and a common Spanish tradition, different from Florida; California was singularly, insistently, itself. It had so much: there was the tropical vegetation, mountains as impressive as those of the Northwest, little valleys of white blossom, green hills and purpleblue harbors.

I was both prepared for California and surprised; its charm I had always thought of as tropical, a place of crumbling walls white in the sun and Bougainvillea, and of siesta; it was April and my thoughts were of linens, but in San Francisco they shifted rapidly to furs. It was cold and it wasn't, a very peculiar state of being; from my room in the St. Francis Hotel I could see men sleeping with newspapers over their faces on the bright grass of Union Square, and driving along the bay the water was gray and white; laboring, in a bitter wind, a lumber steamer beating a way north without cargo, pitched and heeled. It was a region at once chilly and set with flowers; and when I spoke of the former I was immediately told that San Francisco had the most equable climate in the world—it was, it began to appear, never hot in summer nor cold in winter. I had an impulse to ask what I might expect from spring, a frivolous desire to refer to the even climate of the South Pole; but, though I had been in California no more than a day I already understood that any lightness of reference to it was unadvised.

The complicated aspects did not decrease with a longer acquaintance; the beauty and the difficulties multiplied as I progressed from Humboldt County to Los Angeles, and the history of California was like the legends of a golden age. Everything that happened became at once, the next day, legendary—the richness of its orchards, the building of a railroad, the discovery of gold and the Hounds of San Francisco, a momentary life as a republic under a flag that bore a bear, the highwaymen and missions—remote, and founded often, in the nineteenth century—the military expeditions, Cortés and Cabrillo and Sebastian Vizcaino. Cabrillo died in the harbor of Monterey, but his pilot, Ferrelo, drove on past Cape Mendocino nearly to the Oregon.

Early California Missions

URDANETA, the navigator priest, sailed down the coast of California from the east, fixing Mexico as the center of Oriental commerce, and Spain sent squadrons north to establish a fortified post to refit and provision the Manila Ships; the Jesuits built a mission at Loreto de Concho, in Baja California; within seventy years the whole peninsula was under their direction—they had sixteen missions; and then they were banished, the Franciscans, and Alta California, succeeded them. But not for long; the Dominicans in the south replaced the Order of St. Francis, Mexico forced its independence from Spain, and the missions, soon falling, were put under secular control.

The Americans, at first, came slowly, inconspicuously, into the pastoral Spanish scene, where, for a while, they were publicly fired upon and made privately welcome. There was a strict interdiction against foreign ships trading with the Californias, but, insensible to this, the Enterprise, out of New York, traded at San Diego in 1801; and the Lelia Byrd, of Salem, in Massachusetts, with Captain William Shaler, sailed for no other purpose. She came under the guns of the fort battery at San Diego, shots were exchanged, and she sheered off south for repairs. The Winships, of Boston, still more commercially adventurous, arranged with the Russian governor, Baranoff, of the Aleutian Islands, for trained Aleut otter hunters, and most illegally fished along California. In 1806 Captain Jonathan Winship took a cargo of otter skins to the value of sixty thousand dollars; and that, it was plain to me, showed that no mere nation of Mexicans could hope to retain a land or sea valuable to honest white men.

However, the private welcome of American trading ventures was made legitimate by the necessities, the needs and vanities they supplied; the missions, the pueblos and presidios were indifferently served by Mexico, and they were glad to exchange hides and wine and wheat for cargoes from New England and from China. The fathers were specially active in this, for, apparently, their requirements were of a very wide order. The Mercury Captain Eayrs, anchored at the Santa Catalina Islands ten leagues off shore, exchanged for the hides and otters of the mission camel's-hair shawls, a Chinese *color de rosa* silk, white cloth with embroidered edge, fine perfiladas, colored handkerchiefs, twisted blue and white silk floesses, gilded crystal stands with crystal bottles ornamented with *flores de oro*, black mantillas and the linens of Brittany. The Mercury was captured soon after, a mile off shore below Santa Bárbara. On board there was an Indian boy the captain had purchased in Oregon, and a young female named Peggy who was baptized at once as María Antonia de la Ascensión Stuard.

The missions, under Franciscan rule, had increased both in number and possessions. Beginning in Sonora, in Sinaloa and Texas, they followed the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, twenty-three in all. The mission at San Diego was destroyed by an Indian uprising; the walls of San Luis Rey, founded in 1798 by Father Peyrí surrounded a formal court; San Juan Capistrano was opened by Junípero Serra with fifteen leagues of land on the sea; San Gabriel Arcángel, near Los Angeles, was a place of figs and

(Continued on Page 35)

Why Not Know About Heating Systems What You Know About Automobiles?

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"HI-PRESS" and "STRAIGHT-LINE"
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

(Continued from Page 32)

pomegranates, of limes and citrons and peaches, wine making and brandy, flowers and gold; San Fernando was set in a beautiful plain north of San Gabriel and distilled two thousand gallons each of brandy and wine yearly—in 1826, together with great herds of cattle, it owned fifty thousand dollars in merchandise and ninety thousand dollars of gold; San Buenaventura had fifteen hundred square miles and church ornament and vestment in the amount of sixty-one thousand dollars; Santa Bárbara was built of stone, with two towers, glazed tiles and sonorous bells from Spain, fountains and a pool and a bath house with a sparkling stream pouring from the stone head of a lion; Santa Inés was celebrated for the beauty of its horses and a property that, in 1823, had reached the value of eight hundred thousand dollars; La Purísima was in the valley of the Santa Rosa; San Miguel was founded in the July of 1797, and San Luis Obispo, under Luis Martinez, grew cotton and olives; it had otter-catching Indians and a table celebrated among travelers.

This sylvan richness, this color and variety, surprised me; nothing, practically, was known of it now, nothing remembered; there was a romantic and tenuous legend, like a far ringing from the *campanario* of Santa Bárbara, that had hardly survived the clamorous discovery of gold; and yet it had helped to make the complex spirit, the individuality, of California; since California, today, more and more returned to the glamour, the air, of what, apparently, had gone. At their hearts Californians held the gold of their fruits lower, esteemed it less, than the fragrance of the blossoms. San Luis Obispo, erected by Serra, gave presents of little balls of pure gold found near the mission, and the father-prefect traveled in a coach, with Indians in gay trappings as coachman and postilion; Soledad, on the Llano del Rey, laid an aqueduct fifteen miles long, and there José de Arrillaga was buried; San Miguel disappeared before 1835, and Saint Antonio de Padua had a fine orchestra, its father was attended by an Indian boy to warn him of approaching venomous ants; San Cárlos was in the valley of Carmelo, south of Monterey, a country of oak and birch and flowers, and it was moved to Carmelo Bay; Santa Cruz overlooked the San Lorenzo and, under Father Raymon Olbés, was severe in its treatment of Indians; San Juan Bautista was established at Popeloutachom, and Santa Clara, on the Bay of San Francisco, in 1823, branded twenty-two thousand four hundred calves; it was garnished, naturally, with massive silver, and there were dungeons; the mission San Francisco treasured the bones of Pius until, impoverished, it fell into the hands of Mormons; and San Raphael Archángel was in the charge of a vivacious father, who, at a ball on a Russian ship, borrowed a coat in which to dance.

This was as different as possible from the time, the Americans, that immediately followed. At the independence of Mexico the latter singly and in companies came over the Santa Fé Trail into California, and in 1841 the first immigrant train arrived from the Missouri. Two years later Lansford Hastings brought a company down from the Willamette country; a second train from the East established a new trail—up the Malheur and Pit rivers to the Sacramento Valley; a dozen wagons, turning at Fort Hall, crossed the Sierras and opened the Truckee Route; and Commodore Jones, with a squadron of five ships, had reached the western coast.

Captain Frémont's Mysterious Moves

HEARING that a war had been declared with Mexico and that England had bought the Californias, Jones took that opportunity to sail into Monterey Harbor, with the Cyane and the United States, and force a surrender. The fort was deserted by the Mexican troops and a hundred and fifty marines put in command, the American flag run up; and then, the next day, the commodore learned that there was no war between his country and Mexico, that the Pacific states had not been delivered to Great Britain, and the American flag was apologetically run down.

All that, comparatively, was clear, but the course of Captain Frémont in California, his motives and instructions hidden, the public had a small chance to follow. He arrived at Sutter's Fort in 1844 and in 1845 part of his command went south to the San Joaquin Valley. Forty years later he declared that his purpose had been to discover the shortest route for a future railroad to the Pacific, but even the candor of that was open—from the Mexican standpoint—to a justified suspicion. However, he left the Santa Clara Valley, followed the shore of Monterey Bay to the Salinas River, and was there ordered by General Castro to leave the department. Instead, he moved to Gavilan Peak and fortified a position with logs. From this post, though, he discreetly withdrew; and then he proceeded northward. The snow of the Oregon passes he reported too deep for passage, but on his journey he had been overtaken by a confidential messenger of the United States Government, and there was a certain obscurity in the choice of a reason that promptly returned him to the Sacramento.

General Castro, at Santa Clara mission, published his intention to advance against the Americans, and Frémont announced war. He took the fort at Sonoma, moved to the American settlements in the valley of the Seven Moons, and the flag of the Bear Republic was raised. Commodore Sloat, at Monterey, displayed the American colors, Captain Montgomery commanded Yerba Buena; and Commodore Stockton, displacing Sloat, commissioned Frémont a major in the United States Army, attaching to him eighty marines. The Mexican Army succeeded in joining its forces in the south, at Los Angeles, but, immediately after, it fell apart, vanished. A state of irregular warfare followed—a

There Was Always, Everywhere, Dancing

Captain Flores drove the foreigners from Los Angeles and General Kearny with a hundred of the First Dragoons marched into California. He defeated a Mexican force under Pico and moved to San Diego, where he fell into dispute with the head of the naval forces. In the north the Californians, led by Francisco Sanchez, a rancher, surrendered to Captain Marston, and in the January of 1847 the second conquest of California was completed.

The bitterness between General Kearny and Stockton increased, and, since he had been appointed military governor by the commodore, Frémont was drawn into it. He would not, at first, defer to Kearny, but retired to San Diego—where the Mormon battalion joined him—and later issued orders and commissions from Monterey. Against this Kearny signed a document of port regulations as commander-in-chief of military forces and governor of California, placing Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke in command of Frémont's men, and, moving east, Frémont was put under arrest at Fort Leavenworth. A court-martial, on the charge of mutiny, found him guilty, and he was sentenced to dismissal from the army. This, President Polk annulled, but Frémont immediately resigned and came back, in private capacity, to California.

It was then, practically, that a yellow stain was discovered in the race of a mill built by John Sutter in Coloma Valley. The race and the American River, below, were full of gold. A notice of this first appeared in a March issue of the Californian, and Samuel Brannan, a Mormon elder, brought to San Francisco a bottle of gold dust. During that year thirty-nine thousand prospectors reached the west coast, sixty ships were announced to sail from New York in February, seventy from Philadelphia and Boston, and eleven from New Bedford.

Forty-five ships arrived at San Francisco in one day, and a continuous stream of wagons followed the Platte. California formed a constitution, with Peter H. Burnett governor and Frémont senator; John Calhoun, then dying, still fought its admission as a free state into the Union; but, in the decline of all that he held irrevocable, in 1850, California was accepted.

Before the formal American occupation, the conquest, of California, but, generally, after the missions had declined and Spain had given place to Mexico, there was an age of highwaymen, of celebrated robbers and robber bands. They were totally different from the calculated menace later holding up the Bannack and Silver City stages; the California bandits belonged to a pictorial day; and Joaquin Murieta, the most famous among them, was no more than a magnetic boy. Scarcely twenty-one when he was killed, he was dark and slender, with clear features and flowing lustrous black hair. He came north from Sonora, married a Rosita Félix, and they moved to the Stanislaus placers, but American miners threw him from a claim and outraged his wife. Murieta then worked in the Murphy Diggings, but turned to dealing monte, and, riding a horse borrowed from his brother-in-law, he was accused of stealing it and beaten until left for dead.

That determined Joaquin's career, and he wholly devoted the remaining three years of his life to repaying Americans what, he not unreasonably felt, he had suffered from them. One by one, in varied circumstances and places, the men who had beaten him he killed. And, with a band that varied from twenty to eighty men, ranging from Mount Shasta to Tulare, he defiantly robbed and murdered wherever he chose.

He appeared at public balls and houses, openly trod city streets, and his bearing and courage, his good luck, survived until a girl named Antonia la Molinera, who rode with him in men's clothes, ran away with a Pancho Daniel. Murieta sent a man of his company, Vergara, to kill her; but, instead, he was found dead on a street of Los Angeles. The legislature of California, at last satiated with his impertinent crimes, authorized a Harry Love, with twenty rangers, to hunt Murieta down. They overtook him in camp near the Tejon Pass and shot him trying to escape on a horse without saddle or bridle.

The Highwaymen's Heyday

HIS head, and the mutilated hand of Manuel Garcia, a follower, were taken to San Francisco, where, at King's, on the corner of Halleck and Sansome streets, they might be seen for a dollar. Tiburcio Vazquez, half Indian, divided his time between the bolero and the knife; he gave as his reason for robbery the fact that, at the dances, the Americans took all the pretty girls from him; eloping with the young daughter of a rancher near Mount Diablo, and come up on by her father, the girl was shot but Vazquez escaped. Manuel made a specialty of killing Chinamen, and Harry Love, whose reputation had been dark, devoted his skill to Indians. Salomon Pico operated around Monterey; and Dr. Thomas Bell, from Alabama, the only American who had any success as a highwayman, lurked in the valley of the San Joaquin. He was very tall and thin, with sandy-colored hair, and it was his reminiscent habit to dress the wounds of the travelers he shot. Five of his men were captured and penned in Calaveras jail; he escaped that raid, but he was executed in the upper San Joaquin in 1855.

The country between Soledad and San Miguel was raked by robbers, gentlemen whose habit in Mexico it had been to sew men into green ox hides and leave them to dry in the sun; Holcombe Valley had its highwaymen; they gathered specially about Los Angeles. Their power, like the missions, soon declined. Chico Lugo and José Tapia, the last of the south California band, were taken in 1875. In that same year Tiburcio Vazquez was discovered at dinner in the house of Greek George. He had, indiscreetly, laid aside his weapons, four revolvers and a Henry rifle, and, taken to San José, he was hung. Capistrano Lopez, who had been useful to Frémont on the Gavilan, broke the rope that was to have ended his activities, and this brought out such loud vivas from the audience that he was turned away. Habit, however, overcame him, and, returning to the Rancho de las Aromas at Natividad with a knife half a yard long, he was executed at Santa Cruz.

It was, necessarily, a short life, a brief period, and it vanished before a civilization that had not yet so remarkably brought back the habits and politics of brigandage. In Kingston, in Fresno County, Vazquez had taken possession of the hotel and two stores, they bound and robbed thirty-five men and then gave battle generally to the community; but that sinister gayety was extinguished by growing populations. It was the last vital evidence of Mexico in what had been Alta California; the towns, the cities, the cultivation of acres and orchards multiplied, and the wild decreased; then transportation, the Southern Pacific Railroad, bound the state into a new unity.

The Southern Pacific took captive my imagination; in its case what might have been laborious fact, wearisome detail, was irradiated by every extravagant and vivid and shrewd trait of American character; it was as romantically significant of its age as the breaking of the Oregon Trail, it was invaluable since it reflected as accurately the direction and force of American spirit.

It began, actually, in the exploration of a young mining engineer, Theodore Judah, in the country reaching west from Ogden to Sacramento and San Francisco. Together with a druggist at Dutch Flat he established, in 1860, a practicable railroad approach from the East; but, not only unable to get funds for that project, because of it he lost his position with the Sacramento Valley Railroad. His route he called Lake Pass, it was seven hundred feet lower than the old Truckee Road, and he undertook to make the construction across the Sierra Nevada for seventy thousand dollars a mile. He was trying to get subscriptions for an additional instrumental survey—among them were barrels of flour and sacks of potatoes—in Sacramento, when he came to the attention of Collis Huntington and Mark Hopkins, who had a hardware store. Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker equally grew interested in Judah's planning; and those men, together with three others, financed his survey.

The following year Judah had revised his estimate—now he found that the road would cost, for a hundred and forty miles, over eighty-eight thousand dollars a mile, with fifty-one at a million or more dollars. At that time, about 1861, California had but three cities of importance, San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton; and the gross receipts of the railroad were estimated at thirty-four thousand one hundred dollars a mile annually; it was organized in June, as the Central Pacific Railroad of California, with a capital of eight million five hundred thousand dollars; but, actually, the receipts never exceeded fourteen thousand dollars a mile; at one time they were less than ten thousand, and only the cheapness of operation kept it from failure.

Early Railroad Financing

Theodore Judah's second report, more accurate than the first, recommended a slightly different route, with a maximum grade of a hundred and five feet a mile; he went to Washington for needed legislation and Leland Stanford put before a committee of Congress a table showing what his group was able to draw upon for the purpose of a transcontinental road. It was slightly under forty-eight million dollars; but the memorandum made no mention of personal contributions except, perhaps, in the profit-and-loss balance or in a debt to a closely associated Contract and Finance Company; nor did it include the earnings of the road during construction or the proceeds from the sale of Central Pacific stock. Huntington stated that, at the beginning, the assets of the partnership were about a million dollars; when the construction of the Central Pacific was finished the private property of all the directors was mortgaged to the limit of individual credit, their outstanding notes often bore an interest rate of 12 per cent, and Leland Stanford's bank account was overdrawn a million three hundred thousand dollars. Between 1863 and 1869 the net earnings of the road, after the deduction of interest and taxes, were two million four hundred and twenty-seven thousand five hundred and thirty-three dollars and eighty cents.

It wasn't, however, in those numbers that my interest resided, they would be more significant to an experter understanding. I was engaged by the fact that there was no market for Central Pacific stock, simply none at all. An office opened for that end by M. D. Boruck, in San Francisco, secured, after the efforts of twenty scattered days, three subscriptions that together amounted to fifteen shares. Charles Crocker went personally to Virginia City, but he had no success with the Comstock silver; and Leland Stanford, to accommodate a stockholder, bought twenty-three hundred shares at ten cents on a dollar. There was equally no selling the mortgage bonds; Huntington, in New York, was as luckless as Stanford, in Colorado; and they were forced to make a personal agreement to be responsible for a ten years' payment of the interest on the bonds.

Of their assets a half, almost, was derived from political support and the value of the remainder was dependent on the security of government donations; the cities of San Francisco and Sacramento voted nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the railroad, three counties authorized an expenditure of six hundred and fifty thousand, and the state assumed the interest for twenty years on a $1,500,000 issue of 7 per cent bonds. Voters were assured by the politicians that railroads increased land values, they brought agricultural products to market, and towns lying on projected routes were played one against the other; T. C. Phelps, for the Southern Pacific, announced that if the county of Tulare made the road a present of a hundred thousand dollars it was his private opinion it would run through the town of Visalia, and the railroad missed Paradise by four miles after its failure to get the money subsidy it demanded.

The Pacific Railroad Act

In 1862 Mr. Stanford was governor of the state, and when the legislature passed eight acts in favor of the Central and Western Pacific railroads, he made no difficulties concerning them. In San Francisco, though, these acts were fought—the state grant subsidizing the interest on the bonds was in defiance of the constitution, which forbade the legislature to create liabilities over three hundred thousand dollars without popular vote. That vote, then, was secured; and again I was entertained by the testimony that a gentleman principally interested carried around a bag of money in a buggy. It was the buggy I liked; the other, the bribery, was a commonplace to which no one need give a moment's thought.

The prosperity which—it was predicted—the railroad would bring to California did not at once arrive. Instead it carried west a tide of Eastern manufacturers, the unemployed, low prices and general dissatisfaction. The counties specially suffered; in Placer the Central Pacific succeeded in keeping an assessment at only six thousand dollars a mile for three years; and when it was raised to twelve the company protested and increased the freight rate through the country by forty cents a ton. Its way, however, was not always so easy; it had to fight the influences of the stage and express companies, the toll roads and Pacific Mail Steamship line, and in 1871 local subsidies were brought to an end. But the attention, the activities, of the railroad more and more shifted to Washington.

Mr. Judah, again traveling to the national capital in the employment of the Central Pacific Company, by a happy accident found himself beside Mr. Sargent, the congressional representative from California. He was assigned to the Pacific Railroad Committee of the House and Judah made a clerk of a subdivision of that committee, with the privilege of both floors and in charge of all papers of a senatorial investigation. Mr. Huntington was present and the Pacific Railroad Act was passed granting the road power to complete its line from Sacramento to the east boundary of California and, if necessary, a hundred and fifty miles beyond; it was authorized to build west and south from Sacramento, and granted ten alternate sections a mile of public lands on each side of the tracks. The Treasury of the United States issued to the Central Pacific national bonds—under the Acts of 1862 and 1864 the Central and Western Pacific railroads received from the Federal Government nearly twenty-eight million dollars in securities, and, including grants as late as June in 1920, 10,081,945.18 acres of public land. This assistance at last made it possible for the company to sell its own first-mortgage bonds, bringing it, as an additional detail, $20,750,000.

The actual construction began in the rain, in 1863; there were flags and a brass band, speeches and a crowd on bundles of hay laid over the levee. Two wagonloads of earth were driven up to the platform holding the notables, Leland Stanford moved the first shovelful for an embankment, Crocker called for nine cheers, and the sun came out brightly. Yet their difficulties had only begun there were snow banks to be met a hundred feet deep, the frozen earth blasted. A construction less hurried, it was asserted, would have brought about a saving of three-quarters in outlay. The first ten locomotives cost more than a hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars, the second ten over two hundred and ten thousand dollars; iron rails cost $91.70 a ton at the mills, and their shipment by the Isthmus of Panama an additional $51.97 for carriage, and this did not include moving them from the ships and up the Sacramento River.

The provision for building—in short, the Contract and Finance Company—was, to me, no less absorbing than the physical struggle with the High Sierra. It, as well, had a shrewd courage, an indomitable resolve; and it belonged to the pioneer age of American incorporating. At one time there had been a great cry against corporations, their evils everywhere made public; but never once, it seemed to me, had that protest come from the sincerity, the impersonal motives, of a detached national spirit. The actuality, of course, was far more sensational than any of the revealed facts; but the truth was that no great land could have been realized, as this was, in a century, in less, without a total disregard of every unfavorable circumstance; and, in that sense, individual right and the integrity of a party government were as unfavorable as possible.

Charles Crocker & Company finally took the laying of the Central Pacific Railroad from a number of small contractors; payment was part in cash and part in stock at a half of its face value; but this, he protested, was too high, and stock was turned over to him at thirty cents on a dollar. The total amount paid him, with the stock at thirty and fifty cents, was $23,654,228.15. This, with the cash at par and the securities at seventy-five, allowed him practically seventy thousand dollars a mile for a hundred and twenty-nine miles against his original willingness to build the first eighteen out of Sacramento for thirteen thousand eight hundred dollars. When the construction approached the state line the Contract and Finance Company was formed. Charles Crocker was president, and with him were associated Leland Stanford, Mr. Huntington, Mark Hopkins and E. B. Crocker, dividing all the stock between them in equal amounts of ten thousand shares. Crocker then deposited with that company fourteen million dollars of the Central Pacific stock, and later Leland Stanford, a principal stockholder, sharply denied to the United States Railway Commission that he had participated in the profits of the Crocker Company. What they were it was never revealed, since, in 1873, Mark Hopkins put the records in boxes which no one, afterwards, was able to locate. However, it was clear that the builders of the Central Pacific road, requiring for that purpose no more than the cash and three million dollars of the company's bonds, had an absolute profit of $38,437,710.22.

The Yosemite Valley

But that was all in the pioneering age of finance, and an era of building shifted to a time of consolidations; the Southern Pacific Railroad system made a small beginning in the San Francisco and San José road; at its completion the Southern Pacific was incorporated to run between San Francisco and San Diego; and in March, 1868, Leland Stanford asserted that no one connected with the Central or Western Pacific Railroad had purchased any part of the Southern Pacific Line, and in September, the same year, Mr. Huntington sent the Secretary of Interior the annual report of the Southern Pacific Railroad. This, like the bag of money driven in a buggy through that earlier San Francisco election, stirred me to nothing deeper than amusement—what a time! What capitalists! What a Government! Indignation, where they were concerned, was no more than the folly of ignorance, a total misconception of the magnificent farce of classic American smartness. In the end the sheer accomplishment was amazing, incredible—the Huntington group in fifty years built an organization operating 11,152 miles of lines that earned, in a single year, an operating revenue of $282,000,000.

That was a great deal of money, I reflected, but, traveling over the Southern Pacific tracks to the Yosemite Valley, the result to me was a benefit.

The Yosemite itself, the floor of the valley, when I first saw it, between the rock called El Capitan and the Bridalveil Falls, was so different from a conceivable scene in Nature that I lost any consciousness of the mode of approach. No one, I thought, had ever described the Yosemite for the reason that only natural terms, the commonplace of sentimentality among the rocks, had been employed. The truth about the valley, certainly, was that it was one of the loveliest aspects of a purely artificial scenery it was possible to imagine. This was partly recognized in a general reference to its floor, but more than that it was a great hall, an enormous anteroom, a stupendous salon with walls of burnished granite.

The walls were granite without change or variety in their glittering and gray sweep, but at intervals they were hung with white silk, they were draped with a blanched muslin swaying in a faint wind. It seemed impossible—they were so dissolved in vaporous mists—that these were falling water; the far rim was so abrupt that at once the streams encountering it were lost in space. The waterfalls, immaterial in air, recovered their solidity on the ice where, at last, they broke; the ice rose in a cone, in pinnacles, against the thrust of the water; and the water again flowed swiftly away in streams. There was snow in the valley, patches in the shadow of the sugar pines, the high paths and trails and roads were still, late in April, blocked; but the level floor was laid in greenery. As the evening advanced the valley became more remarkable, more spectacular; the sky was still bright with color when, in the rock anteroom below, dusk was thick. A chorus of frogs rose, mellow rather than melodious, the authentic piping of spring; and in the early dark the stars like a ceiling ended absolutely at the aërial blackness of the granite walls.

The Tourist Swarm

I stayed, through a special courtesy, at the Ranger's Lodge, with the chief, who had an assistant, and eight rangers; and they, in a manner quiet and hidden, were as remarkable as their park; they had a duty to perform, often dangerous and usually hard, an allegiance to maintain, and they were not overpaid, and that bred into them a reserve; they had the attitude of a little group showing the beauty of their own land to mobs of casual and imperceptive strangers. They managed to keep, within the region of their responsibility, a place set aside from the scheming destruction of American commercial improvements, a trace, a memory, of the vanishing spirit it was their charge, after all, to preserve. As individuals they had no reality for me, but in a body they had the taciturn simplicity of a bygone nation of men.

The mobs, so early in a season that was late, had not yet arrived; the crowd in the main hotel, daily depleted and refilled, was comparatively small, it was infinitesimal—in 1921 just 91,513 people had come into the Yosemite, and 18,947 private automobiles. There were 41 per cent more cars than the year before, 150 per cent beyond 1918. On a day in June there were seventy-three hundred and fifty people in the valley and, two days later, that increased to over nine thousand; forty thousand people—but there was one short of that—occupied the camping grounds, and there were five thousand and more campers at one time. The dust from the wheels of the automobiles filled the valley in a dense cloud, and the traffic was controlled by a rigid system of checking stations, of stops and advances and a limited parking.

Travel, the annual report of the National Park Service said, was based solely on the enjoyment of scenery; and I wondered what view was open to those cars hidden in their clouds of dust. The travelers, the report continued, returned refreshed, rejuvenated, from the great open breathing spaces, and I recalled the thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine campers together beside the Merced River. At one time the park had been called a profound solitude, full of charming company, a place of peace and safety. There were, then, lilies and larkspur ten feet high, miles of blue gentians, and white and purple violets; there were purple moraines, azaleas and honeysuckle and lupines, geraniums and wild roses. There were shy sage cocks and blue grouse and mountain quail, valley quail among the orchards and wheat, and geese bewildered by the circle of rock; there were mallard and wood duck and plover, robins in the dogwood, bluebirds and black woodpeckers, humming birds and larks and, their sharp sweet song

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Buick shows the way for 1923

Buick leadership has come through Buick's unerring anticipation of the public's motoring requirements. The extent of Buick leadership is best evidenced by the frequency with which the Buick emblem is seen on every road.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 36)

drawn through the rush of cascades, the water ouzels.

They were there, some of them, I had no doubt, still, but they had left the floor of the valley, they were in the middle and Alpine regions of the park; they were retiring, as well, from the vicinity of the Pohona Trail and from the trail behind Cloud's Rest, from, generally, the rim of the valley; blue grouse were not friendly to loud excursions of men, and plover were not easy in the company of motor stages; and so, with the arrival of the excursions and stages, the birds, unnoticed, vanished. The high lawns and glacier meadows, thick with orange lilies, Mariposa tulips, held for a while yet their quietude—the number of people who reached them was still few. But that was being fast remedied, a lodge had been opened on the Tuolumne meadows, turnpikes everywhere were being projected, and most of the Yosemite, soon, would present an accessible and stereotyped opportunity to spend a day, or even two, with Nature.

In this connection my interest, very momentarily, returned to the tide of excursionists. Of that ninety-one thousand, and more, in 1921, thirty-one hundred and sixty-nine, only, came by horse, wagon or foot. No one, practically, had walked into the park, and few in the park had walked; the private automobiles and stages had changed, improved, that. In order to see the park it wasn't necessary to lift a foot, to draw an accelerated breath; invalids, the old, adamantine and shrill children, were all on a parity. It was thoroughly democratic and not inordinately expensive and it was safe. That, in view of the temper and ability of the summer hordes, was essential. The trail parties were ushered with the precision of a passage down a church aisle; and when someone more daring, more eager or impatient than his fellows, essayed a little independent climbing, the rangers cast eye at the coils of rope on which it was their fate to dangle on the faces of precipices and over chasms for the purpose of rescues only less thrilling than wearisome.

John Bowling's Pioneers

It was more pleasant to dwell on that company of volunteers under John Bowling that, in 1851, discovered the Valley of the Yosemite. It was explored in '55, by Hutchings; and the following year a trail was opened across the mountains from Mariposa. The first house in the valley, below the Sentinel Falls, became known as Black's Hotel, and, until 1874, when the first wagon roads were built, all supplies were packed on mules fifty miles over the rough paths from Mariposa and Coulterville. Until 1906 the Yosemite Valley was a state park, granted by Congress forty-two years previous, and then it was included in the Yosemite National Park, with a boundary holding the Mariposa Grove, the Merced and the Tuolumne and Lake Eleanor.

Yes, improvement, practicable measures, were advancing rapidly: In the park there were seventeen telephone circuits, two hundred and fifty-three miles of line and a hundred and sixty-five telephones in operation; there were well-graded, paved roads, sprinkled turnpikes, even trails proposed for those who sought wild rugged scenery in out-of-the-way places; there were six thousand feet of eight-inch cast-iron waterpipe and an eight-inch main by the government shops and barns to connect with the main at the Yosemite Creek bridge; the plumbing was not neglected—in a little more, sewers would reach even the public camping ground and golf vary the monotony of that matchless beauty for which travelers were supposed to seek.

Yet, outside a few interests on a very large scale and the universal shrewdness of dealers in land, the state of California had little trace of avarice; indeed, the exact opposite was its most characteristic trait. And that reflection brought me squarely back to the difficulty of accounting, now, for California. Its spirit was wholly different from the spirits of the other states of the Union; but, though the fact of that difference was evident, the cause refused to emerge. I was waiting at Sausalito, quite early in the morning, for the ferry to San Francisco, and when the boat was fast in its slip a thunderous sound rose that, for an instant, I was at a loss to understand. It was the crowd sweeping down the long incline to the shore, the Sunday crowd bound for the country about Mount Tamalpais.

It was a young mob, younger than anything the East had ever known, charged with a keenness of anticipation, of physical vitality, that I had supposed to be forever gone from the earth. There were girls and men and women, but from a little distance one could hardly be distinguished from the other—they were all in breeches, frank breeches close on their legs, with wool stockings and simple shirts at brown throats. They poured in a solid mass, having solidly filled the largest ferryboat imaginable, onto the wharf, and the beat of their serviceable shoes rolled like the loudest thunder.

The Poppies of the Past

All the avenues out of the city were thronged—streams of handsome automobiles racing to the surrounding golf courses; columns of unhandsome cars bound simply for an emerald country embroidered with the petals of gold poppies; the local trains were laden. It was like that, with a difference, farther south, at Del Monte and the lodge on Carmel Bay—there a greater proportion of space cost a proportionately greater sum; the automobiles were all elaborate; there were polo ponies and rough tweed capes on men, jeweled bracelets on the ankles of women; and dancing of an intricate and specialized kind.

Those facts, however, were not in themselves significant; they might have been duplicated in more places than one; but what animated them, swept them into single endless festivity, was the singular property of California. There was an air of—of, well, tomorrow for trouble and the week after next for work! Work, it was true, went on, but I had never seen it performed so unostentatiously, it was conducted as a temporary interruption to the serious business of pleasure. There was, for Californians, no climate to fight—they were unconscious of bitter winds, unaware of the rain, cool to burning suns. They had fallen under a magic, it seemed to me; and I wondered if it had been distilled from the gold petals, the poppies, over which they passed. Such poppies grew nowhere else, even after I had known fields, mountains, of them, a countryside all gold on a purple-black sea, they were unlikely, they didn't resemble other flowers, mere roses.

They might have been beaten from fine gold plates, they were so even and so intense, or come up, seeded, from the old mines, commemorative of the '49; but I discarded that possibility at once—theirs was not a material gold, the magic was far other than that; rather they were the poppies left from a mythical age, the golden age of California. At last I had discovered the secret, the hidden spirit, of the West Coast: Spain had come up through Mexico, and Mexico had brought an end, there, to Spain; America had conquered them both, driven them once more south. America had triumphed, but, at the heart of its success, its mining and railroads and vast cities, grew the poppies of the past. Their influence, more subtle than a scent, more seductive than narcotic smoke, crept into the brain with a burden of old dancing measures and songs.

The existence then, for the sun-gilded moment, was in bull-fighting, bear pits, fandangoes and gambling; there were guitars everywhere, olive orchards, vineyards and the colored sea. No one, practically, was drunk from wine and no one was sober of charm. The women, fortunately, were pretty and vain and bad managers—how could they be different in an idyl?—and their hair, piled on high combs, was held with silver and gold pins. In the summer, sometimes in blue, with sandals and broad straw hats, they swam in the rivers and ocean, accompanied by Indian servants with baskets and soap plant and calabash cups for the pouring of water.

They wore flounces of fine white muslin ornamented all around with gilt spangles and *floreado*, with little tight jackets of silk, pink stockings and white satin slippers, pendants and long eardrops and strings of pearls; there were wide scarlet ribbons at the waist with trailing ends fastened to gold wafers; they danced in slippers without heels but their *zapatos de patillo* had high heels of wood. They were gay, with riding hats decorated at four drooping corners with flowers of silk and silver. But the men were gayer. The proprietor of the Rancho de St. Ana wore, on his head, a black silk handkerchief, he had an embroidered shirt and blue damask vest, short clothes, breeches of crimson velvet, a bright green cloth jacket and shoes of worked deerskin. Only in 1840 did the men cease to wear their hair in a long plait, under, perhaps, a *sombrero de vicuña* with a coil of gold braid on the brim held by an emerald button; their leggings were tied below the knee with mottoes in floss and beads; and, more often than not, there were, in place of one, three sashes of soft bright silk.

The girls married at thirteen; the wedding left the church to music and proceeded to a rancho where, in a specially erected arbor, the dancing continued for a week and more. They drove in wagons draped with silks and flowers, the men on horses; there was a special table for the important guests and the rest broiled their meats under the trees; and, to the accompaniment of violins and guitars, barrels of wines and brandy and rare liquors were broached. There was always, everywhere, dancing.

At a marriage in San José there were a violinist, a guitarist and three singers; the bower was woven with ribbons, and there were *jotas* and the *bamba;* the *jota*, in California, had verses and long refrains, with a chain of hands, and it usually concluded a ball; it was the last dance, the Home Sweet Home, or else the *canastita de flores* took its place—a ring was formed and at the final word of the accompanying song every man embraced the girl he loved. The *zorrita*, as well, had verses; the *burro* was danced late at night; the *el jarab* came up from Mexico and the *la contra*, in a slow waltz time, was reserved for the highest society.

Between the figures men on horseback sprinkled the arbor with brandy, the men stood on horse at the door, and there was a usual fighting.

San Diego was devoted to the fandango, Los Angeles was more reserved, but Santa Bárbara positively grave; Monterey was gayest of all, and there were endless *paseos* into the country. The pastoral excursions were specially popular; the girls, each with a foot in a stirrup of straw, rode with the young men holding them with an arm from behind; there were guitar players on horseback; mats covered with shawls for the stuffed turkeys and chickens and wine; and, on the return, a ball given, a supper at midnight and dancing until the dawn. There was no need for invitations, everyone knew where he was welcome, there were parties everywhere. The charmers of Monterey came aboard an American ship where, consuming the whole supply of Madeira wine and whisky toddies, they danced all day, and then the officers went ashore to dance all night.

A Scented Garden in April

The riding of the men, particularly those of Mexican blood, was never surpassed, never equaled; the men always rode, their horses were constantly with them, under them or tied by the door. They raced to church on Sunday, for money or cattle or to settle who should give a ball; and a rider of San José started at full gallop with a dozen wineglasses filled to the brim on a tray, stopped sharply and handed them down without the spilling of a drop. They rode and they danced and their hospitality was legendary—at the missions and private ranchos, the great houses of the towns, there could be no payment for dinners and bed, and fresh horses as a gift were a commonplace. However, they were not serious in mind; through the length of California in 1846 there were only three libraries—Vallejos had one at Sonoma, and Hartnell and Francisco Pacheco owned works on Mexican history. Vallejos' was burned, Hartnell's dispersed, and the missions destroyed a number of books from the American bark Volunteer; Vallejos was excommunicated for reading Telemachus.

All this, so disdained by the Americans who contemptuously, with hardly more than a waved flag, drove Mexico from Alta California, had lingered in a magical flower, in gold petals, for a lyrical revenge. The Californians, dark from their sun and winds, gracious and hospitable in a harsh and inattentive age, vivid and quick and resentful, were the victims of a happy charm; and, in a garden in the Santa Clara Valley—April had almost gone—I found myself drifting into a state that had, like the *contradanza*, a slow waltz time.

The garden, the house, were small, but they were set in a world of white prune blossoms, of almond blossoms whiter still; and, of all the places I had ever seen, it was most beautiful; it was at once fragrant and cool and warm, sunny and stirred with shadows; against the white sea of blossom there were near-by bands of brighter flowers and formal walks in hedges. What I had been, what threatened me in the future, dissolved into nothingness; the glow of day changed into the lilac of evening, and it was immaterial if I moved, if I fulfilled any obligation, or remained seated in a world of flowers growing a little more indistinct, a little more scented, with the passing minutes.

There it was purely sylvan, the charm was passive; on the terrace of the Del Monte Lodge, where the sod was even more brilliant than the water of the bay, there was a sharper, a perverse, music; but in the country outside Los Angeles every condition for an earthly perfection was gathered about a house hidden, at the end of a lane, in dark green shining groves of orange trees. Through the gloom of their foliage the oranges were as gold as the California poppies, and their sweetness, too, held a spell. The trees gathered about a bowling green, the lawn bowls made a singing passage of the grass and a clear note when they collided, and the house was further screened by trellises of roses—golden roses, and white, and crimson almost to velvet blackness.

Beyond the trees were oil wells, rigs as gaunt, land as hideous, as any on the high bare sweep of Oklahoma. Oil was being located day after day; there were pools under the orangeries and rose gardens, and the groves and gardens were uprooted for the flow of more miraculous gold from the soil of California. I hadn't been able to wait for the shooting of a well in the Osage Nation, but in California I saw one come in without nitroglycerin. There was a jarring rush and a great fountain of petroleum rose through its rig; it swept up in a solid stream and fell in a wide glistening spray, like liquid asphalt, and there was a concentrated fever of activity until it was capped and flowing into an oil tank.

The Spell of Song and Color

But here it had an air of the inevitable, of a mere tapping of inexhaustible resources; it seemed, contrasted with the bitter efforts of more arid lands, tragically easy. The flowers, the men of California—the women jeweled with gorgeous dress and *cigarritos*—had no climate to fight, and a question, a doubt, of the beneficence of their heritage invaded the luxury of my content. I remembered peaches in little wind-torn, winter-blasted, orchards of the North, little peaches and unlovely, but no fruit of the South, of an eternally mild coast, compared with the delight of their tang and flavor. Men, too, needed the sharpness of frost, the sting of ice, in their blood; it was, precisely—for certain accomplishments—necessary to fight winter, to be in a combat, a turmoil, all their lives.

That was my opinion, but in California I was required to put it aside, I put it half aside without requirement. I began to question the reason, the good, of ceaseless struggle—what, in the end, did it accomplish? It was needful to strive after warmth in a cold land, but who deliberately, with a perpetual summer on a magical coast, would choose the January of the East?

Money wasn't difficult to find, the passion for regulating the lives of others was no more than an impertinence; tomorrow, except for laughter, enjoyment, pleasure, was better than today. I could hear in all this the sound of guitars; the wagons of the *paseos* went by in a vision of colored cloths and silks, with branches and flowers and music; there were mantillas on faces darkly beautiful; mass was celebrated in the lime-washed Capilla de los Dolores; the heat of day was cooled by a sugared pastry melted in ice water; the dancers sang, *Palomita, vente al campo . . . Palomita blanca, pico de coral.*

The music and songs, the color and perfume and promise, invaded and drugged me; and then, capricious and secretive, they vanished; I was dismissed to the region of wintry doubt from which I had come. But if I went back, I felt, if in weariness I returned to California, then I would be forever bound.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

FISHER BODIES

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LYRICS FOR MOLLY

By WALTER DE LEON

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

"Young Man, I Desire Your Handsome Attentions to be Devoted to Me for a Few Moments"

READING the newspapers Monday morning over the usual bacon and eggs, I had to admit that what it takes to make a hit in vaudeville Molly Wills and Chick Stedman had. Her Majesty, Molly, and I had opened our second week at the San Francisco Orpheum the day before, and according to the notices I was reading we'd walked away with the honors of the bill just as we'd done the first week.

Second notices went to Kelly and Keen, another comedy boy-and-girl singing-talking-dancing act, for reasons I couldn't see with a telescope. They were singing nothing but published songs. Two of ours—the opening and closing numbers—were special numbers written to fit the act. Consequently they were more valuable than published songs, because audiences never heard them until they heard us. Kelly's wife, Annie Keen, was a good-looking girl with a fair voice and a lazy kick in her left leg, but when it came to class and costumes Molly Wills made her look like last summer's carnival decorations.

No human ever had to be urged to look twice at my partner. She was under five feet, but what there was of her was complete and flawless. She had a figure which merely smiled at changing styles, and a pair of big dark eyes under wavy goldish hair that when they glanced innocently up at you filled you with an aching yearning to write poetry and join the church. The way she wore her nonpareil wardrobe and the dainty grace of her were sufficient excuses for her existence in a sordid civilization. Not till you noticed her chin and heard her coolly modulated voice did you tumble that there was a brain lurking behind those fair features.

There was nothing exactly belligerent about Molly's firm, velvety curved chin. It was no Punch and Judy undershot point. The way she carried it, more than its actual topography, indicated the aristocratic calm and determination which had carried through, more or less painlessly, a couple of schemes she'd hatched for the benefit of our act. I'd never met anyone I knew less about after three months' daily contact than Her Majesty. An orphan, society bred and mannered, with a trick of having her own way and making me like it—that much I knew. I thought she liked me; mainly, I figured, because I never butted in on her time off stage and because I'd taught her all she knew about vaudeville. Also, my stage appearance and personality, alongside hers, helped critics to write "refined, surcharged with class" when describing our act.

Inhaling the bay breezes that Monday morning as I strolled down to the theater for mail, the future looked as merry and bright as the sun dancing on the waves around Goat Island. I had some ideas for strengthening our dances and giving Her Majesty a few more laughs. She was rapidly developing a trick of demure comedy that audiences ate up. I knew I had to get a new song for myself. Sally, the published number I'd been singing while Molly changed costumes, was being used more and more by other acts. I figured by the time we got back East vaudeville audiences would have been Sally'd insipid.

The only thing I could see to prevent us from climbing into the big-money class in another six months was Molly herself. Frisco society had taken Her Majesty to its white bosom. Daily dinners and after-the-theater suppers were bad enough, but between times interviewers, photographers and auto publicity men were continually shooting questions and cameras at her. It was enough to bean up older and more experienced girls than Molly. My morning prayer was that she'd not blow up like a balloon, making her hard to handle, harder to teach and impossible to put around with. There are lots of things in the world to worry about, like having relatives in Russia or weak lungs, but a swell-headed, discontented, temperamental, hog-it-all vaudeville partner has all other earthly troubles topped. I knew because I had had them and been one.

Fred Kiefer, the house manager, smoking in the lobby, called me as I reached the theater.

"Chick! Come here."

I went with both ears stretched, Fred being the right-hand man of Kennison, the vice president and Coast manager of the circuit.

"See the papers this morning?" he asked casually.

"The notices? Sure."

"They treated you fine, didn't they?"

"I'll say so," I answered, waiting for him to come to the point. "On the other hand, didn't we deserve it?"

"Sure. You've got a nice act, Chick. The old man likes it."

"Why wouldn't he?" I began forcing a bit. "We're bringing money into his pet theater, aren't we?"

"There are plenty of seats still unsold for the matinée today," Kiefer told me dryly.

I grinned. "Why don't you get a decent headliner? One that's a box-office draw?"

"Don't knock your luck. You should be glad you've got a cheese topliner this week. All the easier for you."

"I know it. I'd like nothing better than to follow her act the rest of my life."

"You could follow stronger acts than hers if you'd strengthen up your own act a little." I began to see what was on his chest.

"If I thought the office would strengthen up the salary envelope I might do it," I told him. "What would you suggest?" I said, not liking to ask him what Kennison had suggested he suggest to me.

"Oh, I don't know." Kiefer offered me a cigarette. "The act might stand more of Miss Wills."

"If she could stand it."

"She can. She ought to have a song and—and more comedy."

"So you're one of these managers who rewrite acts to fit their particular audiences, are you? Isn't it possible some towns don't think so much of her? If I should start revamping the act to suit every manager we play for, how long would it be before we wouldn't have any act left at all?"

"You poor prune, I'm not asking you to rewrite your act. I'm telling you for your own good that it looks like you were purposely keeping Miss Wills down because you're afraid she'd run away with the act if you gave her a chance."

That was a new angle. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"I get it after every performance, standing out in the lobby listening to them say as they go out, 'I wish she'd done more'—'Too bad she didn't sing a song'—'Clever team, but why couldn't Miss Wills have done more?'"

"That's showmanship on my part, isn't it?" I grinned. "Always leave 'em wanting more, you know, Fred."

"That's all right. But I never heard it called good showmanship to grab a bone away from a hungry dog."

I didn't have any answer to that. For a new act it is more important to please the managers than the audiences. On the other hand, Kennison didn't know and I wasn't going to tell him that I'd been carrying Molly along like a fight manager with a coming champ, giving her soft ones, letting her go ahead as fast as she could absorb the tricks, but not forcing her. Kiefer misunderstood my silence.

"The trouble with trying to tell a performer anything," he said—"they always take it as a knock and get sore."

"Me—sore? Guess again, Fred. I'm just waiting for you to tell me the name of a good sure-fire song that hasn't been sung to death, that's got a neat touch of comedy, that's something of a novelty to harmonize with the rest of our act, that doesn't call for a voice any stronger than my partner's, that's suitable for a classy little dance, and that will pull a decent round of applause when sung by a girl who's never sung a song by herself on the stage. Where in Frisco did you say I could pick up a song like that?"

Fred laughed. "The publishing houses must have something ——"

"Which they'll offer me a new suit of clothes to use—and then plug to other acts as being sung with tremendous success by Molly Wills, of Wills and Stedman—causing friend partner to get up in a new song every two or three months."

"Well, get a special number written for her."

"Pay two or three hundred fish—for a special number—on a chance?" I hollered. "Quit kidding."

Going back on the stage, in the mail box I found some professional copies of the new songs the Big Song Shop of New York was publishing. I read through them. Tripe. Nothing I would recommend for a local-talent entertainment at a home for half-wits.

I'd just heaved the bunch into the wastebasket when Her Majesty tripped in through the stage door and began sorting the mail.

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The Eyes of The World Are On

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There are now more than 10,000 Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the World.

Applications will be considered from high grade dealers in territory not adequately covered.

(Continued from Page 40)

"Hello, Chick. Anything in here for me?"

"Some next-week hotel ads, I think," I grinned. "See the morning papers?"

"Weren't they simply thrilling?" Molly continued to look through the letters. "I—I'd like to ask you something, Chick. You know best, of course, but—but everybody tells me I should have more to do in the act." She flashed a look at me and then turned to the mail again.

"Who's everybody?" I asked, realizing my bad dream was out.

"We-ell, the other acts on the bill."

"All of which, except the dog act, are hoping you break a leg. Who else?"

"Mr. Kiefer."

"Whose job it is to keep the actors feeling good until they've finished playing his house. Who else besides the press agent, the head usher, the door tender and the night clerk at your hotel?"

Molly quietly returned the mail to the box. "The people who have entertained me—people who have seen everything—the nicest people in town."

"Oh, that's different," I said, dribbling sarcasm. "But tell me, while you were inhaling tea and biscuits with Mrs. Nob Hill, did you tell her that three months ago you didn't know a border light from the grand drapery? Did you mention it was a surprise to you that you were expected to keep your heel drawn in and your toe pointed down when you danced? Did you tell any of the oil spreaders who've been salving you that the first principle of show business is, when an act is going great: Don't monkey with it; let it alone. Did you tell them that—or didn't you know it?"

Before I finished, Molly's little chin had clicked her white teeth together. I'd been frank because I knew if I let her get away with it this time in a month she'd be trying to run the act.

But instead of the perfectly polished crushings I'd learned to expect from Her Majesty, she said sweetly, "Someone must have slipped you some yeasty home-brew last night. But pray continue your effervescing, partner. When you've calmed down to nearly human proportions and are a regular fellow once again I'd like to ask you one question."

"Shoot," I said, trying not to grin. It sounded funny to me, Molly imitating Annie Keen soothing her husband. "What's the question?"

"Don't you think I should do a little more in the act?"

Before I could get my mouth closed and open again Molly smiled like a china Cheshire cat, curtsied pertly and, humming, daintily tripped out through the stage door.

The rest of the day, between shows, I listened to the braying of song pluggers without hearing one song that would do for Molly to sing in our act. Likewise Tuesday morning. Dropping in for mail about half past twelve I heard someone in on the stage playing the piano. A waltz, it was, smooth and swingy—nothing highbrow or classical, a regular tune the birds roosting in the gallery could whistle on the third repeat of the chorus. I looked in. At the piano was Molly, her red lips puckered, whistling the tune as she played.

"What's the name of that song?" I asked.

She shook her head, not stopping her playing. "Isn't a song."

"Instrumental piece?" Again she shook her head. "Then what is it?"

"Just a tune. Like it?"

"It's nifty. What's the name of it?"

"Has no name." Molly ripped out a forte introduction and eased into the melody again.

"You mean it's not a published number?"

Molly, playing, nodded yes and said, "No."

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Same place I got this one. Listen."

Under Molly's little fingers another waltz rippled, a heart-tugging little melody, sweet as a nut, a suggestion of an Irish lilt in it. Listening to it I forgot the bare stage, cluttered around the sides with stacked-up furniture and gymnastic apparatus, and began to think of—all sorts of things: moonlight nights, perfumes and spices, pine needles on a forest floor splotched with the sun filtering through high branches, a little mountain stream rushing into a big quiet pool, and big dark eyes reflecting the gold tints of softly waved hair.

"John McCormack or Barry O'Rell would give a thousand dollars for that tune if the lyrics are any good," I said when she finished.

Molly began repeating the chorus. "You like it—really?" she asked, quietly, soberly.

"It sure is one loving melody," I told her.

Her Majesty's expression was peculiar as she said, "What a dandy title for a song, Chick—Loving Melody."

"Play it again, please." I shook my head, losing hope. "Too classy for vaudeville, unless sung by O'Rell or somebody with a reputation and a big phonograph following. Let's hear the first one again."

As Molly played it, came the big idea. "Don't go away!" I shouted, all steamed up. "For a hundred dollars I'm going to dig up a lyric writer and have him set that song."

Hurrying back along the alley after phoning Micky Marshall, who had a couple of popular hits to his credit, I ran into Kennison.

"Just looking for you, son," he said. "It looks as though I might be short an act in Los Angeles two weeks after next." He gave me time to figure it as the week after we'd be playing there. "Nothing definite, you understand, but probable."

I began to see visions of a second week in Los and what that meant besides the compliment to the act—two weeks in the same town and hotel, two weeks without packing up, two weeks without worry of baggage hauls and checking

"You Must Have Been Rehearsing in Your Room," I Told Her. "You Almost Know That Dance"

trunks, two weeks without railroad fares and sleepers to pay, another week's work added to the count for the season, an extra week's profit!

Kennison continued in his dry, poker-table voice, "I might hold over any one of two or three acts."

"Why worry when you've Wills and Stedman?" I grinned.

"Because you can't change your act. Los Angeles is different from San Francisco. It's seldom Los Angeles cares to see identically the same act two weeks in succession. Kelly and Keen can change their act, they tell me.

"And a very good act they have, too, sir. No matter what songs they sing you know they're good or so many other acts wouldn't have sung them first."

Kennison turned his head away to cough. Doing so he saw Molly coming through the stage door.

"Oh, Miss Wills. I've been suggesting that I might possibly hold you over a second week in Los Angeles if you could give me a change of material."

"Oh, we can do that," Molly beamed.

"Can you?"

"Easily." Her Majesty's tone was nonchalant.

Kennison faced me. "A new number for yourself or a song and dance for Miss Wills would be sufficient, Chick. Whatever you decide on, be ready to put on next week in Oakland—say Friday night—so I can see it." Kennison walked away.

I turned to Molly. "'Easily,'" said she, smiling like the laughing hyena, which has no idea what he is laughing at.

Molly looked at me coolly. "Before I'd let Kelly and Keen get that second week without putting up a struggle, I'd—I'd ——"

"Don't worry; you'll struggle," I grinned, "because it's you who'll do the new number for Kennison a week from Friday night."

That afternoon, after the matinée, Molly played the waltz over and over for Micky Marshall to make a dummy lyric to work from.

"You've seen Miss Wills work," I told him. "You know her personality. Now I want a novelty—something she can talk—no love song nor yet broad comedy, but something audiences will remember."

"Nora Bayes and Elsie Janis are offering rewards for numbers like that," Micky cracked.

"I'm glad to hear you admit you haven't been able to supply them," I said. "That relieves me of paying you any deposit on this song until I hear your first draft of the lyrics."

Micky turned to Molly. "Chick is the guy invented sewing fishhooks in his money pocket to keep from donating to blind beggars. Listen, Miss Wills, have you got any ideas what the song should be about?"

"N-no. I don't want anything coarse or vulgar, naturally."

"Sure. You ain't the type for that kind of a song. Well, I'll be around about this time tomorrow with something for you. S'long."

After he'd gone I said to Molly, "Have you time to play me that other melody—the Irish one?"

Molly looked wonderingly at me. "How did you know it was Irish?"

"It is, isn't it?"

She nodded. "You—you just felt it, Chick?"

"I guess so. Play it, please."

Before Her Majesty left to keep a dinner engagement I'd memorized the tune. Then I was sorry I had. I couldn't lose it. It kept running through my head over and over. I found myself at the lunch counter chewing in time to it. The fog whistle of a big steamer in the bay began sounding in the same key I was humming. Crossing Powell Street I nearly got spanked by a taxi because I couldn't break the hypnotic rhythm of the tune by jumping out of my stride.

Sitting in the lobby of the hotel after the show that night, the tune surely and not particularly slowly driving me batty, I discovered that the words "That's my loving melody" exactly fitted the notes that finished the chorus. Then I began singing "Molly" to the two quirky little notes which recurred several times at the end of a phrase.

When Micky Marshall showed me the draft he'd made for Molly's song I almost kissed him, because I saw it'd never do, and in the fight I saw was coming I hoped to forget that haunting loving melody.

"It's about a widow, see?" Micky told us. "Here's the chorus; listen."

It was too terrible to remember.

"Great, ain't it?" Micky plugged. "Wonderful kick in the last two lines."

"That isn't my kick," I said, opening up. "Leaving the general putridness of your idea out of the argument, I'll give you fifty dollars if a single line of that lyric fits the tune."

"Listen; this is just a first draft."

"Guess again, Micky; it's the last. What isn't smutty in it is old, and what isn't either smutty or old is rotten. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Micky, but can you picture Miss Wills singing that number?"

"Now listen, Chick; you tell me, Miss Wills ——"

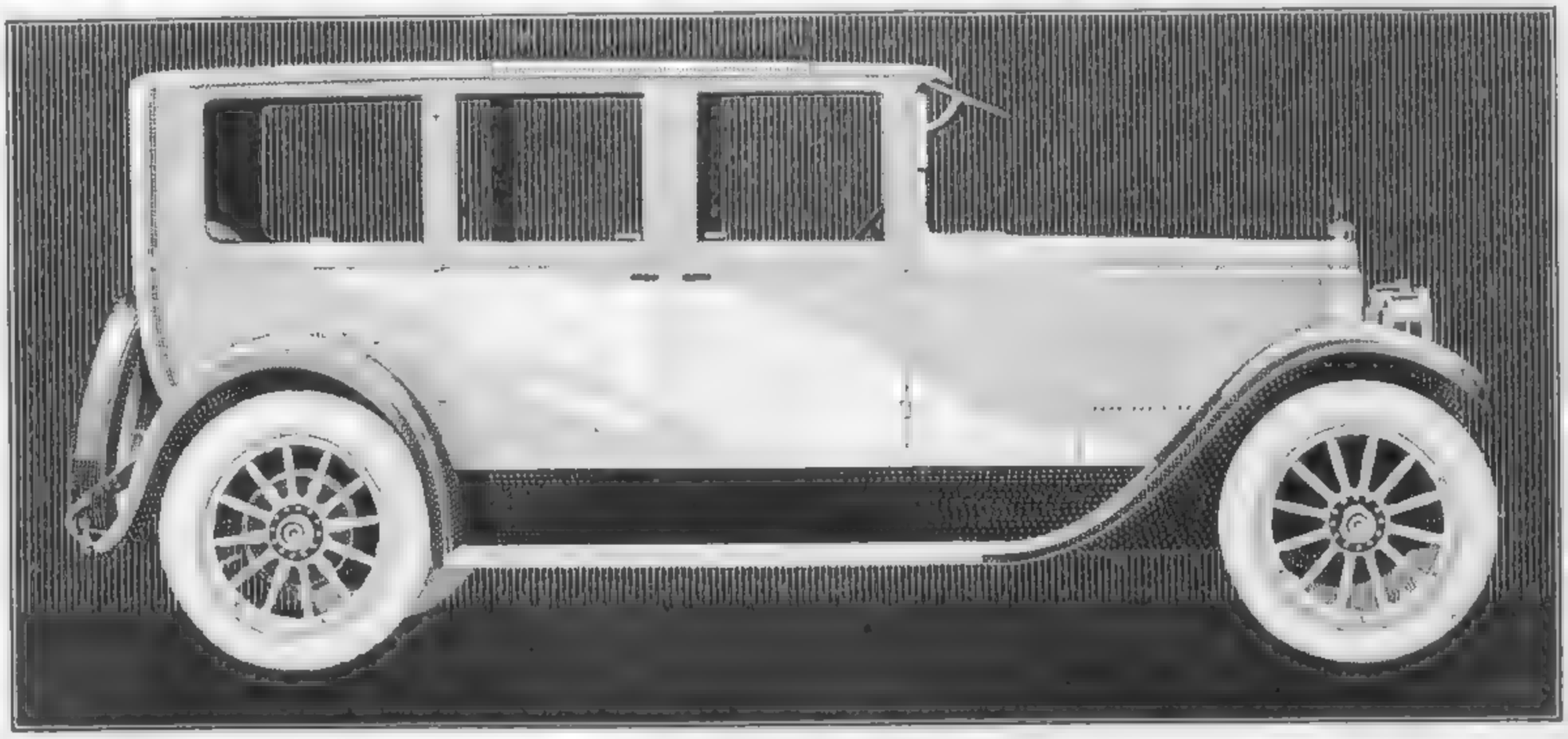
"Chick is right, Mr. Marshall," Molly said. "Putting words like yours to a melody like that is like—like planting cabbages in a rose garden."

"Cabbages in a rose garden, eh?" Micky jammed on his hat and crammed his lyrics into a pocket. "Well, maybe that tune would get by in a rose garden. It never will on a vaudeville stage."

Exit Micky. And Friday only nine days off!

Cabbages in a rose garden. It sounded funny to me. I'd seen a squib in the paper about a wealthy man near San Mateo who'd torn up part of his garden and planted vegetables to give to the poor who were finding market prices interfering with their appetites. Cabbages in a rose garden—and tomatoes and spinach ——

(Continued on Page 44)



THE SINGLE-SIX SEVEN PASSENGER SEDAN

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No greater tribute could possibly be paid any product than is paid the Packard Single-Six in scores of cities, more frequently each day than ever before in this universal acceptance of its intrinsic value.

Five-Passenger Touring Car $2485
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PACKARD

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

(Continued from Page 42)

"Tell me," Molly begged, reading in my face the dawning of an idea.

"Idea for a song. Suppose—suppose you had a garden—roses, violets, geraniums—all kinds of flowers. High cost of living—twenty cents for a couple of carrots, see?—can't eat petunias. You decide to plant vegetables. For instance—plant tomatoes where lilies once grew—turnips instead of violets—get it?"

"Lovely!" Molly crowed. "Sit right down now and write it."

"Me? Write? Nix. I'll give it to—to ——"

"Micky Marshall?" Molly challenged.

"No. But ——"

"Why not do it yourself, Chick? You know what we want. I've heard you say about a hundred lyrics that you could write better ones with your feet. I'd say it was all talk—if I didn't know you had originality to burn. Marshall has written several hits and you told me yourself his night-school teacher committed despondent suicide. You couldn't possibly make any worse rimes than the 'phone—home' and 'time—fine' rimes that audiences take without an anæsthetic."

Little Molly was fairly spilling earnestness.

I shook my head. "No, Your Majesty, I ——"

"Once an actor, always a talker," Molly interrupted disdainfully. "A chance to make a hit with Kennison, a chance to save a hundred or two dollars, a chance to get an exclusive song, the tune and the idea—and you're letting it all go by without a struggle. That's one difference between Annie Keen's partner and mine. Annie's is ambitious anyway."

Sore? I was seething. But before I could think up anything tart and unprofane a big handsome chap stuck his head around the corner of the stage. His face was somehow familiar.

"Oh, Molly," he called.

"All right, Barry. Just a moment."

Molly picked up her gloves and bag from the piano. I'd placed the big fellow—Barry O'Rell, the world-famous Irish barytone, the pet of society, whose concert announcements were in every music and phonograph shop in Frisco. Molly sure was traveling high and intimate.

"Don't be angry, Chick." Molly's little hand rested for a moment on my arm.

"But I am," I told her. "Furthermore I'm hoping to get sore enough to make me do something I've no idea how to do—write a song."

I'll swear Molly's eyes twinkled as she said, "Well, here's hoping."

Before I went to bed that night I'd wrung out of my system the words of the verse:

I once had a garden of roses rare,
There were lilies and heliotrope too.
The shy violet, the sweet mignonette
In peace with the pansies there grew.
But the high cost of living my garden destroyed;
It's only a memory fair;
Instead of the rows of my roses rare
I'm tending a truck garden there.

"Well," I said, wondering if it made any sense, "all I've got to do now is extract from the atmosphere two choruses with a comedy punch at the end of each. Now I know why all song writers are crazy. If you aren't to begin with you get that way immediately."

The next afternoon when I showed Molly the verse and the first chorus I'd consumed the morning over, the pleasure she registered was so peculiar I couldn't tell whether she was laughing at or with me.

"When you finish this song I want you to do me a favor," she said.

"Throw it in the bay?" I grinned.

"I don't think that's particularly humorous," Molly answered. "I—I'd like awfully well if you'd write words for the—the Irish melody; the one you called the Loving Melody."

"What?" I asked, surprised.

"Please! I'll bring you a copy of the song tonight."

I thought it over, wondering what her object was. From solely selfish reasons I promised, however. I knew I'd never get the blooming tune out of my head until there was a syllable to fit every note of it, and I had a hunch if I wrote them they'd soon make me sick.

But before I got around to it, the following Monday night in Oakland, a couple of things had happened which hadn't been so pleasant.

Saturday night Molly made a point of inviting me to join some of her friends after the show. I found some excuse as I had three or four times before, not caring to explain that my only dress coat worked in the act and was richly ingrained with the powder rubbed off Molly's arms during our dances.

Molly seemed more bewildered and hurt—than usual, so I told her, smiling, "Remember we open in Oakland tomorrow and I've got to be there early to rehearse the orchestra, Your Majesty. Shall we have dinner together and a movie as per usual on opening days?"

Before society had seduced Molly I'd kept her calm and her mind off first-day nervousness by enjoying the between-show hours with her.

"We-ell, I'd rather expected—er—I hoped that ——"

"Oh, all right," I said, smiling to cover my disappointment. "Good night." But there was nothing cordial about Her Majesty's good night. Instead she seemed inwardly highly peeved.

Walking in to rehearse Sunday morning I heard the orchestra playing my Sally song. Billy Kelly was rehearsing it.

"What's the big idea?" I asked him as the orchestra stopped.

"I'm singing Sally this week," Kelly told me.

"Likell you are. That's my number."

"It's anybody's who rehearses it first, ain't it?" Kelly asked.

"Ordinarily. But not in this case," I told him, warming up. "I've been using it all over the circuit."

"So have I a week behind you until Frisco last week."

"That's all right But you've got other numbers. What's the matter with the song you sang last week?"

"I can get better results with Sally."

"You would—after watching me do it every day for a week," I told him.

"What do you mean, you big, beaned-up bum?"

"Here, boys!" the orchestra leader spoke up. "Cut it out. Who's going to use the number this week?"

"I am," Kelly said. "Seeing I had the brains to get down here and rehearse it first, I'm entitled to it."

"He's right," the leader told me.

"He'll never be right," I answered.

But while Kelly finished rehearsing I hopped over to the telegraph office and paid for two wires to Los Angeles, one to the house manager and the other to the orchestra leader.

Am using Sally next week for you. Reserve it for me.
CHICK STEDMAN.

Then going back to the theater I dug out of the trunk two old songs and tossed a coin to see which was the least worst.

Monday morning I started rehearsing Molly in the business and dance for the flower-garden song. I'd decided the song should be done as a mock-sentimental ballad, with inappropriate gesture. I anticipated large globules of trouble because travesty is the hardest thing on the stage to do, and Molly, my lovely amateur, didn't know one trick of it.

I always hated to rehearse Molly, anyway. She was too ladylike and genteelly dispositioned. Unless I wanted to rehearse all day I had to get Molly perturbed before she'd quit chuckling and kidding and buckle down to work. Knowing that, was no assistance in retaining my temper while drilling her in the gesture for the flower-garden song.

"No!" I finally broke loose as Molly, singing "I'm tending a truck garden there," placed her right hand gracefully over her heart.

"Not on your heart—under it; below it. The next time I tell you that will be the sixteenth. You're singing a comedy ballad—we hope. The where-is-my-wandering-boy-tonight gestures are designed to add to the enjoyment of the audience. They are not Swedish setting-up exercises. And while we're pausing for the fifteenth time in six minutes, let me remind you it's the boys up in the gallery who make the most noise. Show them your face once in a while if only for a fleeting glimpse. You may have beautiful hair on the top of your head, but those gorillas pay their money to see more than that. Now before we continue with the agony let me see you place your hand on your heart in the travesty grand-opera prima-donna manner you've successfully eluded so far."

Molly slapped her hand viciously against her.

"Not your tummy!" I moaned.

"That would get a laugh, wouldn't it?" Molly snapped.

"So would wearing a red crocheted petticoat," I said. "Listen, Miss Mangler; don't slap your hand that way; flutter it."

"What?"

"Flutter it—wabble it—tremble it as though you had the palsy I'm developing from watching you."

"Was that last sweet remark necessary?" Molly, chin out, glared at me. "Why all this temperamental yelling?"

"You're getting off easy," I grinned, seeing I'd get some work from her. "You ought to hear George Cohan at a rehearsal."

"Are you Mr. Cohan?" Molly sneered through clamped teeth.

"No, but I can get just as discouraged as he can," I told her. "Come on; let's get going."

Monday night, after watching Molly step into a limousine harboring Barry O'Rell and some of Oakland's élite, I drifted over to my hotel, by way of a lunch wagon, and went up to my room Maybe it was the worry of wondering whether Kennison would like the flower-garden song; maybe it was because Molly had been icily meek and smilingly frigid to me all day, or maybe it was the half-cooked onions in the Hamburger sandwich I'd eaten anyway I began to feel depressed. Gloom congealed thickly all around like grease in a garage. Looking ahead I could see a year or two of upsetting rehearsals, teaching and training Molly, developing her into the star she was capable of becoming—and then losing her to some Wall Street broker or millionaire polo player. The more I thought about losing Molly the more my interior felt crowded with emptiness. I wanted to go to sleep, but I knew I couldn't. I wanted to stop squidging about Molly, and I couldn't. Most of all, I wanted to forget that persistent loving melody, and I couldn't.

A couple of roses Molly had torn from an over-the-footlights bouquet and given to me on the stage were standing in a vase on the table in front of the open window. From off the bay came a puff of cool breeze. The roses nodded; a petal or two dropped; one—two—three ——

"Dog-gone it," I groaned. "Even the roses molt in time to that tune."

I thought that over. "The idea is mushy enough for a song. Chick, old kid"—I reached for pencil and paper—"let's see what kind of a lyric you can write while suffering from incipient melancholia and raw onions."

By the time I had it finished it was six A. M.—good morning—and nothing particularly good about it, except the lyrics. I couldn't help it, I liked them. And I'd have murdered the first man who accused me of writing them or showed them to Molly.

Writing the words in over the notes of the copy Molly had given me, I put in a ten-o'clock call and hit the pillow.

Expecting to play it on the piano after rehearsing Molly, when I reached the theater I put the song on the make-up shelf in my dressing room before going on the stage to wait for Her Majesty.

Not very much behind time Molly, in practice rompers and ballet slippers, joined me and started going through the motions.

"You must have been rehearsing in your room," I told her, grinning. "You almost know that dance."

"Thank you for them kind words." Molly brushed back her hair from her damp forehead and leaned against the piano, panting. "Oh, Chick, I've a date for us Friday night, at Mrs. Mountfort's"—a prominent society leader.

"What sort of a date? Is she giving a program and wants us to entertain?"

"Oh, no. It's not a special affair. Just a few friends—informal—she wants us to come as guests and accept her hospitality and ——"

"And pay for it with a song or two," I grinned. "I've been up against that many times. Hostess swooping down: 'Why, good evening, Mr.—er—Stedman, isn't it? So good of you to come. Would you prefer your refreshments before or after singing?'"

Not a wrinkle of a smile out of Molly. Instead an expression I couldn't interpret.

"Listen, Your Majesty; you run along and enjoy yourself. Thank Mrs. Mountfort for me and say that only a previous engagement prevents me—well, you know what to say."

Molly looked at me steadily, her eyes a trifle squinted, her little chin slightly outthrust.

Deliberately, coolly she asked, "Is it Mrs. Mountfort's society or mine that you are planning to avoid?"

"Your society!" I echoed, surprised, suddenly serious as she was. "Oh, Your Majesty, you—you know better than that."

"I'm afraid not, Chick. What else can I think when you invariably refuse my invitations—without even offering an excuse?"

"I haven't thought my excuse would interest you," I told her. "However, I'll be more than glad to accompany you to Mrs. Mountfort's Friday evening informal affair and to oblige with merry quip and cheery song as often as requested—if you wish it."

Molly turned her head away. There was a moment of silence. Almost unconsciously I began to drum the piano—the loving melody, of course.

"What a wonderful model you'd make for an artist painting a Christian martyr." Molly's big eyes were dancing. "Thank you, Chick, for Friday night."

I kept on playing.

"Chick"—hesitatingly—"that song—the Irish song—the copy I gave you ——"

I beat her to it. She wanted me, I figured, to return the copy, the copy I'd written lyrics all over, lyrics that would give her a bigger laugh than the one she'd just enjoyed.

"Your Majesty," I lied glibly, "the copy you gave me got so wrinkled and mussed I'm having a new one written out." Molly looked surprised. "It'll be done tomorrow," I said, giving me time to get the copying job done.

"Oh, all right." Molly continued to regard me queerly. "Er—let's run through the flower-garden dance again."

A minute later, turning my head, I saw Billy Kelly standing back by the door from the dressing rooms watching us. He knew how unprofessional it was to watch another act rehearse uninvited.

"When we get this dance all set we'll ask your opinion of it," I called to him.

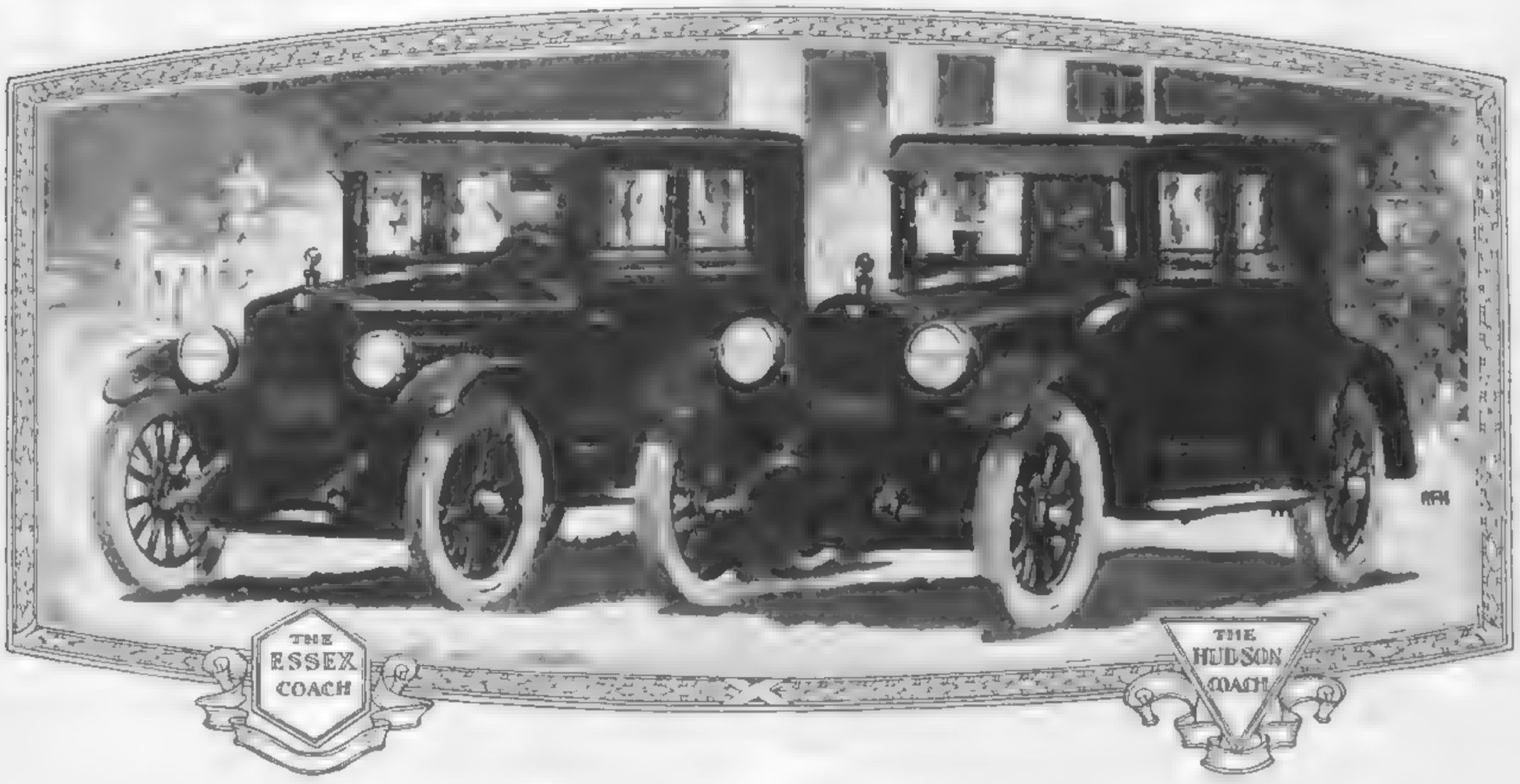
"I can give it to you now," Kelly smirked.

(Continued on Page 46)

The Coach

ESSEX $1145 HUDSON $1525

Freight and Tax Extra



Things That Count in Moderate Priced Closed Cars

What 25,000 Users Have Learned

The Coach is a Hudson-Essex creation brought out one year ago. The object was to provide closed car comforts at little more than open car cost.

Closed cars, on high grade chassis, were beyond the reach of most buyers.

So a revolutionary thing was done.

Brought Closed Car Comforts Within Reach of All

An entirely new closed body design that eliminated all the old costly manufacturing methods was invented. And production on a scale unknown in the closed car field was started.

Open car users have always shown a preference for car performance. To them automobile worth means performance and reliability.

The Coach made an immediate appeal to such users.

You Will be Proud of the Coach

The Coach is durable. More than 25,000 owners are proud of it. It has a simple and sturdy beauty. There is ample and comfortable carrying space for passengers and luggage. Body rumbling noises are totally absent. Doors and windows stay tight fitting.

The Coach is built for service. On either the Hudson or Essex chassis it is ready always for any use—a shopping trip or a transcontinental tour.

These are the essentials of a moderate priced closed car.

ESSEX Prices

Touring Car	$1045
Cabriolet	1145
Coach	1145

Tax and Freight from Detroit Extra

HUDSON Prices

Speedster	$1425
7 Pass. Phaeton	1475
Coach	1525
Sedan	2095

(Continued from Page 44)

"It'll be funnier after you've seen it and tried to copy some of the steps," I answered.

With an ugly look Kelly slammed the door behind him.

Rehearsal over, I chased to the dressing room to rush the Irish song over to a copyist. I looked on the make-up shelf. The song was gone.

Thinking it might have slid off, I looked on the floor, under the edge of the matting rug, under my trunk, the washstand, behind the mirror on the shelf. No song. Somebody had taken it.

I remembered Kelly, watching, listening to us, listening while I played the loving melody. He'd know it for a knock-out tune. He'd know, seeing the manuscript with the words scratched in over the notes, that it wasn't a published number. Billy could sing ballads. If he had it copied, had someone's name written on as composer, then if he destroyed the original script, Molly and I would have a hectic time to convince an unmusical judge that Kelly had stolen the song from us. And what would Molly think when she found ——

The next half hour I spent at a piano, playing the tune over and over again while a professional arranger took down the notes.

I got back to the theater in time to catch Kelly before he went on for his act.

"Listen, Kelly. A song was lifted from my room this morning. I want it!"

"You ain't hinting I took it, are you?"

"I'm not hinting anything. I'm stating that a song disappeared while I was on the stage this morning—where you saw me. And I'm promising that if that song isn't returned to my dressing room before we close here Saturday one of us is going to be driven down to the train in an ambulance."

Came Friday night, with Kennison out front surrounded by a coroner's jury consisting of Kiefer, the house manager and the press agent. I was so nervous for Molly, about to do her first song and dance alone, that the stage manager noticed it and started kidding me.

"You'd better be nervous, Chick," he said. "You're playing to class tonight." He pointed to a lower box. I recognized Barry O'Rell with a party of two other men, two girls and a handsome gray-haired woman trying to look interested in the efforts of our cheese headliner.

"Who's the duchess?" I asked.

"Mrs. Robert Lee Mountfort; you know, *the* Mountforts."

Glancing across the stage toward Molly I had to grin.

One trick she'd absorbed, anyway: packing the house with friends for an important performance.

I had fixed an exit for me so Molly could sing her song before I sang my solo number, a two-ply advantage in that after our opening duet it gave her the next number, sung after she'd had four or five minutes in which to impress her personality on the audience; much easier than leaving the stage for the audience to forget for a few minutes and then returning and having to top immediately another song.

My knees were wabbling as I stood in the wings waiting for the orchestra to finish the introduction to the flower-garden song.

I once had a garden of roses rare ——

Little Molly walked down to the footlights. Steady voiced—no one but me knew the significance of the tremolo she was fighting to control—she smiled in the superior manner of a German acrobat or a concert singer about to put her larynx through its tricks. Molly had the house quieted down to an expectant whisper as she swung into the chorus.

I've planted tomatoes where lilies once grew,
I've radishes sprouting around ——

Mr. and Mrs. Audience started snickering—purring.

'Neath the hollyhocks tall
Near the old garden wall
There are little brown beans underground.

The chuckle that drew wafted me my first long breath.

Where pansies once pouted I've parsnips set out
With carrots and peas all around.
In a spot moist with dew
Where violets grew
The bulbs of sweet garlic abound.

Wow! A laugh—so big I hoped it wouldn't surprise the words of the second chorus out of Molly's mind. Timing the laugh nicely, she began the second chorus.

Where hyacinths paled at the glance of the moon
Potatoes are growing instead.

Encouraged to confidence by the way it was getting over, Molly was throwing herself more into the song, accentuating the travesty gestures.

Where geranium blooms scattered mingled perfumes
Red cabbage now raises its head.
I've turnips and corn, fresh lettuce each morn,
But there's one thing that's hardest to bear.

(From her tone, facial expression and gesture she might have been singing How Can I Bear to Leave Thee.)

Where orchids so fair
Shrank from sunlight and glare
Young onions now perfume the air
In my garden of roses so rare.

On the last note Molly struck an Angelus pose.

A breathless second—of doubt on the audience's part as to whether it was the end—then the applause came crashing down around Her Majesty, all alone in the spotlight, hearing, I knew from experience, through all the noise, her own little heart pounding and throbbing within her.

I glanced at the lower box. Leaning forward, her arms reaching toward Molly, was Mrs. Robert Lee Mountfort, clapping as loudly as her aristocratic hands could. Nobody in the house was watching her good example. They were all too busy setting individual examples of enthusiastic approval.

Just at the right instant, the instant instinct tells you applause is at its crest, Molly raised her head, pert and cute, looked with wide-eyed surprise over the audience, bobbed a curtsy, danced over to the exit, tossed a quick smile to the folks downstairs and an impudent nod to the clamoring customers in the gallery, and whisked off stage—where she immediately sank into a chair and reached shakingly for the glass of water the property boy was holding.

Kennison was in Molly's dressing room when we finished the act.

"Where did you get that song, young lady?" he smiled.

"Chick wrote it," Molly answered. "Did you like it?"

"It and the way you did it. A-humph. I'll let you know definitely about that second week in Los Angeles tomorrow. Good night."

"Second week or not, partner"—I took both her hands in mine—"you were wonderful. Honest. The way you sang that song—I'm so proud of you I—I'm ——" A foolish tear welled up into each of my eyes. "I'm leaking pride."

"Chick!" Molly's eyes were shining; her little bosom was rising and falling rapidly under her lacy décolleté. "Chick, I believe you—you ——"

A loud knock on the door interrupted her. "Miss Wills," shouted the doortender, "Mrs. Mountfort and party waiting for you."

"Damn Mrs. Mountfort," Molly swore daintily. "I suppose we'd better hurry, Chick. How long is it going to take you to dress?"

"I don't know; but I'll be waiting for you when you're ready to leave."

"Get out!" Her Majesty commanded, reaching back for the hooks of her gown.

After the shock of realizing that between us Molly and I had turned out a novelty hit song I figured the rest of the evening would be a dull pain in the ear. I should have known Molly better. The first of the series of jolts I got came outside the stage door when Molly presented me to Mrs. Mountfort.

"The elusive Mr. Stedman, Aunt Caroline," Molly announced.

Half an hour later, in her house, Mrs. Mountfort broke through the circle of girls who were kidding me into thinking I was saying some awful funny things.

"Young man"—Mrs. Mountfort slipped her arm through mine—"I desire your handsome attentions to be devoted to me for a few moments. I'll return him to you, girls; don't worry."

As we walked to a big divan in a smaller room off the music room where everyone was chatting, I saw Molly in serious conversation with Barry O'Rell.

"Young man—don't mind if I call you Chick, will you? Hearing of you so much from Molly the name comes easily to my ever-wagging tongue."

"Please do," I smiled, wondering what was coming.

"Well, then, Chick, I'm about to claim the right of a garrulous old woman to ask impertinent questions. Why do you call that imp of Satan, Molly, Her Majesty?"

"I don't know—except it seems to fit her attitude toward me about half the time."

"What is her attitude toward you the remaining half of the time?"

"I don't know," I grinned. "I only see her about half the time."

"You're cleverer and at the same time stupider than I had been led to believe," said Mrs. Mountfort.

Glancing into the other room I saw Molly and Barry O'Rell side by side on the piano bench, a song on the rack absorbing their attention.

Suddenly O'Rell stood up. "I say, folks, Molly has a new song she's going to play for me to sing. All not in favor say no."

A chorus of noes rang through the room. O'Rell laughed.

"Thanks. We'll sing it."

At the piano's first notes a cold shiver froze me from head to foot. It was the Loving Melody. I recognized the wrinkled, mussed copy of the song on which I'd written my secret lyrics. A hush fell over the room as O'Rell let his million-dollar voice roll out:

Since I've met you, Molly, since I've met you,
What a queer thing has happened to me.
All the day long a dear bit of a song
Keeps singing itself to me.
The words wrote themselves and like mischievous elves
They're haunting me night and noon.
Oh, since I've known you, Molly, since I've known you,
In me heart there's just love—and that tune.

Tenderly, richly, as only O'Rell can do it, he sang the refrain:

The robin trilling in the tree top
Sings my song of love for you, Molly;
The petals falling from the roses
Keep time to this ballad to you, Molly;
The woods and trees, every humming breeze
In harmony all sing with me:
"Oh, Molly, love, I'm fair distracted with love."
That's my loving melody.

Long before he finished I was out on the veranda, sitting on the railing looking up at a silver moon smiling down on a big garden, smoking, sorting alibis for one that would explain why I'd used Molly's name in the song.

I didn't hear her as she came along the veranda behind me.

"Chick!"—softly.

"Yes?"—without turning.

"Are you awfully angry?"

"Yes."

Silence. Only the light snap and rustle of a spray of honeysuckle being broken from its stem.

"Once upon a time there was a young man who was frightfully clever—but he didn't know it. He proved it by taking an amateur and in three months teaching her by the way, he believed in the motto about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, only he did it with words and an aggravating grin that made the child writhe with internal impotent boiling of the ego—anyway, in three months he taught the amateur so much and so well she was sort of a credit to her family when she played her aunt's home town. Now it seems that her aunt had been the patroness of another clever young man who later became the world's best-loved Irish barytone. And Barry O'Rell had been the bosom friend of the amateur's father, a young composer whose songs were so sweet God decided he ought to sing them in heaven—and so took him there before his little daughter grew old enough to annoy him with her chatter."

Molly's soft tones ceased. The moon, swimming through fleecy clouds, found mirrors in her swimming eyes.

"The last melody he wrote was a little tune he called Molly, because, he said, it had in it the lilt and the love his heart held for his little three-year-old sweetheart."

No wonder I'd thought it loving melody!

"Coming back to the amateur and the clever young man: When her aunt and Barry O'Rell saw her perform in San Francisco they were quite brutal. They annihilated her conceit by telling her her partner was nursing her like a baby and that before she could expect any soul-filling compliments from them she'd have to do something all by her lonesome. So the girl asked her partner if she mightn't—and nearly had her head bitten off.

"Thinking it over the girl saw her partner didn't want audiences to compare her with others who might sing the same song. For a long time she'd wondered why he never wrote anything himself. She decided he was just plain lazy. So with her heart in her mouth she bulldozed him into writing—to one of her daddy's tunes he'd liked—a comedy novelty lyric that a toothless asthmatic hag strapped to a wheel chair could sing for a hit.

"The girl knew Barry O'Rell was searching for a song to follow his last year's encore success, Kathleen. She knew if her partner could write the right lyric to a melody Barry loved, it would mean reads of money and, better, worlds of reputation to the young man. So she asked him to—after he'd felt it the loving melody it was.

"Heigh-ho." A prodigious sigh floated moonward. "What was an amateur to think when after she'd accepted the fact that her partner didn't like her—as proved by his refusals even to accompany her to a crowd—she found on his make-up shelf the most adorable love song, written around her name? Wouldn't she surreptitiously sneak off with the manuscript? Wouldn't she—when she found Barry would be out of the city until Friday—beseech her aunt to invite Barry and her and the young man to her house so she could prove he was—he was—oh, Chick, the song is beautiful! Everybody is raving about it. I knew you could do it if—if ——" She hesitated. "You don't have to tell, but was it me or some other Molly you were thinking of when you wrote 'Molly, love, I'm fair distracted with love'? Because, if it wasn't me, I—I ——"

"Is there any other Molly in the world?" I asked. "I don't know any."

It was a great picture O'Rell and Mrs. Mountfort saw a few moments later when the light from the door they opened flooded over Molly and me. So close together were we that O'Rell thought we were one person.

"Oh, there you are, Stedman," he called.

"Wills and Stedman, if you please," Molly piped, disentangling the lace of her yoke from one of my coat buttons.

"For heaven's sake, child," scolded Mrs. Mountfort, "get a hp stick and straighten your mouth."

O'Rell faced me. "How much more than a thousand dollars are you going to demand to reserve for me the exclusive public performance and mechanical recording rights to the Molly song, for six months?"

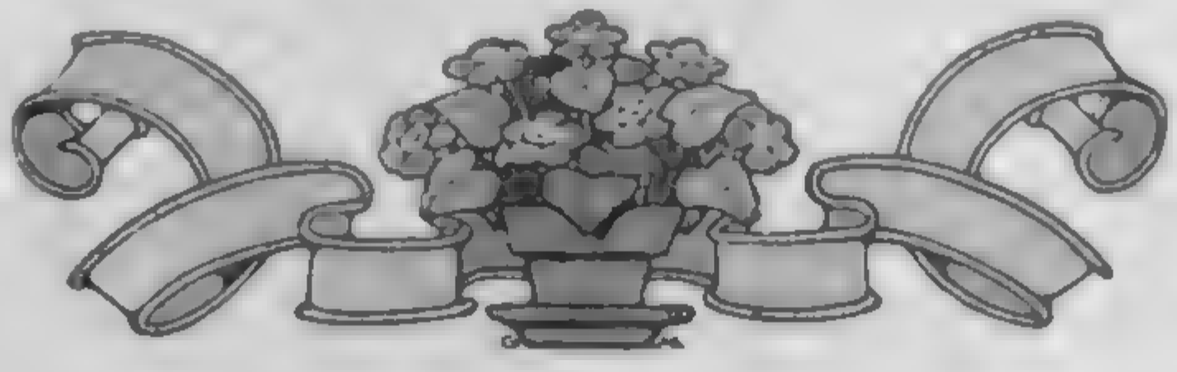
"Mr. O'Rell," I said, trying to realize it all, "I'm more than proud to give you the exclusive rights for a year. Whatever Molly thinks it's worth, give to her."

"Chick," Molly cried, "you mean ——"

"I mean, Mr. O'Rell," I told the big fellow, "I wouldn't take a nickel in money—not for that lyric."

"Now God bless you for a sentimental idiot!" Mrs. Mountfort stared at me. "Chick, follow me. I'm going to lead you to a prewar bottle that is languishing for attention."

There was still a little left in the bottle the next afternoon after the matinée. Just enough for O'Rell and me to divide in celebration of the second week in Los Angeles that Kennison had phoned we'd get, and the fact that O'Rell had just finished memorizing the Loving Melody.



PIERCE

TO A WOMAN

Cold—bitterly cold—the biting wind swirling the snow in whirlpools of feathery dust. Jeritza in La Tosca at the Metropolitan—the old clock on the stairway tolling the hour of eight—and the chauffeur waiting at the curb in the new Pierce-Arrow Enclosed Drive Limousine.

The quick dash from the protecting doorway makes you grateful for the interior luxury of this beautiful car. Softly illuminated by the domelight and the corner reading lights, the richness of the upholstery and the immaculate finish charm you anew.

You sink into the deep, lounge-like rear seat—built over a generous depth of springs and curled white hair. Your arm naturally finds comfort on the unobtrusive arm rest.

An exquisite limousine clock ticks off the minutes as you glide smoothly and swiftly over the glistening boulevard.

The men in the two auxiliary chairs are smoking—their fragrant cigarettes lighted by the electric lighter which is a part of the smoking outfit provided. You are reminded of the vanity case at your side.

Strange how clear the air remains with all the windows closed—until you remember that the exclusive domelight-roof-ventilator *exhausts* the air.

Now the car creeps into the traffic that congests the entrance to the opera. You cannot fail to note the glances turned your way. A word to the chauffeur through the dictaphone transmitter and you alight.

This is the Pierce-Arrow Enclosed Drive Limousine in winter—a correct car for every formal use. Yet when a member of the family prefers to control the car, the plate glass partition may be lowered completely within the back of the front seat. The spaciousness and broad sweep of the seven-passenger sedan are thus secured.

Comes summer with all outdoors and the white ribbons of roads beckoning you. Lower the four door windows and the two rear side windows. Open the combination domelight-roof-ventilator—the cowl ventilator and adjustable windshield. Was ever an open car more airy? With bags in the commodious tonneau or automobile trunks on the broad platforms of the running boards, you are ready to hit the cross-country trails—from coast to coast if the fancy strikes you—with supreme faith that the Pierce-Arrow chassis and the Dual-Valve, Dual-Ignition, Six-Cylinder Engine will carry you there, and many times farther, in perfect comfort.

Words can only partially explain what a ride in this modern all-season and all-purpose Pierce-Arrow model will quickly reveal. Any distributor of Pierce-Arrow Motor Cars will be glad to arrange for a demonstration. Fairly prompt deliveries can be assured in most cases.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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ARROW

WHEN JOHN BULL VOTES

(Continued from Page 23)

difficulties that such campaigning would entail in the United States, because England is a small country, physically, with a massed population; but, even so, the population of any given section of England is no denser than the population in and around New York, say. The closest campaigns ever carried on in and around New York were mere surface scratchings when contrasted with the way the English politicians comb their territories for votes.

This latest general election came about in England in this way: The Lloyd George government, which was deposed, was a Coalition government, formed by a combination of Liberals and Unionists, or Conservatives, during the war, sustained by a general election in 1918 and adroitly maintained in power through the personal strategy, political adroitness and audacity and strong popular appeal of Lloyd George himself. The fact of it is that there was nothing of, to or by the government but this amazing Welshman. He was the state.

He was powerful enough, clever enough and expedient enough to continue in control while his colleagues of the Versailles peace, Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando, went by the board. He remained the sole survivor of the historic Big Four, and he might have maintained himself indefinitely but for one circumstance. That circumstance was that Lloyd George, in all his former political affiliations, in expressed principles and in political beliefs and practices, was a Liberal and the greatest bulk of his Coalition supporters were Tories; which, in effect, presented the same anomalous situation, after the war was won, that would occur in the United States if a statesman of the beliefs and utterances of Senator Borah, say, was supported by a party made up of men of the political convictions of Senator Lodge. Furthermore, as the peace progressed, with its disasters no less than war, the Liberals began turning the cold shoulder on Lloyd George; and presently he found himself in a position where all his political acrobatic ability, which is very great, was needed to prevent a dispossess notice being handed him.

The Fall of Mr. Lloyd George

The discontent grew, and the opposition; and as the situation in the Near East grew more complicated, so did Lloyd George's domestic complications multiply. Finally, as he had backed the Greeks against the Turks, and as the Turks were busily and efficiently chasing the Greeks all across the landscape, and killing those who lingered at all behind, George was forced to adopt the desperate expedient of rattling the saber. He sought to bolster himself with the statesman's last appeal—patriotism—and put out a manifesto asking the dominions to rally round the mother country, and so forth. Apparently he put out that manifesto on his own, as the English say, although there was heated dispute during the election campaign between his adherents and Lord Curzon as to whether the cabinet was informed or not. At any rate, the Tories found themselves fed up. They never did like Lloyd George, and here, as many of their campaign orators put it, they came to the parting of the ways.

One October morning there was a meeting of the Conservatives, or Tories, at the Carlton Club, the great Tory stronghold. Lloyd George had his spokesmen there, and Austen Chamberlain pleaded long and earnestly for support and continued confidence in the little chieftain, and for a prolongation of the Coalition. Nothing, as an American might express it, doing. A heavy majority of the aristocratic Tory thumbs present were turned down on Lloyd George when the vote came, and the Premier himself was evicted from No. 10, Downing Street, with a few of his old Liberal followers standing by and no place to go but before the people, because his defeat meant that a new hand would take the government, the same being Bonar Law's, who had walked out on Lloyd George a couple of years before on the plea of ill health, and who never was aught but a most conservative Conservative.

George resigned, Law was asked to form a new government, and the issue was then joined before the people in this form: Do you, the voters of England, Scotland, Wales and a few constituencies in Ireland, wish Bonar Law's Conservative government to continue, and will you indorse it at the polls? Or do you favor a Labor government, a Liberal government or a return of Lloyd George with his own little personal bunch of Liberal followers? The answer to that query was given on November fifteenth, and I shall discuss it in a later article.

The Parliament which was elected on that day has 615 members, and of these, fifty-seven members had been returned unopposed; so there were contests for 558 seats. There were 1387 candidates for these 558 seats, of whom thirty-three were women, and their political affiliations may be designated thus: The Conservative, or Bonar Law, Party; the Labor Party; the Asquith-Grey branch of the Liberal Party, officially called the Independent Liberals and popularly known as the Wee-Frees, which is a slanging of their motto, "We are free"; the Lloyd George branch of the Liberal Party, known as the National Liberals, and various independents not specifically labeled. There were 301 contests where candidates of two of these parties were opposed; 222 contests where there were three-party contests; thirty-two contests that had four parties engaged; and three contests where there were five candidates for each seat. Of the independents, there were five avowedly Communist candidates, three Ulster Unionists, three Agricultural, one Sinn Fein and one Prohibitionist.

Well-Filled War Chests

These divisions will tend to show how complex a general election is politically; and that complexity is increased by the fact that the people in each constituency do not nominate candidates from among themselves, men who live in the sections they represent. Nominations are made by the party organizations, and men selected to run wherever conditions are favorable. A man may live in London and stand for a country constituency in any part of England, Scotland or Wales. The voters have small say about the identity or capabilities of their candidates. They are handed to them by the party committees, or machinery, for their rejection or indorsement. Representation in the Parliament elected in November is as follows: England, 492; Wales, thirty-six; Scotland, seventy-four; Ireland, or rather Ulster, thirteen.

The point the American who is interested must hold in his mind is that a parliamentary election in England is a governmental election in the same way a presidential election is in the United States, for the Premier who comes out of a general election or is upheld by one is the head of the government in reality, the King being merely the symbol of the government, the head of it, but not the real ruler. Parliament rules the country, and the Premier is the chief of the Parliament so long as he stays in power.

Now, these broad party divisions comprehend various subdivisions that are parties within the party, denoting differing shades of political opinion. This, of course, is true in the United States also, but it was not until recently in our country that groups within the main group developed political identities. The Conservatives, Unionists, Tories, or what you will to denote that particular broad political opinion, may in a general sense be depended upon to vote with comparative unanimity on an important party policy; but they also have a considerable individualism that tends to make Parliament interesting and government more so. And so with the other parties. There is a Labor Party, but there are many sorts of labor politicians and politics. Thus, the English voter often finds himself where, compelled to choose between the several candidates handed to him, in whose selection he has had no voice, he must take the man nearest to his desire or not vote at all. The system creates a situation in which the party machinery practically dominates the elector's freedom of choice.

Formerly, and until 1918, parliamentary elections were spread along over a period of weeks, polling times being selected to suit the convenience of the party machines, and before that same election the women had had no vote. During the war the Parliament enfranchised women, in a way. The lawmakers did not go the whole plan, but said that women over thirty might vote. Also, an elections act was passed that provided for a one-day poll. The first one-day election was in 1918, and the second, which was a much more interesting and more hotly contested one, was the election of 1922.

At that, even with its one-day provision, there are quirks to the voting that widely differ from the American system. Under certain conditions a man having a residence in one constituency and a business place in another constituency has two votes, but he cannot vote twice for the same candidate. The system of registry is complicated, and leads to various interesting side lights. In the elections of November some children had votes, their names being on the registry for various reasons. A boy of five and a half voted in Heywood, and a schoolboy of twelve in Southwest Hull. There were numerous others. Once a name is on the registry, no matter whose name it is, it apparently stays there and allows the owner of the name, baby boy, girl or centenarian, to vote. Also, in certain conditions, Americans whose names are on the registry may vote, and some of them do; not Americans who have become subjects of the King by naturalization, but Americans who have remained American.

Naturally if an election is to be compressed into three weeks the funds for conducting that election must be in hand. It would be impossible to collect election funds in three weeks, starting from empty coffers. There is no telling when an upheaval in Parliament may force the existing government to appeal to the country. A break may come on any important vote, and a decisive expression of lack of confidence in the government, which means the defeat in Parliament of a government policy, forces the government to call a general election and go to the country. Wherefore it is up to the party committee to see to it that the party chests are always reasonably full, and they see to it.

The funds in hand—permanent party chests—are enormous when viewed with the contingent American funds for similar purposes, but not particularly startling when compared with the amounts collected and expended by American national committees during a presidential campaign. However, our party funds run low between times; but in England the party-chest managers always have on hand large sums, and must. Two hundred thousand pounds for each party is a conservative estimate of the amounts kept in hand by the big parties—very conservative. That is, roughly, a million dollars each, and that includes the Labor Party.

Honors for Party Funds

These funds are obtained by contribution, and the machinery of solicitation is constantly at work; by assessment on candidates, and in various other ways, including the sale of honors. It has been the recognized political and financial prerogative of the existing government for years to require aspiring gentlemen who desired to have titles, to join the peerage, or, as peers, to be advanced in rank, to pay for the distinction, and that money has gone to the sustenance of the majority-party chest. There was loud outcry over Lloyd George's liberality in bestowing honors, and the presumable and resultant large sums obtained therefor, and a quantity of rather direct evidence was presented by Tory papers, which presentation helped along the Georgian debacle.

Party committees, or central organizations, which select candidates for Parliament finance these candidates unless they have the means to finance themselves. The law specifically sets forth just how much may be expended per vote in each district or constituency. The sums spent for printing and propaganda are prodigious, and the wage paid for clerical aid and other help at headquarters is large. On the whole, vast as American expenditures are in a presidential election, it is quite likely that if all the expenditures, both immediate and contingent, by all parties in an English general election, were totaled it would be found that they spend as much, or even more, in the three weeks of active work and the forty-nine weeks of unceasing vigil and preparation as the big parties do quadrennially in the United States; and at the start of the campaign they have much more to spend.

These, in a general way, are the political-organization procedures and processes. The campaign itself is a dingdong affair in which the mighty ones of the parties make the set appearances; the candidates fend for themselves in their own territories, and the vast number of canvassers go from house to house to solicit votes for individuals. The central committees arrange the big meetings and distribute the literature. The newspapers are a potent factor. The British public likes speeches, and the newspapers feed speeches to it; not to the extent of former years, when they gave pages to the oratory of the party leaders and candidates, but to a considerable extent, at that, and with full recognition of the identities of the speakers. The London papers get to nearly every portion of the kingdom on the same day of issue, and each city, of course, has its own newspapers, which give detailed accounts of the local speakings.

The Old British Ritual

Therefore the plan is to have the big party spokesmen make solemn and dignified parade to the great strategic points in the kingdom and enunciate their principles in solemn and dignified manner, with the exception of Lloyd George, who is rarely solemn, but who has plenty of other tricks in his bag and is the best political speaker of the lot. To show how they scatter the big fellows about I print the program of important events of the Saturday before election:

The Prime Minister and the Earl of Derby at Manchester.
The Prime Minister at Sheffield.
Mr. Winston Churchill at Dundee.
Mr. Lloyd George in Wales.
Mr. Asquith at Leicester.
Lord Buckmaster at Willesden.
Viscount Cave at Portsmouth.
Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at Newcastle.
Mr. Chamberlain and Viscount Birkenhead at Birmingham.
Viscount Peel at Walsall.
Mr. J. R. Clynes, for Labor, at Oldham.
Sir W. Joynson-Hicks at Melton.
Sir R. Horne at Glasgow.

That list, with the exception of Viscount Grey and a scattering of other dukes, earls, and so on, comprises all the headliners actively in the campaign. They put them all on the stump and made them perform.

These meetings are not free-for-all affairs at first. Tickets are issued to those who apply, and these tickets hold good, in some instances, until within fifteen minutes of the beginning of the speeches, and in others all through the proceedings. However, as the committees usually issue about three times as many tickets as would fill the halls, the orators rarely have empty benches. The meetings open with that grand old British ritual, the singing of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. After the star of the afternoon or evening has appeared the chairman gives the sign and the audience rises and carols forth this sentiment, vociferously even if not musically defying anybody to deny same, and concludes with three more or less ringing cheers. That over, the chairman gets right down to work and the speeches go along as scheduled. In Wales they sing Land of My Fathers, or perhaps it is Our Fathers. Anyhow, they get in the fathers in addition to the jolly good fellow, and if the orator knows his business he will start out with a few sentences in that consonantal conglomerate that passes for the native language of the Welsh.

This leads up to Lloyd George, who is a most assiduous Welshman, and who in addition to leading his small but select band of Liberals had a private enterprise in Wales in the way of trying to elect his son Gwilym, which is the Welsh for William, to Parliament. So after he had made his keynote speech and a few others he went for what they called a whirlwind tour, and accomplished the astonishing feat of making forty speeches in six days, which his press department proudly set forth as an English record, and which is a record that

(Continued on Page 50)

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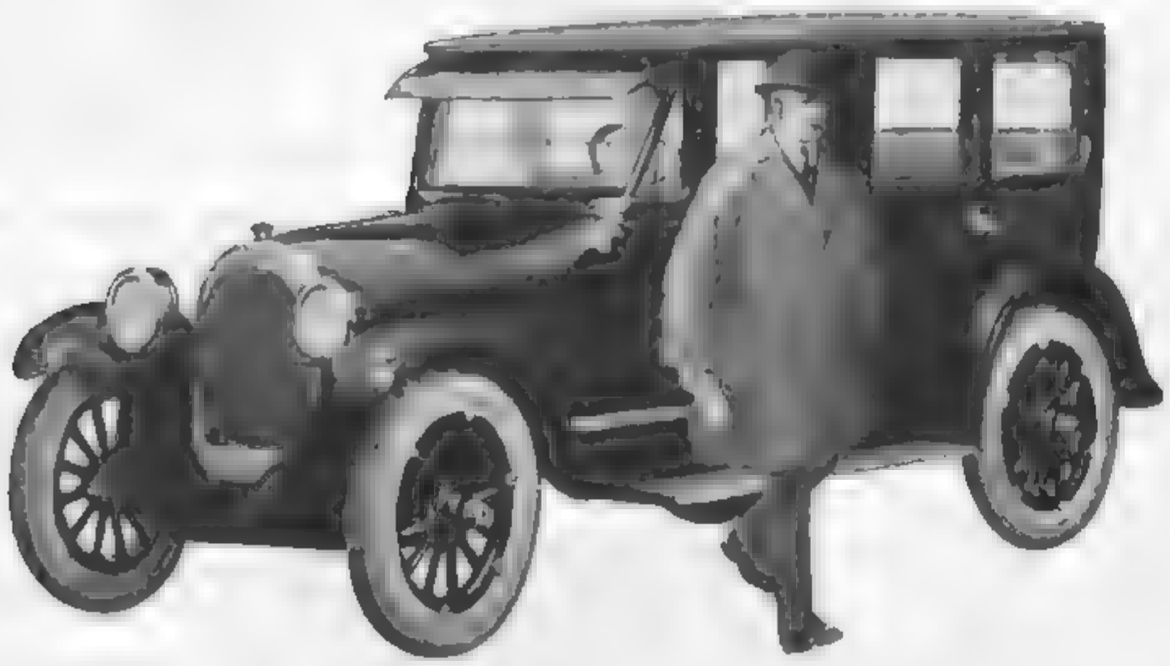

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Oldsmobile closed cars are built for typical Americans —substantial people who want neither a ponderous drawing room on wheels nor the other extreme, but a thoroughly good, comfortable, dependable automobile.

Built in Fours and Eights, Oldsmobile closed cars serve every motoring purpose. Handsome and comfortable, swift and powerful, rugged and long-lived, economical to buy and to maintain—they are favorites everywhere.

Fours: *Three Passenger Roadster $955; Five Passenger Touring $975; Four Passenger Semi-Sport $1075; Five Passenger California Top $1350; Five Passenger Brougham $1375; Four Passenger Coupe $1475; Five Passenger Sedan $1595.* **Light Eights:** *Five Passenger Touring $1375; Three Passenger Sport Roadster $1625; Four Passenger Super Sport Touring $1675; Four Passenger Coupe $1875; Five Passenger Sedan $2025.* **Larger Eights:** *Four Passenger Pacemaker $1735; Seven Passenger Touring $1735; Six Passenger Touring (Tuare Wheels) $1850.*
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The FOUR Sedan

A gentleman's car—powerful chassis and staunch body construction. Unusually roomy for five passengers. Equipment includes deep upholstery, heater, dome light, cowl ventilator, windshield visor and wiper, drum type head lamps and cowl lamps, walnut steering wheel. 40 H. P. motor. 115" wheel base.

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The EIGHT Coupe

A favorite with women who drive. Equipment includes mohair plush upholstery, satin silver finished fixtures, heater, dome and corner lights, cowl ventilator, windshield wiper, walnut steering wheel, sun visor, rear view mirror, drum type head lamps and cowl lamps, Circassian walnut-finish instrument board. 63.5 H. P. motor. 115" wheel base.

$1875

Oldsmobile
Founded 1897

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 48)

will make Mr. Bryan and many other American campaigners smile indulgently.

After he had been deposed and had moved his effects from No. 10, Downing Street the ex-Premier was a bit belligerent and talked about smiting his foes hip and thigh with his trusty sword. He made a speech or two in which he capitalized the announced inertia of the Bonar Law Party, and put great stress on their platform plea for tranquillity and their announced determination to be tranquil, to make the country tranquil and spread the beneficences of tranquillity all around the place.

"Their policy isn't a policy," said Lloyd George. "It's a yawn." And that made everybody laugh.

He and his followers talked mysteriously of putting up large numbers of candidates, and even though the vivacious Winston Churchill had been disassociated from his appendix just as the crisis came, and was confined to his bed, he and Birkenhead and others stood loyally behind George and made dire threats as to the summary vengeance they would take over the defeat and destruction of their chief.

But Lloyd George is more of a politician than any of them, or, so far as that goes, than all of them; and it wasn't long before he sensed what was bound to happen. He soon discovered that his was a hopeless case, and from being belligerent he became idyllic and made speeches about old friends and the beauties of the countryside, and so on, always, when in Wales, putting in a few licks for Gwilym. He sheathed the sword that was announced as having no brother and played up to the people. No one knows better how to play up to the people, not even our Mr. Bryan, or any of our favorite tub thumpers.

Take that Newcastle speech of his—a perfect example. He had been talking about the Labor scheme for a capital levy, and illustrating the benefits of thrift and frugality, and the Labor plan to destroy the impulse to save and own; and there came into his eyes a far-away look. It is a peculiarity of Lloyd George when he is speaking to a large audience that he looks over the heads of his hearers—off into space; and another peculiarity, and ability, is that while he is looking off yonder and talking on whatever topic he has in mind, he also is foraying ahead of his subject and laying out periods of his speech far in advance of what he is saying. A capable citizen is Lloyd George.

That Little Surrey Snowdrop

Well, the far-away look was farther away than usual at this place in his Newcastle speech. It was a forward look, a look out of the dingy windows, through the mist outside—it was a shocking day, that day at Newcastle; ghastly—to the countryside of Surrey. He said he had bought "a little"—emphasis on the "little"—"place down in Surrey, a mere cottage, not large.

"I have planted a rhododendron there," he said, "and I have got three or four rose trees; and, believe me, there are no roses like them in the market. I have just been sticking in a few bulbs in the garden, and I tell you that when the springtime comes I am looking forward to seeing a little flower burst through the greensward and just look at me and give me a welcome, and I do not mind telling you that that little snowdrop will give me greater joy than all the splendors of the finest orchid at Kew."

Well, there you are. The little snowdrop peeping through the greensward and winking its tiny eye at David Lloyd George made a picture that just lifted those horny-handed sons of toil on the Tyne out of their seats, and as the local paper said, "they made the welkin ring."

The ex-Premier had pulled out all the tremolos as he welcomed the snowdrop and discarded the splendid orchid, and the way he caressed that "little" when he spoke of his cottage down in Surrey was a joy to hear.

"Why?" he asked passionately. "Why? It is something of my own. I have been working at it. There is something in what Lincoln said: 'God loved the common people, that is why he made so many of them.'"

We thought Lloyd George missed a trick there. He might have said "us" instead of "them", but he is the master of his medium and probably he was right. It was touching, idyllic, moving to a degree, and it was quite too bad to have one of the big London illustrated weeklies spill all the beans at about the same time with pictures and description of that little place in Surrey, which is a mere cottage with only nine or ten master's bedrooms and a scanty plot of twenty or thirty acres of lawn surrounding; hot and cold laid on, as they say in the English advertisements, central heating and garage for four cars. However, not many copies of that weekly go to Newcastle, and even if such had been the case, no doubt the snowdrops were planted on that beautiful expanse that showed in one of the pictures and was captioned:

"Upper Pond, with wooded slope to the house on the left"; or possibly in that other vista which a picture showed: "Looking from the northwest loggia over the Devil's Jumps."

The little Welshman did not show to any great advantage after this. He knew what he was up against. He joshed Bonar Law a bit, and some others, but he laid no obstacles in his own way in case there are deals to be made in the future. He let Winston Churchill do the slang-whanging of Lord Curzon and allowed Birkenhead to decry and defy and denounce. He, personally, had no grievance, bore no malice, and trod the path of least resistance. Towards the end he was asking his audiences anxiously why the opposition attacked "this poor little man," meaning himself, with a pathetic twist to it and a sad shake of his massive head. But at that, despite the election results, wouldn't those Bonar Law people like to know what was and is in the back of that same massive head in the way of plans, not to say plants, for the days to come?

Dressing for the Old Kent Road

His party used the new Premier, Bonar Law, extensively, shifting him about from place to place and most meticulously allotting him once, at least, to all classes and conditions of men. I heard him on the night he was sent down to South London, to the Old Kent Road, the habitat of the costermongers and well known to America through the medium of Chevalier's song, Knocked 'Em on the Old Kent Road. This was the night he spoke to the people—the same common people referred to by Lloyd George and others from time to time, as you might say; that is, from noon to midnight every day for the three weeks of the campaign.

Still even the people had to have tickets—white tickets for one door, blue tickets for another door, red for another, and so on. At that, a number of coster ladies who didn't have tickets came along in just the same; militant voting ladies frankly thirty years of age and more, and the police didn't seem to be able to stop them. The men unticketed seemed content to stop outside, but not the ladies—not at all. Not 'alf, as they put it. It would have taken the reserves to have kept them out, and when they were in they gave a most casual consideration to the pleas of the beribboned young men who were acting as ushers and urging them to go to the gallery. The coster ladies of Old Kent Road, having had suffrage thrust upon them, were determined to stand upon their suffrage rights, and they stood on them, and upon many of the ticket holders as well.

The meeting was palpably common popular; almost too palpably in fact. Several of the distinguished Tories on the stage pulled out pipes and lighted them, and there wasn't a dress suit or a top hat among the lot.

There's no telling what they had in the way of evening raiment in their limousines outside for the purposes of a quick change before they got back to their usual haunts; but down on the Old Kent Road they wore their bowlers, and it would not have been surprising to note a kerchief around a Tory neck here or there, or a pair of heavily buttoned corduroys.

The chairman was a tall, heavy, smooth-shaven man, name of Hall, and he evidently hadn't rehearsed with the others, for his opening sentence was, "I was born a Tory, have lived a Tory and shall die a Tory," a sentiment which made no hit whatever with the coster ladies. But he was brief. He seemed to bog down after he had that admission out of his system, and soon presented Mr. Bonar Law, first asking for the choral welcome embodied in that stirring roundelay, For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

Mr. Bonar Law sat looking modestly down his nose while this function proceeded, presenting the appearance of a man who feels that though this tribute of song is a very great tribute indeed, it perhaps is not entirely unwarranted—a sort of an oh-this-is-too-much-I-should-think-the-blighters-would-sing-it-twice look and attitude. Then he rose to speak.

Now, the truth of it is that Mr. Bonar Law, either in the Old Kent Road or elsewhere, didn't have very much to speak about. It is reasonably difficult to excite oneself to a high pitch of oratory or one's audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm over an announced policy of nothing doing. When a Prime Minister goes before the people on the issue Let Us Remain Perfectly Calm, coupled with the assertion that Tranquillity is the Best Policy, he hasn't much to say that is of an excitable nature, especially if it is not within his plan to tell just how he intends to remain tranquil.

However, as I discovered during my investigations of this English general election, there is one oratorical recourse that is an ever-present aid in time of buck-passing, and that is the speeches of the opposition. In this latest election there would have been no meetings at all—couldn't have been—had not some statesman made an opening speech. Once that brave lad stepped into the breach all became customary and easy, because the next speaker based his speech on that first speech, and the third speaker spoke about the second speaker's speech, and so on, until the United Kingdom was one vast forum where every speaker was speaking about some other speaker's speech.

"I observe that my esteemed friend and erstwhile colleague, the Right Honorable Marquis of Marshmallow, in his speech yesterday before the Ancient and Honorable Guild of Cordwainers and Pickle Factors said ——" And the speaker was off for an hour, two hours, or until such time as the ambulances arrived to remove the exhausted listeners.

It was necessary, of course, because there wasn't a clean-cut issue before the country save the Labor program, and these campaigners couldn't keep harping eternally on the iniquities of the capital levy—not Bonar Law, anyhow, who favored a capital levy in 1917—and for the further reason that when the gambit campaign was, as in this case, the exact position in the dictionary of certain words under the R's the supply of significant words beginning with R came to an end in the natural trend of events, and there you were.

The Battle of the R's

Lloyd George, in the early days of the campaign, when he was joshing the eminently joshable Bonar Law, called attention to the fact that in the course of his daily study of the dictionary he had occasion to look up the word "reaction," which he held defined the Bonar Law policy and to his consternation he discovered that on the same page was the incendiary word "revolution." Lloyd George drew quite an alarming conclusion from that terrifying juxtaposition. Whereupon Mr. Bonar Law, while protesting rather half-heartedly that tranquillity doesn't necessarily mean reaction, scored a point that set the nation agog. He made an intensive study of that same page of the dictionary, and he found, as he triumphantly announced that night on the Old Kent Road, that between the lethal "reaction" and the appalling "revolution" he had discovered another word—"retrenchment." Well, in a word, there you were again. Irrefutable—what?

Of course, one might say that a campaign where the principal speakers devoted time to such tosh as this, and to the comment on what others had said and were saying, had very little to it on the surface save the desire of one side to stay in and the desires of other sides to get that side out. However, as is frequently the case, the esteemed English on all sides were not telling all they knew. What they were doing was getting it over with and not making any commitments they could avoid.

Wherefore Mr. Bonar Law that night at Old Kent Road, and elsewhere and continuously, proceeded very cautiously and circumspectly. He didn't have much to say, and that is exactly what he said—not much. My observation of him, which has extended over a number of years and has noted him both in the House of Commons and on the public platform, leads me to the conclusion that Mr. Bonar Law is the most skillful on-the-other-hander of our times when he wishes to be.

He is a thin man, who stoops a bit at the waist and would run to about five feet eleven or thereabouts from point to point if straightened out for the tape. He has a rather longish face, with high cheek bones, a full red color over them, a hair line that is retreating towards the crown of his head, a small, pursed mouth and blue eyes that are of the moderately popped variety and have a frightened aspect as they gaze about—are obsessed of the fear, no doubt, that sometime he will make a statement that will not be sufficiently bulwarked with qualifications to prevent some opponent climbing aboard him with the damning assertion that he has been definite.

Monumental Lord Curzon

The Prime Minister has a high-pitched voice and two gestures. After he makes a point he passes his hand up over his remaining hair and smooths it down, and when he is nervously expounding some innocuous policy he grasps the lapels of his coat and pulls at them as if to settle his collar. That night in the Old Kent Road he took up the speeches of Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and some others, but said he would not demean himself with personalities. Far be it from the Prime Minister to descend to personalities. He wasn't having any.

"Still, it must be said that Lord Birkenhead ——"

"Judas!" howled somebody in the body of the hall.

The Prime Minister bowed.

"Thank you," he said, and shifted to Mesopotamia.

Next we come to the city—to the financial center of the world, as the British say—or used to say, anyhow, before the U. S. A. committed the intolerable crime of crowding them off the high plateau of financial supremacy—to the hub of the empire's vast banking and monetary interests, where the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street sits and dominates the exchanges, the marts and the markets and guarantees the currency of the nation. And Lord Curzon came, too, to meet the bankers and the brokers and the traders and the exporters of the city, and talk to them about the absolute necessity for the return of a Conservative government as a safeguard for the financial integrity of the far-flung empire.

They met in the Grand Hall of the Cannon Street Hotel—almost every consequential British hotel has a Grand Hall. Some are grander than others, and this one, I should say, is about 23.4 per cent grand, or practically that.

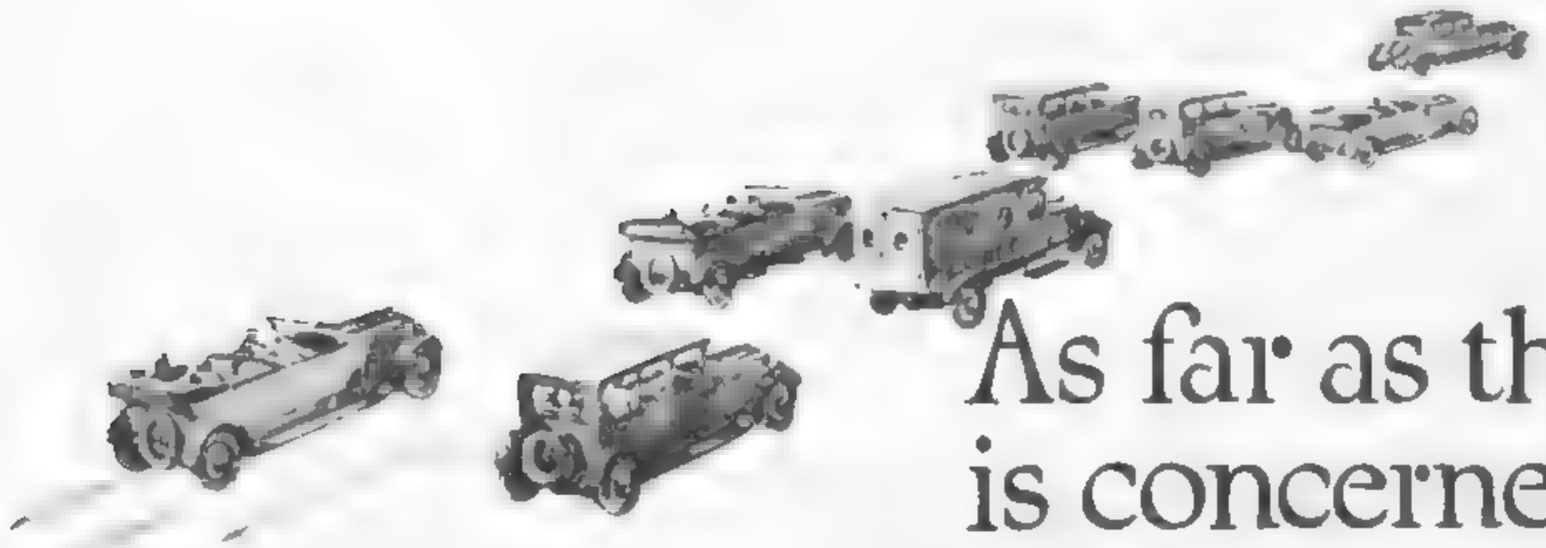
Lord Curzon, you will recall—he's an earl—was a member of the Lloyd George government that fell on that October day, but he turned up cheerio and righto as a member of the Bonar Law government that succeeded the deposed George outfit.

"It is quite true that at the last moment Lord Curzon's attitude underwent a sudden and a nimble change," said Winston Churchill in referring to the episode, "and that he turned in a most surprising manner upon those with whom he had been working and who sustained him loyally through all the long months of his ill health."

But Mr. Churchill was ill himself when he spoke thus harshly of the monumental Curzon, and may have been peevish to boot. In any event, there was Lord Curzon, and his purpose was, on a foggy November afternoon, to explain the foreign policy of the government to the city men, he being at the moment Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which post, as Mr. Churchill intimated, he had formerly held with Lloyd George.

Lord Curzon strikes an overseas observer like myself as some sort of institution, like the Albert Memorial, or the cenotaph in Whitehall. He conveys that impression, and sees to it that he does. The city men wanted to sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, but they were abashed in the presence. A few quavering voices essayed the greeting, but the whole lot of them bogged down when it came to the "jolly" part of it, and it dwindled and died. It couldn't be done. So the city men compromised with the decorous spatting of a few reverent hands as the massive lord arose and draped himself on the lectern that had been provided for him, and began in the usual manner of

(Continued on Page 52)



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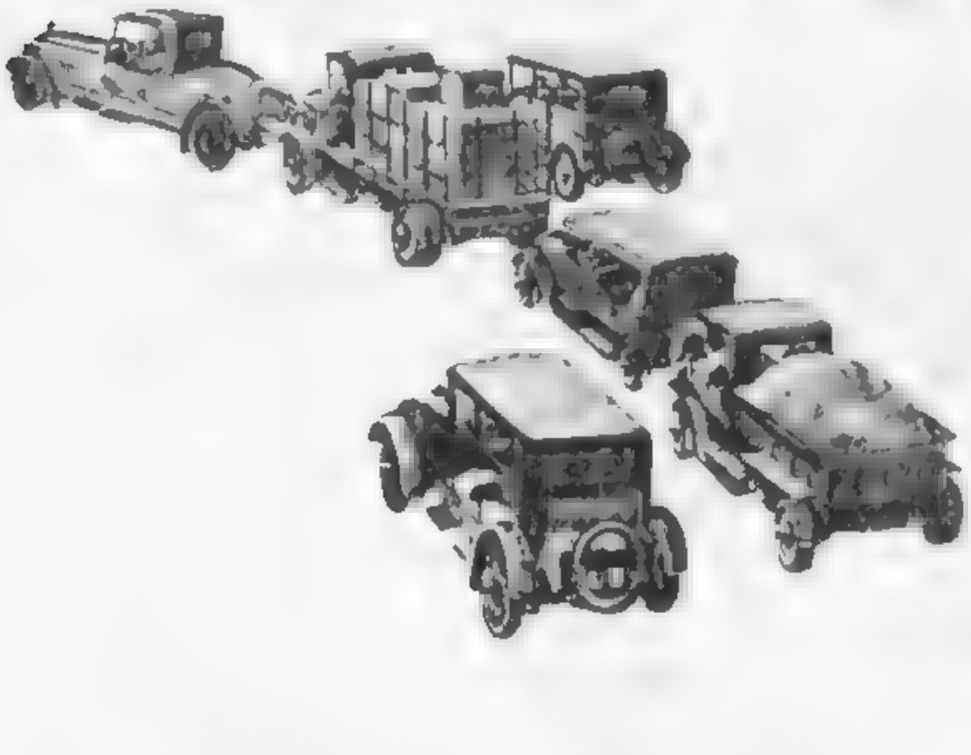

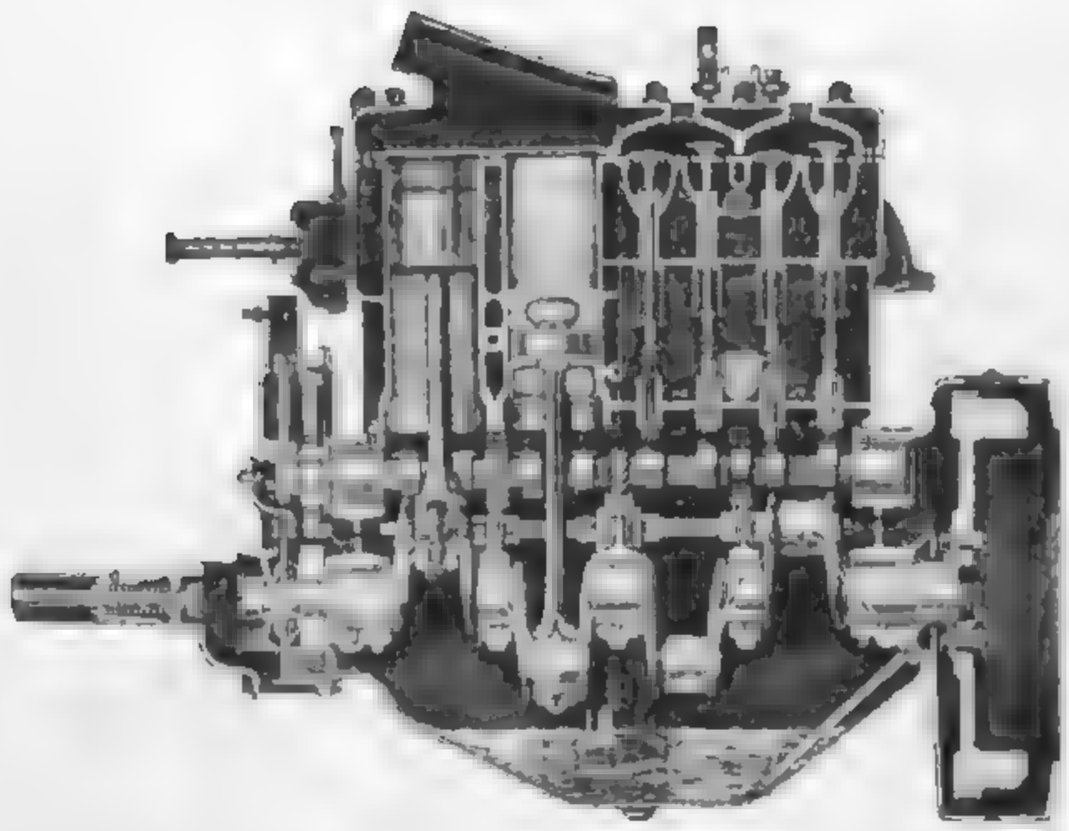

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THE great group of owners who have bought nearly two hundred thousand automotive vehicles with LYCOMING MOTORS have grown to accept the LYCOMING name plate as a safe criterion of the high ideals and quality standards of the maker of the completed car or truck.

That is why these thousands of present LYCOMING owners take such a marked interest in the make of motor used when they are buying a second, third or fourth time.

When they have once tested the extraordinary LYCOMING performance and become accustomed to its unexpectedly low operating and maintenance costs, they are spoiled for any ordinary motor and will return again and again to the car or truck that continues to use LYCOMING power.

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Whether you are interested in a passenger car or a truck, ask for a demonstration from the local distributor of any of the makes that use one of these amazing new LYCOMING models.

The interest this latest motor development has created has moved us to have printed a valuable book on the whole subject, for car and truck owners.

A copy of this book will be sent to any responsible person upon request. We are especially anxious to place one in the hands of each of the nearly 200,000 owners who are now driving behind LYCOMING motors so that they can see the still greater LYCOMING they can get the next time they buy.

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Jim Henry's Column

"Babbitt"

I am not running a book review column, but Sinclair Lewis made sort of a veiled reference in "Babbitt" to Mennen Shaving Cream, which I want to discuss. No names mentioned, of course, but it is obvious to me that he meant Mennen's.

He was complaining about the standardized lives and habits of millions of American men and one of his serious accusations was that they all use the same shaving cream—presumably meaning Mennen's.

Now in the first place, not over two million and a half men in this country use Mennen's. Of course they are the better class of men, but there are still twenty million sticking to unstandardized shaving habits.

But is it a serious weakness in a man that he recognizes and appreciates the same superiorities of which millions of other men think highly?

After all, most men have tough beards and experience the same sense of amazed gratification the first time a sharp blade leans against Mennen-softened bristles.

Most men have tender skin and the gentle, soothing, healing influence of Boro-glycerine (the secret of the delightful after-effect) appeals to them all equally.

All men hate rubbing in the lather with fingers because it is messy and irritates the skin. They esteem Mennen's because it doesn't have to be rubbed in with the fingers.

There never was a skin that wouldn't suffer from free caustic. Why shouldn't all men approve the absence of free caustic in Mennen's?

And isn't any man likely to be without hot or soft water now and then? Mennen's works perfectly with hard or soft water—hot or cold.

It's really perfectly simple—American men want the best; that is why shaving with Mennen's has become the standardized practice.

If you don't object to starting the way thousands of other men have, send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube. Or buy a full size tube for fifty cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 50)

disclaiming all intention of descending to personalities— "But ——"

The "but" was the rasping Churchill, and his lordship just had to correct a few false impressions before continuing with the statement that though it was undeniably true he had been a member of the Lloyd George government, and was at present carrying on with Bonar Law, there could be no doubt in the minds of any true-hearted British citizen that the best interests of the empire were thus served and safeguarded—haw. Pause for the "Hear! Hear!" Same secured, he made ponderous progress with his discussion of the foreign affairs of the empire with especial reference to his important part therein.

It began at half after two. It finished at four o'clock. If the city men knew any more about the foreign affairs of the empire after they went out than they did before they went in it was through no fault of Lord Curzon. What they did know was that it was most essential to sustain the Bonar Law government, give it a majority in Parliament; and though his lordship delicately refrained from saying in so many words that the particular merit of this enterprise would be his own continuation in charge of foreign affairs, the quick-minded city men had little difficulty in placing the proper construction on his remarks.

Lord Curzon is a tall, broad, thick man, with a predominant air. He talks in a heavy, measured voice, with a heavy, measured manner, and in heavy, measured sentences.

It is not in the least surprising that the city men couldn't get through with their jolly-good-fellow greeting. They might as well try to sing that stirring hail to Westminster Abbey. Years ago, when in England, I remember hearing a quatrain about him that irreverent Oxonians delighted in when his lordship was conferring his presence on that institution of learning. All of the first line except the last word escapes me, but this is the drift of it:

. . . . . *Curzon,*
A most superior purzon;
A student at Balliol College;
What he doesn't know isn't knowledge.

Most applicable today, it would seem; most applicable.

As for the others, there were 1383 candidates making speeches in all parts of the country, backed by three times as many—yes, ten times as many volunteers in their support making speeches also. The headliners gave forth an utter absence of views each afternoon and each night, and there was the usual heckling, the usual rowdyism at meetings in some places, and all that sort of thing. H. G. Wells, a Labor candidate for the University of London, appeared on various platforms and deluged his auditors in gloom by bringing out vast wads of manuscript and reading his speeches; and George Bernard Shaw, speaking for Labor, had the time of his life harpooning both Tories and Liberals.

"There is something very attractive about the program of Mr. Bonar Law," said Shaw. "He offers us four earls and a quiet life. I like the idea of earls. An earl is the only man the politicians cannot bribe with a peerage."

That was dirty work at the crossroads by George Bernard, for they do do things with peerages, these politicians. And to show how destitute of talking points they were, and recalling the Lloyd George excursion into the dictionary, there was vast pother in the earlier part of the campaign because Bonar Law put so many dukes and earls into his cabinet, and so many relatives of these exalted personages. This was held to be a strong argument with the common people, but it rather lost its savor when it was pointed out by some person with a memory that Lloyd George had within one as many earls and dukes and such in his ministry as Bonar Law put into his.

Another strong point was that the election was fixed on a Wednesday, when, it was held, some of the workingmen could not vote, instead of on a Saturday, when all the workingmen might vote.

"The election was fixed on a Wednesday," said the saturnine Shaw, "so that voters would not notice in the excitement of polling that on that date they were paying £15,000,000 of interest to America for the first time."

It was of this stuff that the outward and visible signs of this British general election were made, and the polling came on Wednesday, November fifteenth.

They have an association in London for the purpose of making that ancient and gloomy city a brighter place. They are seeking to make it busier, better and brighter. Sounds like a civic-improvement program in a Middle West city. One way this association felt would lighten and brighten the hard lot of the fog-bound Londoners was to give them ample opportunity for seeing the election returns. So they arranged with the tubes and the busses to run until two o'clock in the morning, and for radio concerts and bulletin boards and cinema shows at Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Oxford Circus and in other open spaces. The restaurants received permission to keep late hours and London turned out. To be sure, it was a rather dismal London they turned out to. There had been a five-day fog that was still going strong; but Londoners are used to that, and they went to it with rattles and horns and confetti and all the noise-making instruments; and I am here to say that I am off that stuff about the British public being a phlegmatic, stolid, dour public, for the rest of my natural life.

No Broadway crowd in New York, or Loop crowd in Chicago, or Market Street crowd in San Francisco, or any other American election crowd in any other city, can show the British crowd any new ways to make noise, or, as the saying is, raise hell; and I saw a few new wrinkles that seemed entirely of British origin. For example, down in Trafalgar the persons who climbed up on the base of the monument had the best view of the pictures and the returns, and they were disposed to hold to their places. One device for jollity, so called, was a sort of firework that sputtered and sparked and flared as it burned. The hawkers had them by the million.

Some enterprising citizen, desiring to get a place on the base of the monument, had a good idea. He bought a handful of these fireworks, lighted them and tossed them up among the crowds clinging to the advantageous viewpoints, bombarded the favored ones on the high places and set their clothes afire. The crowd below recognized the genius of the assaulter instantly, and in a few minutes half the overcoats and the dresses on the high places were set afire by the fizzers tossed on them. It was quite impossible to put out a fire on the shoulder of one's overcoat and cling to the monument at the same time; so the burning Britons had to hop down and the assaulters rushed to their places. But fireworks were plenty, and all night long Britons set the clothes of one another afire and enjoyed themselves hugely.

Next morning the newspapers set forth the great Conservative victory, London had a headache and the clothes repairers were overrun with orders. On Friday morning the triumph of the Conservatives was confirmed and established in definite figures, but the fog remained—not only in the streets and all through the city but in the places of government as well.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 30)

authority to do what he did; and every penny whose expenditure Lord authorized could have been charged to him. Fortunately, after it was done, Congress authorized the payments that had been paid.

Again, Congress adjourned on March 3, 1919, without passing a deficiency bill carrying eight hundred and twenty-eight million dollars for the purpose of paying what the United States Army owed for supplies received and services rendered. All army payments immediately stopped and could not legally be resumed until Congress met again. Lord at once decided that he would appropriate other unused appropriations and apply them to the army's debts, although under the law they were not available for that purpose. But Lord sang a gay little song to himself, according to his usual custom, and helped himself to one billion two hundred and seventy million dollars, which was something of a helping for an army officer, in view of the fact that any army officer supposedly will permit himself to be hopelessly entangled and hog-tied by a piece of gossamer red tape less than three feet in length. Congress later legalized his billion-and-a-quarter-dollar expenditure, and by so doing probably saved him from a ten-thousand-year jail sentence.

On July 1, 1920, General Lord became Chief of Finance to the United States Army; and on July 1, 1922, he became Director of the Bureau of the Budget, succeeding General Charles G. Dawes. General Lord was recommended for the job not only by General Dawes but also by several very capable legislators in the House and in the Senate. This was a strange state of affairs, for General Dawes had frequently felt free to refer to congressmen as pinheads, blankety-blank pinheads and even worse, and it was thought that anyone he favored would be fluently detested by all congressmen. A good New England conscience, however, is recognized by both Democrats and Republicans; and when General Lord's possible appointment was under discussion on the floor of the House several months before he took office, Democratic and Republican representatives alike agreed that no other man in the country was so thoroughly equipped as he in the matter of the accounting of the revenues and the disbursements of the Government.

Dawes was the sort of fighter, hammerer, club swinger and noise maker that was urgently needed in the launching of such an innovation as the Budget Bureau, which took money away from people who didn't want to part with it; and Lord is the sort of mild-mannered, tireless, conscientious worker that is necessary for the Budget Bureau's added efficiency. No matter where Dawes struck he could find extravagances to correct. Now that the surface extravagances have been eliminated Lord must dig deep down into the inside figures in order to find waste. He is peculiarly fitted for this task, for his Maine-bred New England conscience and his training in running army finances have made him into a digger beside whom such delvers as a woodchuck and a steam shovel fade into insignificance. He sits at his desk and digs and chews gum, occasionally bursting into a snatch of song. He's something of a singer, is Lord; a sort of melodious digger, trained in many church choirs and genuine quartets, free from the taint of barber-shop chords and whisky tenors. He is never tired.

Ask him how he feels, as he digs, or as he prepares to dig, or as he completes his digging, and you'll always receive the same answer, to wit: "Fine! Fine!" He always feels fine.

He digs through the endless columns of figures that cross his desk, and through the enormous mass of data. General Dawes accepted the estimates of his subordinates, but General Lord accepts nobody's estimates. When a bureau chief had convinced one of Dawes' subordinates that the last word in saving had been accomplished the bureau chief's work was finished. But when a bureau chief convinces one of Lord's subordinates that he can save no more money Lord, after digging patiently among the figures, may and usually does set up a loud cry for the bureau chief to come running and show cause why another three thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars can't be lopped off at the point indicated by Lord's index finger.

Under Dawes the different departments of the Government for the first time in history were made to live within their incomes. Under Lord the departments must set their own incomes as low as possible, and then save a generous slice of money out of them, unless they can prove to the satisfaction of General Lord's New England conscience that it can't be done—and that task, it might be added, is one that would make the labors of Hercules look wan and ill.

In all his activities General Lord—as was General Dawes before him—is merely the mouthpiece for the President. So long as the President backs him up the budget will be successful and the cabinet officer who attempts to dispute his findings will be fired. But whenever President Harding or any other President fails to support the Director of the Budget in every way the whole budget system will become a failure and a joke that will never arouse a flicker of amusement on the tense face of the unhappy taxpayer.

The Highwayman

He is not a dashing gallant with a plumed hat and black mask. There is no romance about it, when he holds you up on the road.

His methods are drab and without thrill. He appears by day as well as by night, on city streets as well as lonely roads.

Every motorist has been stopped by him at one time or another. He orders you out of your car. He puts you to work in your best clothes. He steals your time and pleasure.

His name is Tire Trouble.

Of course, you will never be able to prevent his stopping you. The best of tires wear out. There will always be nails on some roads.

But you can arm yourself against the dread of his coming, by driving a car equipped with Michelin Steel Wheels—*five wheels per car.*

Then when you hear the "bang of his pistol," or his tell-tale "hiss," instead of having to change *tires*—with all the trouble that means—you simply change *wheels.* No muddy rims, no rusty lugs, no hammering, no prying. A clean, simple, three-minute operation, which relieves tire trouble of all its terrors.

Budd-Michelin

STEEL WHEELS

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Goodyear Means Good Wear

"Breakage on the fragile loads we haul has been greatly reduced since Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tires were selected for equipment." Victor Schmitt, Hinckley & Schmitt, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

Only the new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire can save your truck and protect your loads with the lasting resilience of the hollow-center design, the indented sidewall, and the deep-cut All-Weather Tread. It is the real cushion tire.

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surface solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

THE SELF-STARTER

(Continued from Page 19)

members of his own race into activity with well-chosen commands, grinding cash fares with his right hand and jerking signals on the bell cord with his left.

A long series of questions surged up as far as his neck only to be choked to death by the sudden realization that the lady addressing him must be a mighty rich lady to possess a personal trolley car. He decided that he might get along better with no questions asked.

The lady produced a card from her hand bag, and with a gold pencil, after a moment's manipulation of the lead, which had retreated to the vanishing point, she wrote her address upon her card. She handed the card to the Wildcat.

"I am Mrs. J. Carter Felton," she explained. "Twenty-five hundred Sanchez Street is my house address in San Diego." She handed the Wildcat a ten-dollar bill. "This will pay your fare. Your wages will be one hundred and fifty dollars a month."

The Wildcat took Mrs. Felton's card and blinked at it. When the ten-dollar bill appeared he parked the card in the lining of his hat, and with the greenback held gingerly between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand he blinked more rapidly and swallowed heavily until the mention of wages accomplished the third and last stage of the trance into which he was lapsing. Dimly to his ears came Mrs. Felton's parting instructions. "You will report at my San Diego house tomorrow."

"Yas-sum!"

The Wildcat's agreement to all conditions was vehement and absolute, and then with a smile Mrs. Felton walked away. She was followed for fifty feet by a grateful look from the Wildcat. Then he remembered the ten-dollar bill which still dangled publicly from his palsied hand and his vision was clouded with a series of tableaus where dollar signs and fried chicken splashed around in a platter whose perimeter was dotted with alternate areas of spinach greens, yams and chicken gravy.

He stored the bank note in the lining of the brown derby hat along with Mrs. Felton's card, and without further loss of time he turned to Lily and dished out enough marching orders to have worn the legs off a regiment of mascot goats.

With Lily trailing along behind him, he headed down the thoroughfare toward a place where a quick-compromise ration of cold water and hot fish could be bought for cash. Midway of the march to the restaurant he stopped long enough to discover the exact amount of the fare to the city where Mrs. Felton lived.

"Cap'n, suh," he asked the ticket agent back of the counter of a downtown office, "whut's de no-comeback fare to dis heah Sam Dago town?"

The seeker after knowledge discovered the amount of the fare and fixed upon an appropriation from the ten-dollar bill which would enable him to eat himself within a dollar of being broke.

"Come 'long, Lily! Us is got a ragin' appetite an' plenty of money to unrage it wid. Double-time yo'self, goat, till us floods dis ten-dollah bill wid chicken gravy an' fixin's!"

"Blaa-a!" Lily, knowing but one master, shifted gears into double-time; and presently, seated on the floor beside the Wildcat's chair in a restaurant, she gave thanks to her own gods for the sudden rush of food that the day had brought forth. When the meal was finished the Wildcat navigated a course, buoyed by interrogation, until finally his troubles ended temporarily with the starting of a train from which he alighted to face whatever might await him in the city of San Diego.

It was late evening when he arrived at the Felton residence on Sanchez Street, and about the first heavy work to be done was to overdraw on the bank of sleep in his new quarters above the garage, which stood well back on the grounds surrounding the Felton house. From a window of his room the Wildcat looked at the house

"Sho' seems to be a big place, but dey ain't many folks 'round."

He turned and inspected his new uniform. It was a maroon-colored livery decked out with black tape. About the only fault the Wildcat found with it was that the buttons were black bone, where he would have preferred polished brass.

"Kain't complain, tho'," he said to Lily, for whom quarters had been arranged under a workbench against the wall of the garage. "Us is settin' noble an' warm. Got a grand big autobeel to run. Grand place to sleep an' de rations is heavy."

Surrounded by the blessings which Lady Luck had showered down, the Wildcat slept soundly throughout the night. He was awakened at nine o'clock the next morning by a bell ringing near the head of his bed.

"'Spect dey wants me at de house," he surmised, and forthwith he climbed into the maroon uniform.

From the pockets of his side-tracked raiment he transferred eighty cents in cash and the card bearing Mrs. Felton's address. He pinned his service ribbons to the breast of the maroon uniform and reported two minutes later at the kitchen, where he figured a little breakfast might precede orders for the day.

Word reached him here while he was doing the best he could with his rations that Mrs. Felton would want her car at two o'clock, and this order was augmented by a little free advice from the cook to the effect that he might well put in the intervening time in polishing the metal work on the car and dolling it up to a point of glittering perfection.

The Wildcat, accepting orders and advice, set to work after breakfast in shining up the car. He tried his best to devote himself to the outside of the vehicle, but he was irresistibly attracted to the driver's compartment, where, perched over to the right of the driver's seat, Lily sat and superintended the Wildcat's work.

The superstructure of the car, built to Mrs. Felton's own designs, included a forward inclosure for the driver separated from the passenger department by a heavy plate of glass. On the instrument panel the Wildcat recognized a cigar lighter and a clock and a speedometer, but beyond these familiar mechanisms the rest of the brass and nickel and enamel dials, with their blue-steel needles, meant nothing at all in his professional career. He seated himself now and then in the driver's seat and tentatively hauled the steering bar back and forth.

Along around noon he had become familiar enough with his new machine to begin a series of experiments with the switches and controls on the instrument board, but beyond discovering the light switches no startling record of success rewarded his investigations.

"One thing sho', Lily," he said, by the time his stomach suggested that lunch could be received if necessary—"one thing sho', us knows lots about whut dese ain't." For the fiftieth time his eyes swept the complex array of metal. "Yas-suh, goat, nobody knows whut dese things ain't no betteh dan us does."

He tried an insignificant-looking switch, heretofore neglected, which was fixed beside two of its fellows over to the left of the panel, and immediately from the interior of the battery-filled paunch of the car there came a gentle whine.

"Sho' sounds like a li'l' dawg—sounds like a puppy whinin' fo' his suppeh."

He snapped the switch again and the whining ceased.

"See dat, Lily! Ain't no puppy. Kain't turn no puppy on an' off wid no 'lectric switch. Us knows 'lectricity! Knows it real good!"

He tried the next switch, and to his great satisfaction there resulted an imitation of what a bulldog might say if sufficiently agitated.

"Look dah, Lily! Dis heah car sho' is haunted wid 'lectric dawgs. Heah dat bull dawg growl! Mebbe dat numbeh-three switch turns on a ol' bayin' hound. Mebbe if us turns all three on togetheh it sounds like a dawg fight. Ain't got time to 'vestigate now. You sit heah whilst I 'sorbs my lunch, an' don't git no mo' of dem white hairs on dis heah cushion. Stay on yo' own side! 'Spect I likes to go prancin' round in dis grand bull-blood unifawn like a gin'ral all danglin' wid goat hairs? Naw-suh! Lay down on de flo' does you crave to, but keep yo'self 'way fm dese cushions. Afteh Ise et I brings you yo' rations back wid me, an' den I sees is dey enny mo' dawgs hid round in dis fo'-wheeled show case."

When the Wildcat came back with his mascot's rations he boosted Lily out of her place beside the driver's seat of the four-wheeled show case and resumed his search for something which might animate the dormant mechanism until the concealed dog fight should be translated from sound to motion. His search was interrupted by a peremptory order called to him by the cook.

"It's two o'clock! Mrs. Felton says to bring the car over to the door like I told you before—and hurry up about it!"

"Yas-sum! Ise a-comin'."

The Wildcat in his panic sought the consolation invariably afforded him by the presence and sympathy of his mascot goat. He reached over and opened the door of the driver's compartment.

"Get in heah, goat! Whut you mean delayin' dis heah trip so long? Climb up an' lay down befo' I knocks yo' face down yo' throat."

Lily made haste to obey her master's voice and it was well that she did so, for almost on the instant that the Wildcat reached out and closed the door of the car with his right hand after the goat was aboard, his fumbling left hand, playing frantically along the keyboard of switches and push buttons, pulled the trigger on the four-wheeled show case. It started with a jump, and before it had cleared the doors of the garage it settled into a conservative fifteen-mile speed which nothing so trivial as a panic-stricken brunet brain storm could accelerate or retard.

Down the hundred-foot driveway leading to the doorway where Mrs. Felton stood awaiting her car the Wildcat confirmed his belief in his inability to stop. He grabbed the steering lever with his left hand and juggled it until the car quit staggering and straightened out on the roadway, while with his right hand he sought frantically for something on the instrument board which when pushed, pulled or twisted would turn the hose on the dog fight beneath him. An instant before he reached the doorway where Mrs. Felton was waiting for him the snarling and whining in the sagging paunch of the vehicle gave way to a silence broken only by the snorts of emotion with which the Wildcat expressed his surprise.

Passing Mrs. Felton, the Wildcat saw that lady take one step forward, where she remained waiting for the car to stop. It passed her going fifteen miles an hour. The Wildcat turned an anguished glance in the direction of his employer and then he resumed his business of steering, while in the wake of the car a puzzled lady stared after him.

Two little wrinkles formed on her brow and her mouth shaped itself around the "o" of surprise as in what-o.

Where the driveway met the street the Wildcat capitalized his long experience with vehicles drawn by four-legged motive power. He glanced quickly to the right and left. He found the way clear and swung sharply in the latter direction.

Ahead of him stretched endless miles of comparatively open roadway, and before he had covered the first mile his panic had given way to a philosophic calm which was interrupted now and then at street intersections, where once or twice the aid of Lady Luck was frantically invoked. After the third mile, glimpsing a long vista of highway, the engineer of the rolling dog fight recovered his speech.

"Heah us is, Lily! Dis is de fust time Ise eveh started on my way and knowed zackly whah I was headed. Hell-bound, dat's us! Dey ain't no stoppin' an' dey ain't no goin' back."

His philosophy was interrupted on the seventh mile when he overtook a slow-speed bootlegger returning with a five-ton truck to his source of supply, over the Mexico line, in Tia Juana. He managed to avoid the bootlegger, but half an hour later he added a substantial increment to his burden of offenses by busting an international boundary wide open without knowing it. Followed by the cries of two or three languid Mexican customs guards, he sailed grandly into a new country.

Before him, down what appeared to be the main street of a little town, a vista of two-story houses was disclosed. At three o'clock he traversed the main street of Tia Juana in the glaring sunshine of one of that town's characteristic afternoons.

A signboard, displaying a three-foot glass of beer, together with an Arabic numeral indicating that the beer could be obtained for a nickel, reminded him of an acute

(Continued on Page 57)

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

IT is significant to you and highly gratifying to us that the automobiles enjoying the largest percentage of increase in sales during the first eight months of 1922 were equipped with Auto-Lite Systems.

These cars prove the worth of Auto-Lite as no other test could. The list includes such passenger cars as Chevrolet, Chalmers, Columbia, Durant, Earl, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Overland, Peerless, R. & V. Knight, Stephens and Willys-Knight. And such trucks as Nash, International, Oldsmobile Speed Wagon, Mason, Garford, Defiance and Republic.

It is acknowledged in this day of competition that the value of these cars is enhanced by their electrical equipment, or sales could not be increased.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

Offices and Works:
TOLEDO, OHIO

Detroit Sales Office:
1309 KRESGE BLDG

ANNOUNCING

The New Nash Six Four-Door Coupé

NASH

At the New York Motor Show this week Nash will disclose for the first time a new line of motor cars with particular interest centered on the new Nash Four-Door Coupé.

It is an exclusive Nash enclosed car creation, unusual and different in design from any other car on the market.

The distinctively beautiful body is set smartly low to the road and arranged with careful skill for the comfortable occupancy of all passengers.

It is powered by the newly improved Nash Six perfected valve-in-head motor whose magnificently smooth and responsive power-flow brings to you the very finest shades of motor car performance.

Appointments of the Coupé—Five disc wheels. Large, highly finished black steel trunk at rear which is a built-in feature of the body. Sturdy, nickel-plated bars on top of trunk and at rear of body so additional luggage can be strapped on. Fine taupe mohair upholstery. Silk curtains. Vanity case. Smoking set. Dome light overhead. Two reading lights. Wide door pockets. All windows adjustable save rear glass. Heater. Robe rail. Foot rest. Windshield wiper. Maroon-finished body. Maroon-toned wheels. Black running gears and fenders. Very compact grouping of all instruments. Transmission lock. Inside locks for three doors and exterior lock and key for fourth door.

(920)

FOURS The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. **SIXES**

(Continued from Page 54)

thirst and awakened an ambition which grew with each succeeding moment.

"Whuff! Sho' is hot on de inside of dis ramblin' stove. Lawd gosh, us craves whut dat sign shows!"

His vision, distracted for the moment from the business of staring straight ahead at the road, settled intermittently on a varying succession of signs adorning the fronts of something less than a million saloons. In the shady recesses of these heavenly annexes he saw thirsty men milling around and glimpsed some lucky individual now and then in the act of lifting a large and foaming glass of beer to his eager lips. Farther along the line he caught a glimpse of a white table loaded with free lunch, fronting a bar above which four electric fans agitated the froth on a fleet of schooners of lager which were being steered toward a group of thirsty hop skippers. He determined to get out of his sunburned show case if it killed him.

"Folks dies only once," he said to Lily. "Mebbe I breaks my neck, an' if I does it's betteh dan chokin' to death in plain view of de promised land."

He detoured from the roadway and swung the car into an open field that lay ahead of him. He held the steering lever hard over and the car began traveling in a fifty-foot circle. He shoved his knee against the steering lever and reached down and began fumbling with the string that laced his left shoe. After he had secured a two-foot section of this shoe lace he tied the steering lever in position, binding it to the winding stem of the clock on the instrument board. Then, relieved for the moment of the necessity of steering the car, which was still running true to its established orbit, he opened the door to his left and stood on the running board. He called a farewell order to Lily:

"Lay down, goat, an' stay whah you is! Behave yo'self whilst I saves my life back at dat saloon. Afteh while I gits somebody whut knows how to stop dese heah travelin' dawg fights an' comes back."

He shut his eyes and leaped. A moment later he was gratified to discover, when he unrolled himself, that his thirst was still intact.

He stood like a circus trainer in the center of the circle around which the car was running, and then his dreams of immediate indulgence in liquid pleasures were shattered by the sight of the mascot goat, erect now on all four legs and nibbling at the string which bound the steering lever in position.

"Lay off dat string!" the Wildcat yelled. "Quit eatin' dat shoe string befo' you rides to hell in dat rollin' dawg fight."

His words were in vain, and his admonition ended about the time Lily succeeded in severing the luscious shoe string. The car headed square across the adjoining highway, straightened out of its circle and began a staggering path to whatever perdition might await it in the surrounding territory.

With one jump, actuated by an impulse to rescue his mascot, the Wildcat was galvanized into racing action. He bore down upon the car and leaped for the running board. His fingers clutched at the handle of the door and he realized that he had gained his goal. He rested for a moment, and then with the skill of a contortionist he edged around the open door and regained his place in the driver's seat of the wandering vehicle. He showered down a series of hearty oaths upon his four-legged mascot, and then straightening out his course he steered for the highway.

Ten seconds later, starting back through the town which he had so recently escaped, he began to use all his mental faculties for wishing purposes, because, lining the narrow road before him and headed toward him, trotting along and bellowing under a cloud of dust, urged by the fervent cries of half a dozen Mexican cow-punchers, there appeared a herd of longhorned beef cattle. In the rapidly lessening space that lay between the Wildcat and the oncoming turmoil the Wildcat reviewed most of his early life, maintaining the while a side line of supplications to Lady Luck.

He tried in vain to turn the car around in the narrow street. He called into play all the first-aid facilities which his early religious training had afforded. He discarded these, when the gap had shortened to a hundred feet, in favor of a tense prayer to the white man who had never failed him.

"Cap'n Jack, whah at is you? Come an' git me an' Lily befo' you 'views de remains!"

Then instinctively, seeming to hear Captain Jack's command thundering in his ears, he swung the steering handle hard over and columned-left down a narrow alley lined on both sides with a collection of low adobe houses.

In this tortuous channel there was no time for reflecting upon his luck in escaping collision with the trotting steers. The alley was paved with cobblestones. It was a blind lead, without intersections, and it ran its staggering course, barely wide enough for a bootlegger's truck, to the back wall of the Full House Saloon.

The Wildcat got his first view of the back wall of the Full House establishment when he rounded a sharp curve. Then and there he disclaimed all responsibility for whatever further curses Old Man Trouble might inflict.

As far as he was personally concerned, he had gorged himself on his menu of misery. He was fed up.

He reached over quickly, while the fender of the car was yet twenty feet away from the pine boards that formed the back wall of the saloon, and shoved Lily down to the floor of the car.

"Lay low, fool, whilst yo' pussonal fragments mingles wid dis scenery!"

His words were followed by the impact of the collision, and then in a crash of splintering pine, punctuated by the shrill screeching of dry nails breaking contact with the wood about them, the car plowed its way through the back wall of the Full House.

Groggy, but still in the ring, it headed across the open area in front of the long bar. It plowed a furrow through a milling mass of leaping patrons of the establishment whose record-breaking jumps landed them in the sanctuary of various gambling layouts to the left.

The front wall of the Full House was laid up in adobe bricks. The wall was two feet thick. Against this wall the Wildcat ended his ride.

He opened his eyes and looked about him. The tumult of the dog fight had died out in the paunch of the car and the voices of the surging crowd subsided to where the bleating of the mascot goat sounded above the dwindling chorus.

The Wildcat opened the door of the car. He stepped down from the driver's seat and turned instinctively to the bar. At the moment he was the calmest member of the assemblage. He fished around in his pocket and hauled out a dime. He laid the dime on the bar.

"Cap'n, suh," he said to the bartender before him, "us craves a glass of beer. Seems like some real cool beer sho' might taste noble during dis hot spell."

For ten minutes thereafter the hot spell got hotter, and the heat was induced by the high-tension language which burned from the superheated vocabulary of the proprietor of the Full House Saloon; but when the local excitement had resulted in an immediate and abnormal increase in trade, occasioned by an influx of interested citizens, the Wildcat's sentence was reduced from sudden death to the cost of repairing the shattered back wall of the saloon.

An impromptu and inexpert jury appraised the cost of repairs and its report was relayed to the Wildcat, who was just then enjoying his third glass of beer. He set the empty glass on the bar and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

"Hund'ed dollahs! Cap'n, suh, I ain't got no hund'ed dollahs. All I got left is mebbe fo' bits."

Then it appeared that by several profane deities the brimstone cost of repairing the qualified wall would be worked out by the invader, or else, looming large in the immediate future, a first-class sun-kissed calaboose might shelter the beer-craving protégé of the absent Lady Luck.

"Cap'n, yas-suh! Me an' Lily sho' glad to work fo' you heah till us pays fo' de damage. Whut job of work does you crave us to do?"

The proprietor of the Full House had but one job to offer.

"Cleanin' up round here heavyweight swamper, and on the job wrastling beer kegs."

Heaven has varying definitions. Inwardly the Wildcat felt a glow of contentment at the good fortune which had imposed itself upon him under an assumed name.

"Cap'n, yas-suh! Whah at is dese beer kegs?"

"The bartenders will tell you. Whatever they say, you do—for a full month! A month's work is worth a hundred dollars to me."

The Wildcat figured that a month's work in a cool saloon, with a free-lunch annex, was worth a million dollars; but except for agreeing heartily to everything the white man said he offered no comment, because the resumption of business about the gambling tables included a distracting solo of encouragement directed toward a pair of dice.

The invader's fingers began to itch. It looked like Lady Luck might be presiding over his immediate future. By the time the white man had pronounced sentence upon him his attention was divided, fifty-fifty, between the white man's words and the chorus of phrases that followed the spotted-fever cubes on their tumbling expeditions across the green cloth of the table about which the crap-shooting conclave was in session.

The Wildcat twisted his left foot, aiming it instinctively toward the crap game, and when the proprietor of the Full House turned away the four-bit financier dwindled out of the picture to emerge life-size a moment later in the circle of frenzied freckle cravers.

Until his opportunity came to declare himself with the humility appropriate to a fifty-cent bet he made himself as inconspicuous as possible, and then when the moment came that marked new ownership of the dice he addressed his modest declaration to the hard-boiled banker:

"Shoots fo' bits! Starts middlin' small an' builds up big."

The dice that rolled toward him seemed to linger in his hand only long enough to receive a new impulse that carried them rattling against the barrier on the far side of the table, but when their legend became legible they displayed the first seven of an unbroken series that was interrupted on the fifth pass by a pair of fours.

"Fo' an' fo'! Eight me, Lady Luck, fo' eight dollahs! Two balloons! Naught and naught, git froze! Dat's six, an' Ise buildin' up. Jump de seven, Decatur devils! Whuff, an' I reads six an' a two. Shoots de sixteen! Fade me, bank man, whilst de one an' six parades!"

The bank man faded the sixteen. With his thumb the Wildcat twisted the twin cubes along the tips of his fingers.

"Pale and painful! Bam, an' I reads six-ace! Seven is sufficient! Thirty-two dollahs! Ise a self-startin' Wilecat an' I shoots thirty-two! Shower down yo' money, brotheh, whilst us 'sass'nates one mo' seven. Ise seeded wid sevens an' I aims to sprout."

The thirty-two was showered down and the self-starter resumed his activity.

"Poor dice, open on seven! Wham! Dey closes on four-three! De seven seed sprouts de money crop an' I reaps sixty an' fo'."

The Wildcat stored away the ragged end of his winnings and began his second round of the battle with a fifty-dollar bet.

"Shoots de fifty, proud an' pritty! Fade an' fall back! Ise a rollin' dawg house an' I kain't stop. Ise dawg twins an' my name is five-six. Sick 'em, five! Pay-roll dice, roll yo' pay! Wham, an' de spotted fever reveals de six-five! I lets it lay. Shoots de hund'ed! Shower down, bank man, dat's it! Greenbacks, meet yo' twins! Bone babies, 'filiate fren'ly wid de five-six. 'Leven I craves. Lady Luck, boon me! Crazy bones, hit yo' point! Whuff, an' de smilin' six and a fren'ly five sez two hund'ed frog skins!"

The owner of the frog-skin money let it lay until the banker covered the bet.

"Handy dice, repeat an' rest! Shoots de two hund'ed an' retreats! Fade me befo' I fades away—dat's it, two hund'ed! Reapin' babies, harvest yo' heaven wid a last-time seven! Stand back, folks, whilst dese spotted houn' dawgs ketches dat rabbit money!

"Way down heah whah de sevens bloom,
I craves me lots of elbone room;
Baptized once but backslid twice,
I kneels an' prays to the agile dice.

"Bam! Count de votes! Civil Wah said de slave wuz free—in sixty-one. Six-one—dat's seven!"

The Wildcat picked up his four-hundred-dollar stack of currency and stored it away. He turned to his mascot goat:

"Hot dam, Lily, now us kin buy us free! Life, lib'rality an' bokoo beer—dat's my slogum. Come heah wid me whilst us settles wid dis saloon cap'n fo' de damage dat sunburned dawg house done whilst prowlin' in de back wall."

57

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup makes everything on the table taste better. It's bound to—made of only luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, pure granulated sugar, the purest of spices—and cooked and seasoned in Heinz spotless kitchens.

HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup

To make children strong and vigorous

Yeast contains an element that children need—an element that increases the appetite, aids digestion and helps to change food into healthy tissues and bodily vigor.

If your child is thin, undernourished and seldom has a hearty appetite, give him Yeast Foam Tablets for a while. Have him eat them *regularly* and see if he doesn't soon eat more, look better and feel stronger and more energetic.

Yeast Foam Tablets are a tonic food—not a drug or medicine. They are made of selected yeast, dehydrated and pasteurized. Therefore they do not cause gas. This makes them a safe and ideal preparation for children. They are easy and pleasant to take—children like the flavor. Also recommended as a tonic food for adults.

Sold by druggists and made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

Yeast Foam Tablets

A Tonic Food

Send for FREE SAMPLE—25c Value

Name

Address

Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

He sought the proprietor of the saloon and forthwith bought himself free from his new job with a proffered handful of bank notes.

"Cap'n, suh, Ise counted a hund'ed dollahs in heah, an' I sho' is sorry about de buildin' gittin' bruised wid dat hell-bound autobeel.

"Kin you tell me, please suh, whah at us kin find some boy whut kin drive dat nonstop demon back to de lady in Sam Dago what owns it?"

The proprietor, pacified by the proffered cash, directed the Wildcat to a garage among whose experts in plain-and-fancy mechanical problems were numbered half a dozen men capable of controlling the San Diego lady's car.

Half an hour later, bearing no visible traces of the accident except a few quickly drying areas of enamel, Mrs. Felton's car was headed back toward its owner's residence in San Diego.

Neatly folded in a package on the rear seat lay the maroon uniform, minus the strip of service ribbons which had embellished the coat, and in the driver's pocket was ten dollars to compensate Mrs. Felton for the railroad fare she had advanced the Wildcat in Los Angeles.

The service ribbons were just then in the pocket of a newly purchased suit of overalls which adorned the Wildcat's anatomy. The overalls were three sizes too large for him, but this condition was a deliberate choice on the Wildcat's part.

"Us likes 'em plenty big, cap'n, suh," he had explained to the man in the store where he purchased his new costume. "Dis heah cool beer an' hot lunch is mighty bulgin', an' I aims to bulge me plenty whilst I kin. Dis beer drinkin' is zackly like dat ol' 'lectric show case whut kidnaped me an' Lily out of Sam Dago—starts easy whah you least expects an' kain't hardly be stopped."

LO, THE POOR AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 9

To be sure, this beatific vision is as yet unrealized. In most parts of these United States the north European stocks still dominate and set the tone. However, there are harbingers of a better morrow. Here, for example, is how New England looks through radical spectacles: Withering; the shell of its old self; sterile, and—passing. "Out of the aristocratic mansions of Salem and Newburyport and the weathered farmhouses along the roads now peer the swarthy faces of aliens of many races." The old stock is decreasing to a handful amid these lusty new swarms. And, concludes our radical commentator complacently, it is well, for these swarthy swarms will endow New England with a life, joy, and so on, unknown to its crabbed, Puritan, Anglo-Saxon past.

It is precisely this Anglo-Saxon past—and its present-day fruits—which, to the radical critic, is such a stumbling block to progress. Our history is muckraked in good thorough fashion. The radical historian assures us that the Thirteen Colonies were settled from rather sordid economic motives, while the Fathers of the Republic are described as having been concerned chiefly with sanctifying privileged private property and only incidentally with such matters as liberty.

Native Americans in Ohio

As for the settlement of the West, it is described as having been from start to finish a decidedly messy process, destroying better things than those it brought into being. Consider the settlement of Ohio, as portrayed by a writer in the columns of the New York Nation. Before "we white men and New Englanders got in there and went to work," asserts this writer, Ohio was a terrestrial paradise, inhabited by interesting Indians, idealistic French explorers, and picturesque half-breed *voyageurs*. Unfortunately "we God-fearing men" broke in upon this idyll, "and rolled up our sleeves, and got right down to the business of making a good, up-and-coming, Middle-Western American State out of it. And, thank goodness, we had the old pep in us to do it. We original northern Ohio men were mostly New Englanders and we came out of cold, stony New England and over the rocky hills of northern New York to get into Ohio. I suppose the hardship we endured before we got into Ohio was what helped us to hang right ahead and cut down trees and build railroads and whang the Indians over the heads with our picks and shovels and put up churches and later start the anti-saloon league and all the other splendid things we have done."

These "other splendid things" are described by the writer as ugly cities, dirty dumps, Rotary Clubs, and a general ruination of the above-mentioned terrestrial paradise. The writer concludes by stating that, though a few unspoiled spots remain in out-of-the-way corners, he doesn't see "why what such cities as Cleveland and Cincinnati have done to knock dreaminess and natural beauty of scene galley-west can't be done also by all the smaller towns and cities pretty fast now. What I'm sure is they can do it if the old New England stock hasn't worn out and if they keep out foreign influences all they can. And even the farmers can make their places out in the country look more modern and like the slums of a good live city like Chicago or Cleveland if they'll only pep up and work a little harder this fall when the crops are laid by."

Such are the works of the native American in Ohio, as seen through radical eyes. And wherever he has gone, according to these critics, his activities have been no less banal and unfortunate. Take this description of the American settlement of southern California: "The preëmpting by these people of southern California, a land drenched in sunshine and fragrance and sensuous, languorous beauty, is poignant irony. Contemplating one of their towns, with its trim bungalows and shrewd Yankee faces and many churches, it is easy to conjure up the ghostly figure of an ancient caballero, sitting gracefully in his saddle under the moon, a brown-paper cigarette in his lips, long tapaderos brushing the ground, the moonlight glistening on the heavy silver trimmings of his bridle, gazing scornfully, wonderingly, sadly down from a hilltop over the electric-lighted rectangles of these victorious aliens. In a short generation they have wiped out a Homeric society of Latins and Indians and replaced it with a Gopher Prairie de Luxe."

These are merely typical samples of a considerable body of literature systematically disparaging men and matters American, and conversely exalting pretty much everything novel or alien.

Now what does this mean? In part, of course, it means the protest of certain youthful idealists against the more matter-of-fact aspects of our civilization; in part, again, it means a phase of that militant unrest which extends throughout the world and is directed against the whole existing world order.

But there is yet another aspect of the matter, which has a very special American significance. These radical critics of America are in large measure the spokesmen of the unassimilated and refractory elements in our population. The events of the past decade have revealed with disconcerting forcefulness what few persons had previously realized—the fact that a considerable proportion of the more recent immigrant arrivals on our shores are not being harmoniously welded into our national life. The shibboleth of the melting pot is today pretty well discredited. That theory could hold water only as long as most of our immigrants were north Europeans, people of the same racial stocks as the old colonial population, with the same temperaments, the same inborn impulses and much the same traditional and cultural backgrounds. Such people could, and did, understand our ideas and institutions; could, and did, sympathize with our ideals; could, and did, rapidly fuse with us and become genuinely part and parcel of ourselves—if not at once, at least after one or two generations.

The Pull of Heredity

Far different has it been with the newer immigrant stocks from southern and eastern Europe and western Asia. These people, sundered from the older stocks not only by widely different traditions and cultures but also by the even deeper gulfs of race, could not, and did not, fit readily into the fabric of American life. We used to think that, though the original immigrants might remain largely alien in spirit, the next generation, born in America, would be fully assimilated. We know that, broadly speaking, this has not been the case. A considerable minority of the newer stocks have, to be sure, been thus assimilated. But the majority even of the American-born members of these stocks remain more or less alien. They have, it is true, mostly lost their ancestral languages and cultures, speak English, and in many cases profess an ardent Americanism. But the pull of heredity is not easily modified, and instinctive reactions of temperament and inborn impulse make their attitude toward America necessarily very different from that of the children of immigrants from north European stocks.

The north European comes to us predisposed by his heredity to understand and to sympathize with the civilization that his kinsfolk have built up in America. The south and east European—and still more the western Asiatic—are not thus predisposed. Much of our American life is, to these people, incomprehensible or even distasteful. They react instinctively against such things, and thus tend to become, as one writer has well phrased it, "American citizens but not Americans."

Such is the psychology of what some sociologists aptly term the New American. The New American is already a grave problem that will become more insistent as time goes on because his attitude tends rapidly to become more positive and aggressive in character. The original immigrant, however incomprehensible or repugnant America may be to him, can content himself with a negative protest, consoling himself by withdrawal into the haven of his group, language and traditions. But his children, discarding these things as they usually do, have no such refuge. Accordingly they tend to voice their discontent in positive fashion by seeking to change their American environment and mold it to their liking.

Ignoring the Facts

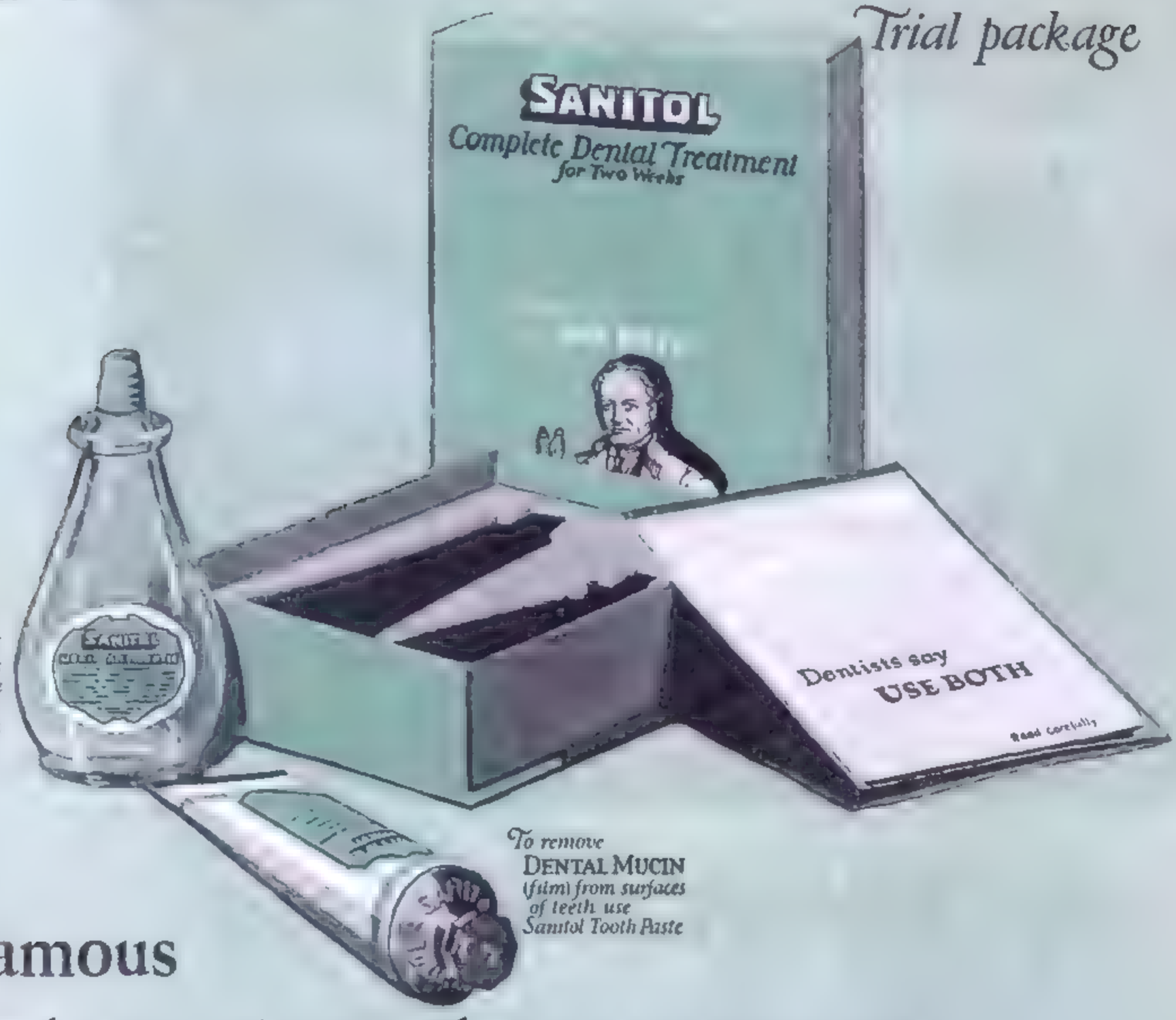
However, they soon discover that this is no easy matter. America is not a wilderness plastic to the latest touch; it is a settled country with traditions extending back three centuries and with a resident population deeply attached to those traditions and determined to develop them along traditional lines. Thus balked in his desires, the New American's discontent increases and he is apt to transfer his dislike from things—ideas and institutions—to persons—the dominant native American. Here we have the secret of current protests against Anglo-Saxonism, and corresponding insistence upon America's hybrid character. The New American frequently asserts with great vehemence that America is not an Anglo-Saxon country and that he is in revolt against the existence of an Anglo-Saxon intellectual aristocracy. Not long ago a prominent member of a certain east European racial group stated: "This country is not a 'nation.' It is a gathering together of peoples from every corner of the earth. No one racial group, no matter how early settled in this country, can furnish more than one note in this vast symphony of nations." To hear some of these protesting gentlemen one would think that America had no history, no traditions, no coherent fabric of civilization, but that all of us had been dumped down together at Ellis Island a few short years ago.

Of course such mere ignoring of obvious facts is a bit too crude for the more reflective and sophisticated among our unassimilated fellow citizens. These persons accordingly voice their dislikes in more subtle fashion. Since traditional America does exist and cannot be blinked away, it should be discredited. That is the root idea which inspires much of the new muckrake literature portraying American life as banal, materialistic, and sadly in need of sweeping change. At this point the unassimilated join hands with the disgruntled idealists and militant radicals of the older stocks—the upshot being the propaganda today going the rounds of our radical press, examples of which I have already quoted.

This propaganda will probably increase rather than diminish in the immediate future. And in many ways that may be a

(Continued on Page 61)

Dentists say USE BOTH
Now TRY BOTH!



This famous
Complete dental treatment
mailed on receipt of ten cents

WHY are dentists recommending two cleansers—tooth paste *and* liquid antiseptic—why?

There are two vital reasons.

Two destructive forces are constantly attacking your teeth.

One works openly on the surfaces. It is called dental mucin. This is the ugly yellow deposit that mars the beauty of your teeth.

The other force is acid-decay which works secretly out of reach of tooth brush in tiny pockets and crevices. It is the acids caused by fermentation of food particles which lodge between teeth. This is the prime cause of tooth decay.

Double protection

The Sanitol complete dental treatment protects your teeth in two ways.

Sanitol Tooth Paste softens the dental mucin or film by means of its glycerine content. Then the dental chalk in Sanitol completely clears the mucin away. Very soon the natural whiteness of the enamel, which has temporarily been covered by the yellowing deposit is restored to your teeth.

Check acid-decay

Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic floods into the tiny spaces between teeth, washes out particles of food and counteracts the acids of fermentation with its purifying antiseptics. Besides, it hardens the gums, and lends a delightful fragrance to the breath.

You will be surprised to find that the cost of both Sanitol Tooth Paste and Liquid Antiseptic is probably no more than you are now paying for tooth paste alone. At all drug and department stores, 25c each. Insure the beauty and health of your teeth. Delightfully refreshing. Use the coupon. Try both!

Makers of the famous Sanitol Tooth Powder and other toilet preparations

MAIL TODAY! Try both!

The "Complete Dental Treatment"

Two weeks' protection from dental mucin and acid decay. This trial package contains generous sizes of both Sanitol Tooth Paste and Liquid Antiseptic. Enclose 10c in coin or postage. Mail to Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., 404 South 4th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

49

My Westcott Brougham

For years, Westcott owners have been saying "My Westcott" not only with pride but with a feeling of genuine friendliness and affection.

If you have never had a feeling of personal friendship for your car, you have missed a large part of the real joy of car ownership. For a car today is a man's most intimate possession, his constant companion in business and pleasure.

The new Westcott Brougham, illustrated above, embodies to an unusual degree rare beauty and grace of line, combined with comfort and the sturdy durability for which the Westcott Chassis has been famous for more than a decade.

Mark the great wide doors—the extra leg room in both front and rear compartments—the exclusive advanced method of windshield ventilation—the touring trunk and luxurious upholstery and fittings. But most important are the sensations experienced behind the wheel—the almost unbelievable ease of control—the feathery, positive brake action—the seventeen-foot turning radius. These are but a few of the characteristics that give the Westcott Brougham a distinctive pleasing personality which inspires and holds real friendship through many years of service.

Five Passenger Models—Standard Touring, $1690; Special Touring, $1890; Brougham, (including trunk) $2490; Sedan, $2490; Special Sedan, $2690.

Seven Passenger Models—Standard Touring, $1990; Special Touring, $2190.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

(Continued from Page 58)

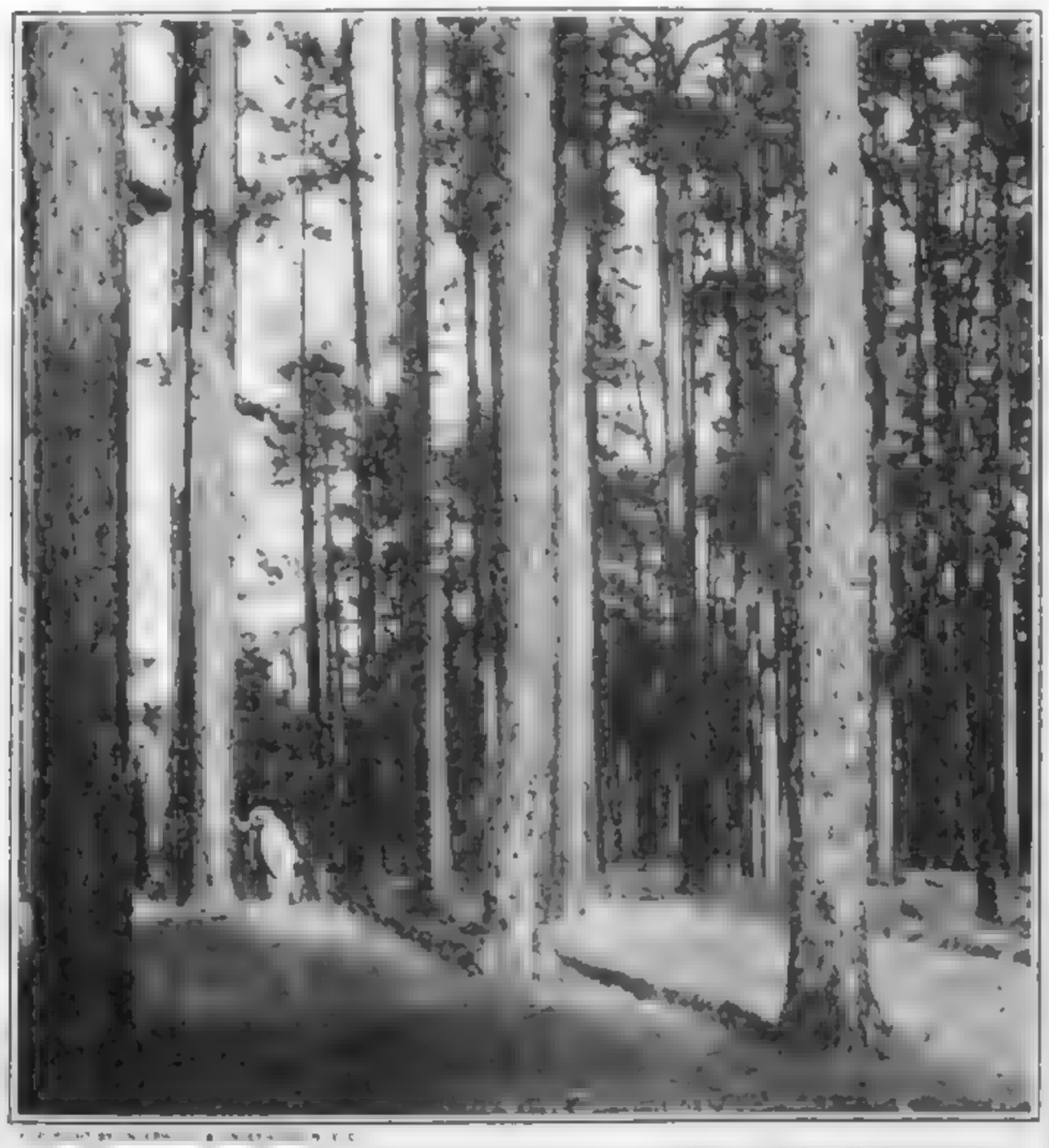
good thing. Granted that such divergences exist, the best way is to trot them out in the open, where they can be clearly seen and frankly discussed. Only—genuine understanding of facts, common sense and mutual tolerance are needed, lest a fruitful discussion degenerate into mere rhetoric or even into a row. We Americans of the older stocks must realize that our unassimilated critics are moved not by mere cussedness but by intellectual and emotional urges perfectly natural in themselves. We should, in fact, welcome criticism that may portray our civilization from new viewpoints and thus enable us to detect shortcomings to which we may have been blind or of which we may have been insufficiently aware.

But our critics must likewise realize and respect our thoughts and feelings. They must realize that some of the things which to them are incomprehensible or even repugnant may to us be treasures which we do not intend to forgo. And they may as well understand this once and for all we Americans of the north European stocks intend to have the last word. It is our blood that wrested America from the wilderness and the savage, won its freedom and built up its civilization. That civilization is now nearly three hundred years old. It had attained the fair maturity of two good centuries when the newer immigrant stocks began to come to us some forty or fifty years ago. The New American must recognize the stubborn fact of this Old America. However much he may dislike some of its aspects, he must come to realize that these can be changed only by mutual consent. We older Americans will not be browbeaten into scrapping one jot or tittle of our handiwork until we are convinced that it should be done.

And, finally, the New American should realize that those self-appointed radical champions of his who so laud him and so belittle us are doing him a grave disservice. If the north European stocks once come to believe that they and their ideals are really challenged by a combination of radical and unassimilated alien elements they will draw together in instinctive self-defense and will exert a power that will be irresistible. For, in the last analysis, it is the north European stocks which constitute the predominant force in America. The most cursory analysis of our racial make-up proves this in striking fashion. According to the census of 1920 the white population of the United States was a trifle under 95,000,000. Of these fully 40,000,000 were descended from the old colonial stock—which was, of course, almost wholly Nordic north European in race—while another 40,000,000 of our population were of the same or kindred north European stocks, the great majority being either fully assimilated or in rapid process of assimilation. Only 14,000,000 or 15,000,000 of our population belong to the newer elements from eastern and southern Europe and the Levantine fringe of Asia. To be sure, these newer elements are today increasing relatively faster than the older stocks, owing both to their higher birth rates and to accessions by immigration. Nevertheless, they are still a decided minority, which will be unlikely to gain very greatly at the expense of the older stocks now that our gates have been closed to further wholesale immigration. In fact, our recent immigration-restriction laws are a striking proof of north European racial ascendancy in America. The passage of those laws was fought tooth and nail, not only by the newer immigrant groups but also by very powerful economic influences like the steamship lobby and industrial interests eager for cheap labor. Nevertheless, the majority of north European descent had made up their minds that wholesale immigration was a bad thing—and the restriction laws went over with a bang!

So far as can now be judged, therefore, America is going to remain predominantly north European in race, ideals and institutions. That is a fact which should be clearly grasped by those unassimilated persons who dislike certain aspects of our civilization. Whatever changes they desire can be made only by the friendly assent of the older stocks. Certainly any widespread indorsement, by unassimilated groups, of the anti-native American propaganda now being conducted in radical circles would be an extremely shortsighted proceeding. It might be good for the radical agitators, who seek to stimulate the discontents on which they thrive. For their indorsers, however, it would mean the denial or long adjournment of the very changes these latter seek to bring about, because such action on their part would stir up in most uncompromising form precisely that native Americanism against which they now protest.

America is faced with many problems, not the least of them being the genuine incorporation of its newer racial elements into its national life. But that problem will be solved only by a clear understanding of facts as they are. It will be merely muddled by peevish propagandas springing from vain discontent or uncritical emotion.



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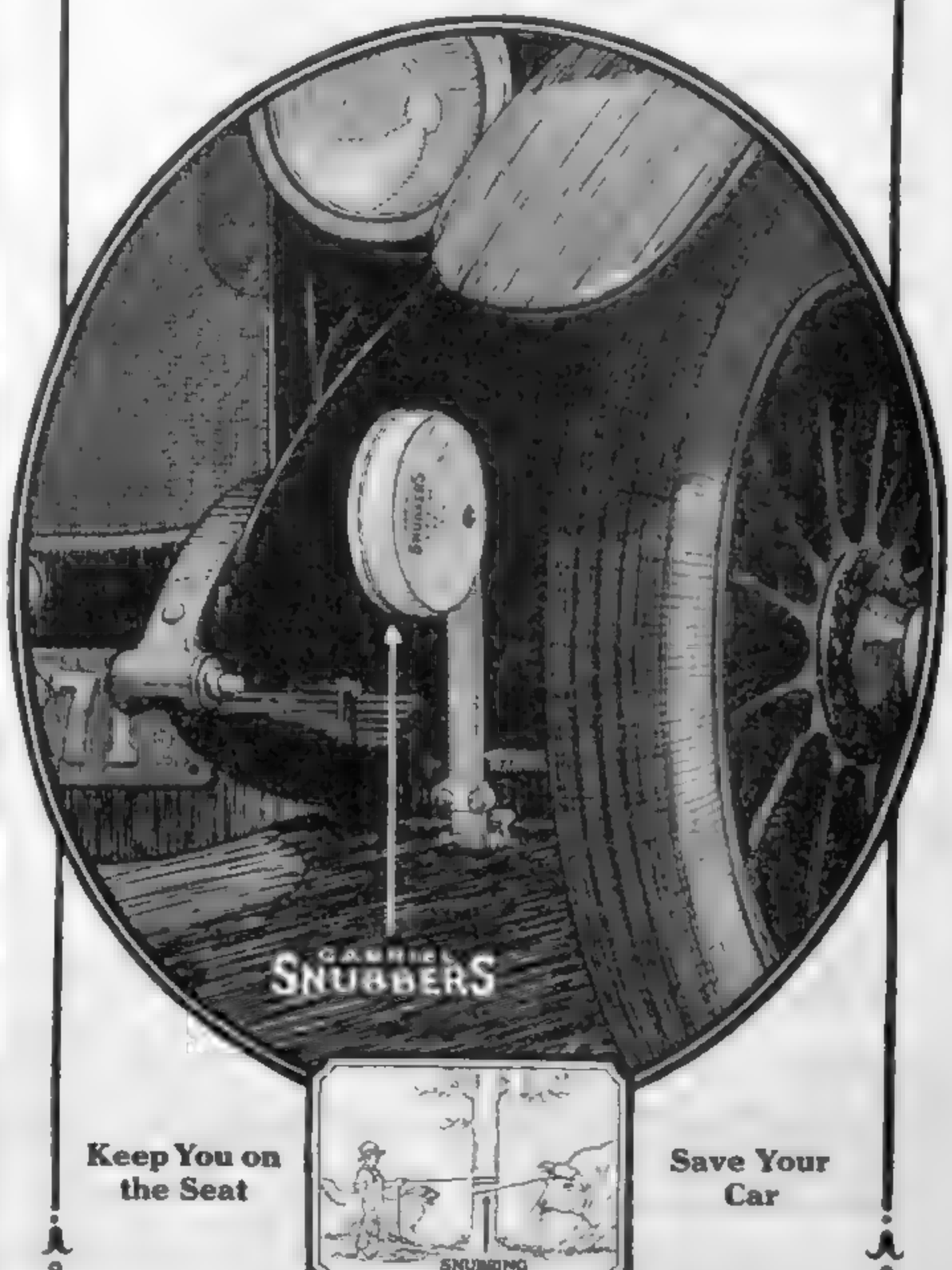

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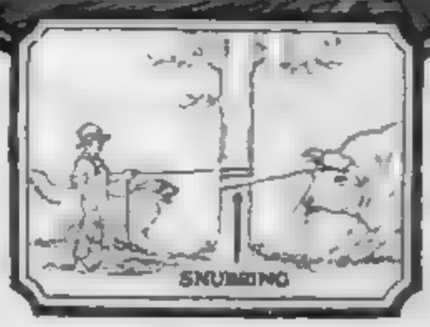

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Buy a tin today—try a pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco can be.

Now 15¢

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

THE PARAGON

(Continued from Page 7)

"In a manner of speaking, My Lady, that is so." Dawley might have been addressing his fellow peers in the House of Lords, so high was his dignity. "Mr. Chiltern has asked my advice from time to time."

"Which, apparently, he has been unwise enough to follow."

Dawley bowed slightly. Dignity forbade any other reply.

His master replied for him. Laying by for a moment the trout fly with which his restless fingers were again busy, he said, "Only too glad, I assure you, Polly, to have Dawley's advice at any time. Pity is, I don't always take it."

Lady Cloverfield was content to express disgust by a shrug of the shoulder. Otherwise she ignored the squire.

"I believe," she said icily to the servant, "you have had the help of a Mr.—a Mr. —"

"A Mr. Phelps, My Lady?"

"The help of a Mr. Phelps in these transactions."

"That is so, My Lady. All the arrangements for the mortgaging of The Chase, the park in which it stands, the furniture, the wine cellar and other personal effects, have been negotiated by the firm of solicitors of which Mr. Phelps is a managing partner."

"Local people, I presume?"

"As you say, My Lady, local people. But a firm of excellent standing."

"Humph!" was Lady Cloverfield's only concession to the firm's excellent standing. "You seem to have muddled things finely between you. One of the show places of the county going for a song! You mayn't be aware that Mr. Chiltern's family has occupied this house since the Middle Ages?"

"Oh, yes, My Lady, quite! According to Thorp's Antiquities of Parkshire, if I may have the freedom to mention it, The Chase was built in the years 1307–8 by a Mr. John Chiltern for his personal occupation."

"And now, at a moment's notice, Mr. George Chiltern is to have the roof sold over his head. A nice thing! But if Mr. Chiltern is so ill-advised as to place his affairs in such hands, what can he expect?"

The squire was clearly a little bored by the topic, but at these words he suspended operations with the trout fly once more.

"Polly, I have entire confidence in Dawley's judgment and integrity."

Again Lady Cloverfield ignored the squire. The worth of Dawley's judgment should have been clear to the meanest capacity. As for his integrity, that was a problem into which she was about to probe. The more she considered the matter, the less she liked it. Prima facie, this man was a rogue or he was a fool! But if that subtle face meant anything there could be little doubt as to the category in which he belonged. If her suspicions could be proved it should go hard with this plausible scoundrel.

Quoth the iceberg: "Perhaps you'll be good enough to give me the address of the solicitors who have this matter in hand."

"With great pleasure, My Lady." Machiavelli urbanely produced a small address book, neatly bound in red morocco, from an inner pocket of his faultless black cutaway. "I will write it down for Your Ladyship."

He crossed to the writing table, put on a pair of horn spectacles, which enabled him to add the look of a prime minister to the air of one which he had already acquired. In a bold firm hand he wrote.

PHELPS, MORTIMER, NESS & PHELPS
56, HIGH STREET
CUTTISHAM
AND AT MARKET TOWNLEY

This information was handed to the visitor with the smile she so much disliked.

"Thank you," she said.

It was a very dry thank you. Lady Cloverfield put up her *lorgnon*, although she didn't need it really. Yes, her prophetic soul! A pack of country attorneys! The old rascal might well wear that smile.

"Make an appointment for me with this Mr. Phelps at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll do so now, My Lady, if you'll kindly excuse me while I go to the telephone."

Before Machiavelli could get to the telephone, however, which was in another room, he was detained.

"One moment, Dawley." He was no farther than the gun-room door. "Can you give me the name of the people who hold the mortgages on this property?"

For the fraction of an instant—it was hardly more than that—Machiavelli stood to consider the matter.

"Yes, My Lady, I think I am in a position to furnish the information you require."

Machiavelli again consulted his little book.

"The property, My Lady, has been transferred to Messrs. Evans & Dawley, Limited, dealers in antiques and the fine arts, 19A, Old Bond Street, London, W."

IV

THE atmosphere around the Countess Dowager became so congealed that the squire, who for five minutes past had given undivided attention to his trout flies, varied the proceedings a little by suddenly ordering Dawley to put a match to the fire.

Instantly the paragon did so. He was down on his knees, and had the wood fire crackling almost before you could say knife.

Such efficiency did not impair his dignity in any degree. A young footman could not have done the job so quickly and so well without coming down from his pedestal. But this was a past grand master, who at the word of the squire might have walked on his hands or stood on his head without loss of plumage.

In something under thirty seconds Dawley rose from his knees. A *lorgnon* with a tortoise-shell handle confronted him. Within, like a dragon in a cave, glared a Gorgon's stony eye.

"Evans & Dawley, Bond Street, I think you said?"

"Yes, My Lady."

"I happen to know the firm."

"A small world, My Lady."

"The other day I wished to buy from these people a chaise longue; but the price they asked was quite prohibitive."

"I feel quite sure, My Lady, the firm in question would not ask a price above the intrinsic worth of the article."

"Then you have more confidence in them than I have."

She looked at Machiavelli. But that master of diplomacy did not return the glance.

Evans & Dawley! The name when it had first caught her eye had seemed oddly familiar. Was this merely the long arm of coincidence? Or was it —

She couldn't help shivering a little.

"Tell me, Dawley, do you happen to have an interest in this firm?"

This was a leading question, which, just for a moment, it looked as if the paragon would not be able to answer. But the pause hardly amounted to hesitation before it was imperturbably filled.

"In a manner of speaking, My Lady, I have."

Yes, her prophetic soul!

"Do you mean to say you are the Dawley of Evans & Dawley?"

The question was not wholly ironical. One heard of such odd things nowadays, times had altered so. Even one's butler might own a business in Bond Street under the rose.

"Not exactly, My Lady."

"What do you mean by 'not exactly'? You are or you aren't."

A further moment of pause, and then Machiavelli said softly, "The Dawley, My Lady, is my son John."

Yes, her prophetic soul! The eye of the Gorgon seemed to go right through the man and come out on the other side.

"Do I understand that your son John Dawley has been allowed to hold a lien on this estate?"

Machiavelli's reply had a touch of pardonable pride:

"The firm, My Lady, with which he is associated was good enough to advance twenty-five thousand pounds at 4 per cent per annum."

Lady Cloverfield gasped.

"Good enough! And the same people have also been good enough to foreclose almost at a moment's notice!"

"The interest on the loan is a full three months overdue, My Lady."

"And by that means these people have now possessed themselves on their own terms of a property of great value."

Dawley dissented delicately.

"The terms, My Lady, were the subject of negotiation between Messrs. Evans & Dawley and Mr. Chiltern's legal advisers. At the time the transaction was entered upon it appeared quite reasonable, from the point of view of both parties."

"No doubt. But if Mr. Chiltern is wise he will now have it reviewed by the best legal advice."

Machiavelli's pause certainly amounted to hesitation now. Finally he said, "For my own part, I agree with Your Ladyship. Personally, I shall welcome such an inquiry."

The eye of the Gorgon gave the old fox the lie direct.

"Somehow I don't think you'll run unnecessary risks."

"Risks, My Lady?" Dawley's innocence was bland, cherubic.

"The word is used advisedly, as I believe the lawyers say. For I may tell you, my man, that if, after careful investigation, I find the least irregularity in this matter I shall not rest until it is in the hands of the police."

V

SOME words of the English language have a high voltage. Their power of impact, no matter how discreet the use, is like that of an explosive. Among these is the word "police." Lady Cloverfield did not raise her voice, but the word "police" hit the drum of the squire's ear as if shot from an air gun. He laid down his book of flies. The fair, open countenance grew heavily overcast.

"Stuff and nonsense you're talking, ain't you, Polly? Matter quite in order. I've had every penny of the money. My lawyer people thought the deal quite fair, considerin' the nature of the security, and houses and land such a drug in the market."

"But, my dear George ——"

The squire shook a head that could be as obstinate as most people's.

"I'm quite satisfied. Much obliged for Dawley's services. My dear girl, don't let us cry over spilled milk!"

"You talk like a fool, George." To her mind the chicanery was so plain that she could no longer choose her words. "Why, I believe these pictures and bric-a-brac alone are more than worth the money!"

"That I can't say. The cash was needed in a hurry, and we had a couple of experts from town to go over everything."

"Did they make an offer?"

"They said the stuff would take time to realize, and even then the price it would fetch must depend on the state of the market."

"These precious experts were, I suppose, dealers themselves?"

"Oh, yes," said the bored voice.

"Just what one might expect. Their regular formula, of course, in such cases. By the way, can you remember the names of these people?"

"Their names? Why, yes!" The squire had begun at last to match his sister-in-law's asperity with a little of his own. "And, having regard to the fact that one of these dealer fellows was Dawley's own son, and the other, as I understand, a partner in his firm, it goes without saying that I have the fullest confidence in their judgment."

For a moment Lady Cloverfield threatened to explode. Dawley's mind was not imaginative, but he would not have been surprised to see her go up in a cloud. The squire, whose mind was not imaginative, either, fully shared this feeling. Moreover, he hoped for the worst. He was getting so fed up with Polly and her interference between master and man that he rather hoped she might go off with a pop and that science would never be able to reassemble the fragments.

Nature, however, seems to make special provision for confoundedly meddlesome females. The squire continued to hope, but the expected did not happen.

Gently sighing, he turned once more to his book of flies.

VI

"PARDON my returning to the subject, My Lady, but you were speaking just now of a chaise longue."

"I was."

"Is it covered in green silk, may I ask, and curved, as you might say, like a Cupid's bow?"

(Continued on Page 64

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3⅛	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in Light 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	8
Reed Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	10
Trapshooting	3	1-¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

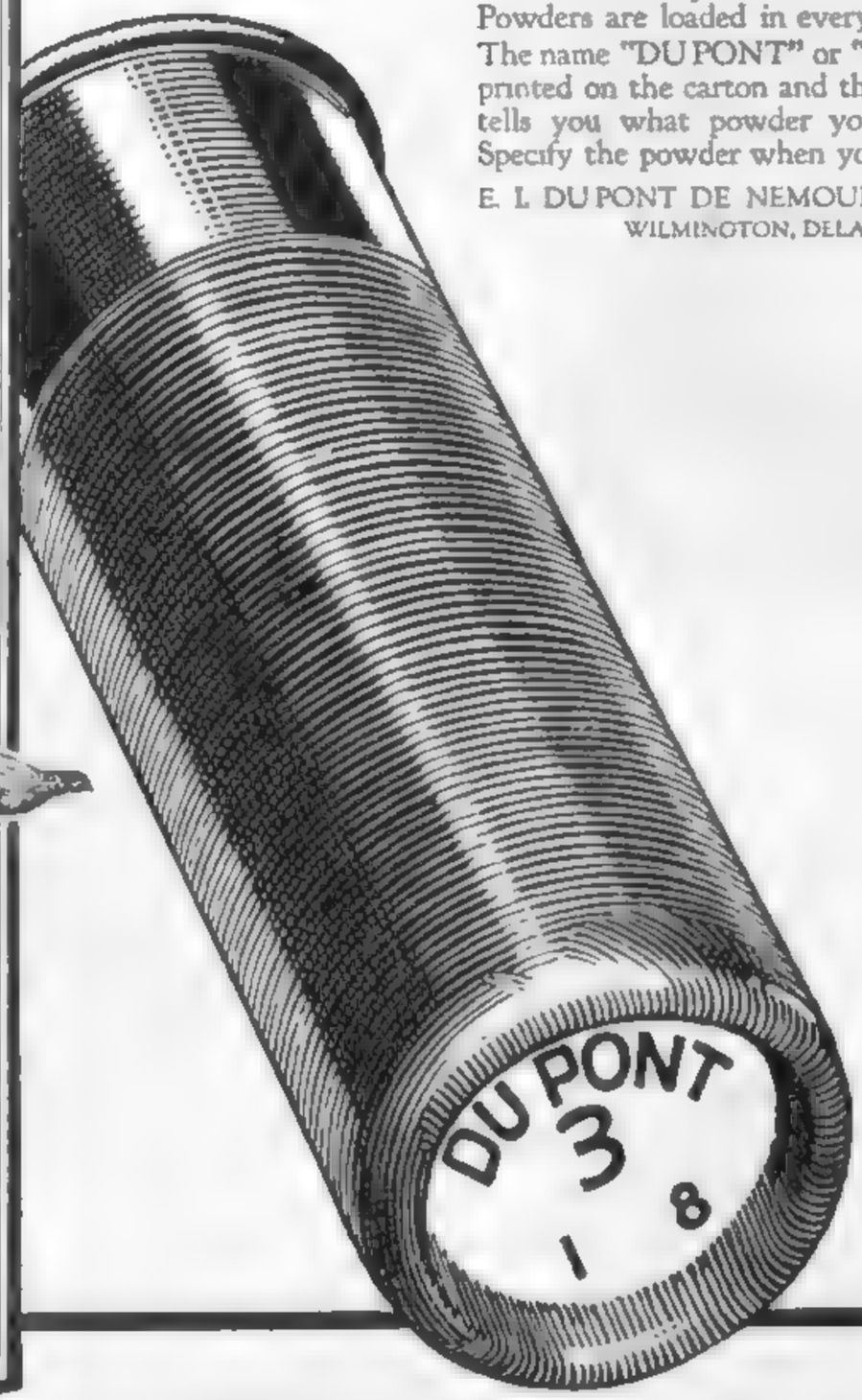
BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3½	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3¼	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No. 2 Shot.

When you **do** *get the time for a few days' shooting, you want to make every shot count. If you select* **standard** *loads from the table above, you don't need to worry about your ammunition. A century of experience will be behind your trigger finger.*



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WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

What every man wants in a shotgun powder is given him in "Du Pont" and "Ballistite"....

that means confidence—and that means a full game bag. Is that not reason enough to look for the name on the carton and top shot wad?

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

Knapp-Felt
HATS *for* MEN

The high standard of Knapp-Felt quality has been maintained for more than two generations. Seventy-five years' experience in making fine hats is back of the headwear identified by the Knapp-Felt trade-mark. The correct models in Derbies, Soft Hats, Straw Hats, Silk Hats, Cloth Hats and Caps are based on expert knowledge of the trend of fashion. The various grades, priced at figures that modestly represent their value, are all made under the same intelligent supervision in the Crofut & Knapp shops. Knapp-Felt headwear is sold by the best hatters everywhere.

Write for THE HATMAN

The Crofut & Knapp Co., 251 Fifth Ave., New York

Knapp-Felt

(Continued from Page 62)

"As I remember it, yes."

"There's a history attached, Your Ladyship."

"A history, is there? I only know that Evans & Dawley had the impertinence to ask a hundred and twenty guineas because the thing had once belonged to Marie Antoinette."

"That's the one, My Lady," said Dawley with a gleam of subdued excitement. "It was discovered by my boy John."

"Oh, really!" The tone was high indifference. "Pray, where?"

"In the lumber room here."

"In this house! In the lumber room!"

"Yes. It must have been lying there since the time of Lady Georgina, Mr. Chiltern's mother."

Lady Cloverfield breathed hard. She turned to the squire.

"George, tell me, how much did you get for your chaise longue?"

"For my what?"

The question was repeated carefully, but it was not absolutely clear that the squire knew what a chaise longue was. Certainly he had no recollection of having sold one.

"But Dawley'll know."

"You may be able to recall, sir, no doubt," said the paragon, "that when we cleared out that lumber room some two years ago I had your permission to sell a few odds and ends which had accumulated?"

The squire had only a hazy recollection of the matter, even if he could be said to have a recollection at all; but if Dawley said so it was so.

Lady Cloverfield asked sternly, "Do I understand that this chaise longue was among these odds and ends?"

"If it's the one I think it is, My Lady, it would be."

"Then tell me, what is the sum your master received for it?"

Dawley could not say.

"Why not?"

"The odds and ends were sold *en bloc*, as it were, in a manner of speaking, My Lady."

"What price did they fetch?"

"The dealers gave fifty pounds for the lot."

"And among these odds and ends is one article for which they demand a hundred and twenty guineas!"

"Their value, Your Ladyship, was not suspected at the time the things were sold."

A frosty triumph began to steal over Lady Cloverfield's face.

Up to a point, this man was no doubt clever. Beyond that point, he was certainly a fool. He was simply giving himself away in handfuls.

"There's a rather odd story attached to this chaise longue; if Your Ladyship will not find it tedious, I'll be happy to tell it to the best of my ability."

"Pray do!"

Lady Cloverfield resettled herself in a chair that was growing ever more uncomfortable. Then she froze once more. Said the arctic eye, "Every word now, my man, will be evidence against you. Only a born fool would say anything in such circumstances. But pray go on."

VII

"IT WOULD be about two years ago, My Lady—nearer three than two, now I come to think of it—that I decided one day to clear out the lumber room. Owing to the carelessness of one of the maids, a piece had been chipped off that beautiful Sheraton whatnot in the withdrawing-room—you've no doubt admired it, My Lady—and I sent for a local cabinetmaker to see if it could be repaired as it stood, without incurring the expense of sending it away.

"The man came; a person of the name of Joyce, My Lady; in quite a small way locally. He said he could put it right in a jiffy. His tools were with him and he set to work. But he'd forgotten to bring a handsaw. I said there might be one in the lumber room and gave him permission to go and look.

"He was a long time finding a handsaw, which didn't surprise me, for the place wanted badly clearing out. For the last thirty years I had promised myself that I'd have the lumber room put to rights. But you know what human nature is, My Lady; you know how time slips by.

"Joyce found a handsaw and finished his job. Packing up his tools, he remarked, 'You've got some rum things in that lumber room of yours.' I agreed, My Lady.

"'What'll you pay me to cart 'em away?' Those were his words, My Lady.

"'They're old,' I said.

"'And mildewed,' said he.

"'But they're worth something,' I said.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Joyce, after he'd given a bit of thought to the matter. 'You shall have a couple o' fivers for that rubbish, and I'll call tomorrow with my dray.'

"Understand me, Your Ladyship. I cast no aspersion, as you might say, on the man's integrity; but he seemed so keen to buy that I suddenly decided not to sell. It occurred to me that I might be able to do better. He raised his bid to twenty pounds, but I wasn't taking any.

"Next day I sent for my boy John. I must tell Your Ladyship—if you're not finding the story tedious ——"

Lady Cloverfield was not finding the story at all tedious.

"When the war started my boy John was just out of his time with a London cabinetmaker and hoping to go into business on his own. I should have liked him, being the only son, to have followed the profession of his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather; but no, having modern ideas and being free of class prejudice and so on, he preferred to go into trade.

"I paid the boy's fare from London, where he was at a loose end, having been lately demobilized, so that he could go over the things in the lumber room.

"'Guv'nor,' he said -I give you his words, My Lady, although, if you'll excuse the freedom, I should no more have thought of addressing my own father as guv'nor than I should have thought of flying over the moon—'they're a mixed bag and in bad condition. These things ought to have been turned out years ago.'

"Your Ladyship may imagine how my conscience amote me!

"'But I dare say they can be polished and patched up to fetch something. Anyhow, they mightn't be dear at forty pounds.'

"I knew, of course, that he was a judge of tables and chairs. One of the clever ones, my boy John. Takes after his mother.

"'There's a chaise longue among them, I see, and people are beginning to buy them.'

"Well, do you know, My Lady, suddenly I had an idea. I went straight to the billiard room, where I found Mr. Chiltern studying Ruff's Guide to the Turf.

"'Beg your pardon, sir,' I said, 'forgive the interruption, but I'm clearing out those things in the lumber room.'

"'What things?' said Mr. Chiltern.

"'A few odds and ends, sir. Chairs and tables mostly, and an old picture or two.'

"'Quite right, Dawley, a good riddance,' said Mr. Chiltern.

"'I'm wondering, sir,' I said, 'if you'll care to accept fifty pounds for the lot?'

"'Lucky to get it, I should think.' The very words, My Lady, Mr. Chiltern used. 'What's your own opinion, Dawley?'

"'In a manner of speaking, yes, sir,' I said; 'but I don't want you to take my opinion as conclusive. Because, you see, sir,' I said, 'I'm willing to give fifty pounds for them myself as a private speculation.'

"'Oh, you are, Dawley. Then you are a bigger fool than I thought.' You know Mr. Chiltern's jocular way, My Lady. 'Why not take them and say nothing about it?'

"'No, sir,' I said firmly. 'With all respect, chairs and tables and bric-a-brac are not the butler's perquisites.'

"'Well, if you're such a fool! Still, I don't like taking your money,' said Mr. Chiltern.

"I said, 'It's like this, sir: My boy John, I'm sorry to say, is going into trade. A great grief to me, sir, as you'll readily suppose; but there it is, the modern spirit. He wants to open a shop in Holborn as a practical cabinetmaker and a dealer in antiques. A blow, sir, to his family. But these are democratic times. So, begging your pardon, sir, if you'll accept fifty pounds for the contents of the lumber room he may be able to put them into shape and it'll be something to start him.'

"It was not an easy matter, My Lady, to persuade Mr. Chiltern to take the money, but finally he did, and my check passed through his bank.

"I'm telling all this at length, even at the risk of boring Your Ladyship, because there's been an odd sequel to this affair. My boy John has been in business less than three years. He started at the wrong end of Holborn, with the modest capital I have been able to provide out of my savings; although, of course, I own a certain amount of house property as well, My Lady—I've always been a saving man—and already he has established himself at the right end of Bond Street among the first flight of dealers."

VIII

LADY CLOVERFIELD was not surprised to learn the success of Dawley *fils*. It did not seem to cause her any particular gratification. But if Dawley *père* had no objection to telling her, she would be interested to know what the precise sum was that had been realized by the contents of the lumber room.

"I am happy to be able to inform Your Ladyship," said the old man.

Again he produced from the interior of his cutaway the little book of red morocco. He put on his spectacles and carefully scanned it.

"Taking the chaise longue, My Lady, at a hundred and twenty guineas, a sum not yet realized, as Your Ladyship is aware; and taking the portrait of Anna Maria, thirteenth Countess of Cloverfield, ascribed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at a minimum reserve of four thousand, seven hundred and twenty-five guineas, which may be exceeded if certain negotiations with the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery are brought to a successful issue; and also taking a burnished copper coal scuttle, tempo Queen Anne, at present unsold, at a valuation of £4 19s. 6d., the entire sum represented by the contents of the lumber room is £21,142 5s. 9d."

Once more Lady Cloverfield breathed hard. The squire went on playing with his trout flies. Dawley, with a care that was rather loving, replaced the little book in the inner pocket of his cutaway.

"Tell me, Dawley," said Lady Cloverfield in a pensive voice—she herself happened to be the daughter of a diplomatist—"tell me, Dawley, what is your authority for the statement that this chaise longue was once the property of Marie Antoinette?"

"It doesn't surprise me that Your Ladyship should ask the question. That chaise longue was in a very dilapidated condition. But when my boy John came to restore it, in stripping off what was left of the original green silk he found a bundle of letters in French in the handwriting of the unfortunate queen."

"Oh, really!"

"These letters, My Lady, have since been acquired by the French Government."

"How interesting! I hope the French Government paid a satisfactory sum."

"Yes, My Lady; I believe a satisfactory sum. I can tell you what the sum was, if Your Ladyship would like to know." Out came the red morocco book. "After a good deal of negotiation, in the course of which not only my boy John, but I also, My Lady, had to pay a personal visit to the French capital, the price agreed upon was, I find, seventy thousand francs, which at the rate of exchange then ruling was approximately twenty-three hundred pounds sterling."

A pin might have been heard to fall. And then once more the complete iceberg assumed her mantle of the arctic snows.

"One takes for granted, Dawley"—as she chose her words the very air seemed to crystallize around them—"that every penny of these large sums was paid into Coutts'?

(Continued on Page 66)

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

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IT is the day-in-and-day-out dependability of Maxwell House Coffee that has endeared itself to the hostesses of the nation.

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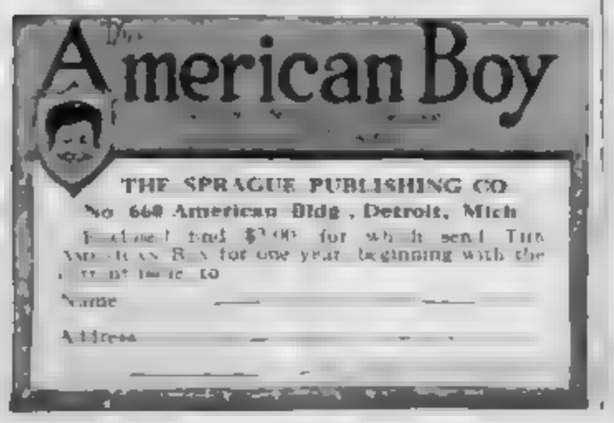

(Continued from Page 64)

Coutts', I believe, are still Mr. Chiltern's bankers."

"That is so, My Lady—Coutts'," said the paragon deferentially.

Lady Cloverfield remembered having noticed on other occasions that whenever a firm of bankers was mentioned the paragon's manner became almost excruciatingly deferential.

"Can you give me the date on which it was paid in?"

"Various dates, My Lady. These transactions in their entirety cover a period of more than two years. But I find, according to my memory—I call this little book my memory"—as the paragon continued lovingly to finger its pages he smiled ingratiatingly—"that a first payment of £905 4s. 3d. was made into the Bank of England on October 6, 1921. But, of course, Your Ladyship will understand there have been others."

"Quite! But why the Bank of England? One understood that Coutts' ——"

"The Bank of England, My Lady, is my own bank. For a number of years now I have had an account at Threadneedle Street, at the head office."

Quoth the iceberg, "Is one then to understand that you have really paid these large sums into your own account?"

"At the head office of the Bank of England," said the paragon modestly.

"Thank you, Dawley; I appreciate your frankness." The voice of Lady Cloverfield was as cold and hard as an icicle. "I shall hope to make use of it presently. In the meantime, perhaps you'll have the goodness to make an appointment with this Mr.—Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Mr. Phelps, My Lady?"

"For twelve o'clock noon tomorrow, at his office at Cuttisham."

"Thank you, My Lady."

Dawley bowed as only he could, and then with an urbanity and a pose that an ambassador might have envied, he tiptoed out of the room. Closing the door so gently that it didn't make a sound, he went along the stone-flagged corridor as far as the small room on the right which contained the telephone.

IX

"GEORGE!"

No answer.

"George!"

Slowly there percolated to the ethos of Lady Cloverfield a slight but clearly defined snore.

The squire, for at least five minutes, had been quite comfortably asleep.

X

THE next day was given up in the main to alarums and excursions. Lady Cloverfield and the squire went to Cuttisham shortly after ten o'clock by car. They had so much important business to transact of one kind and another that they did not expect to be back before three. A little cold luncheon was all they would require. At the moment of their setting out, Dawley, an observer of sagacity and experience, was not quite sure whether they were on speaking terms. When they returned at five minutes to three he was convinced they were not. Moreover, their behavior throughout the whole of luncheon, over which he presided with his usual charm and tact, fully confirmed this view. Not a word was exchanged. Mr. Chiltern, rosy as he was, and fair to look upon, had something of the air of a peevish child. As for Her Ladyship, Her Ladyship—well, Her Ladyship ——

"Serve coffee in the loggia."

"Thank you, sir."

"Open one of the windows. The heat of this room is unbearable."

And yet Dawley, no mean judge of the thermometer as a rule, was at that very moment preoccupied with the question of wearing a thicker undervest. It would all depend on whether the untimely visit of the Countess Dowager of Cloverfield was in anywise prolonged.

Outside was warm and fine September weather, but he would not have been surprised to see a film of ice upon the barley water in her glass.

An ill wind, however, that blows no one good. Even Dawley was human, and therefore, even as the common herd, subject to the law of compensation. As sure as God made little apples, there was a rift in the lute.

"No coffee, Dawley. Find my maid, please, and tell her to pack. I leave by the 4:40."

"Thank you, My Lady."

Decidedly a rift. However ——

XI

THE determination of the countess to catch the 4:40 did not, all the same, preclude a rather lively session in the loggia among the autumn roses. She had seen Phelps, the lawyer person, it appeared, one of those crass provincial mummies who really ought to be in the local museum under glass. An honest man, no doubt, as far as it was humanly possible for a lawyer to be honest, but a muddler, a donkey, a fool. The entire property had passed out of the hands of the present owner into those of certain persons at the moment unknown, and the man Phelps was quite clear on the point—it seemed to be the only point he was quite clear upon—that there was absolutely no redress.

Mortgages were funny things. The money had been received and dissipated, and Mr. George Chiltern was no longer the owner of The Chase and its contents. A pitiful business, but there it was. Several hours had they spent—George and herself—driving about Cuttisham and its suburbs looking for a modest, a very modest house to which the occupant of The Chase might transfer his shattered fortunes the following week. With strict economy, said the man Phelps, there would be rather less than three hundred a year to soothe the decline of one of the oldest and best-placed names in the county.

The search for a new house, even had it done nothing else, had brought home to Mr. George Chiltern the nature of his folly. It would not be living at all to end one's days in one of those stucco villas on the outskirts of Cuttisham. Better go straight to the workhouse and have done with it!

What had really caused such tension in the relations of these in-laws, however, was the attitude of the squire towards his butler. He could not be brought to hear a word against the man. All the way to Cuttisham and halfway back Lady Cloverfield had waxed upon the theme. In her view Dawley had tricked his master out of twenty thousand pounds at least, and heaven knew what besides! She would have liked very much to carry the matter further, but in face of the squire's reiterated "Bosh!" she was helpless.

As far as the squire was concerned, almost his chief regret seemed to be that he was losing the finest servant man ever had. How he'd be able to carry on without old Dawley he simply didn't know. For five and thirty years he had trusted him implicitly. He had relied on the good fellow's judgment in everything, although most unfortunately he had not always had the sense to follow it. No, he would not hear a word against Dawley. Alas, that he could no longer afford to keep him! Besides, it would be ridiculous to ask such an aristocrat among butlers to condescend to one of those mean little houses they had just been looking at. However, the milk was spilled—no crying.

Lady Cloverfield, in polar silence, was sitting in the loggia for the last time. A charming spot. If any sun was going on an autumn day one got it there. A thousand pities! The distant view of the Hampshire hills was unforgetable.

Near by sat the squire in a silence rather somnolent. Unlit in his fingers was one of his favorite cigars; yet even that consolation was tempered by the pressure of his thoughts. Dawley had discovered those capital cigars at a little shop just out of Pall Mall. Wonderful chap, old Dawley. Then what a judge of wine he was! The old boy's palate was nicer than his own. By his advice he had laid down that bin of '68. And then his knowledge of old brandy! What Dawley didn't know about brandy was not knowledge—and yet such a temperate man, mark you. Yes, a wonderful chap. Never presumed on his position or abused the confidence reposed in his judgment as any ordinary butler might have been tempted to do. Somehow, with all his gifts, old Dawley was such a gentleman.

At that moment the subject of the squire's thoughts came into the loggia. Dawley appeared with coffee in a tiny pot, brewed by his own accomplished hands. He could not trust anybody, not even Mrs. Dawley, one of the best cooks in the county, to make the master's coffee. There is coffee and coffee. This was coffee.

"Brandy, sir?"

A golden-tawny fluid, too precious to decant, gleamed in the dark bottle in Dawley's hand.

"A very little, please." The squire sighed. Self-contained as he was by nature, the sight of that firm hand regulating that incomparable liqueur was a little too much. "I shall miss you, Dawley. Gad, I shall miss you!"

In silence, Dawley handed the brandy in a choice glass, a real bit of Waterford. For a moment the tips of his fingers lingered on that exquisite surface, even after the glass was set by the elbow of his master.

There were two dozen of those glasses in perfect condition. Goodness knew the value of them! Lord Byron and the great Mr. Pitt had sipped their brandy out of these. John thought ——

Suddenly Dawley drew himself up. He stood to attention, almost like a young guardee on parade.

"I beg your pardon, sir." The depth and the warmth of the voice had a kind of melancholy music. "I hope you'll excuse the freedom, sir; but between ourselves, sir, if I may say so without impertinence, I really don't see how I am to carry on without you."

The squire nearly groaned in pure pain. Those words were devilish near the bone.

"You'll have no difficulty about another place. Everybody knows you are first class."

"It's not that, sir. I'm not worrying about another place. If I may say so, sir, without impertinence, I couldn't think of taking another place after having lived all these years with you."

"Got a bit in the stocking, hey?" Such relief was in the voice of the squire that it sounded quite hearty. "Very glad to hear it, old friend. So glad you've had the sense to put a bit by. I had made some little provision for you in my will, but I'm afraid that's gone phut—hey?"

"I appreciate that, sir." There was no mistaking the emotion in the voice of the paragon. "But, as for me, ways and means don't enter into the matter."

"Capital! So glad you're able to come in out of the rain. But for my part, Dawley, to be quite frank, I couldn't think of asking a first-class man like yourself to a mean little hole in a market town, without even so much as a butler's pantry."

"Perhaps, sir, we might contrive to carry on here."

"Impossible! You know what the lawyers say. We are under notice to quit. The roof has been sold over our heads."

"Perhaps, sir, we might come to some arrangement."

"Not a dog's chance of that, I fear."

Lady Cloverfield, ears cocked, had been awaiting an opportunity to enter the conversation. She entered now, seething with a cold fury that needed all her *savoir-faire* to mask.

"Even now, Dawley, I can't make up my mind whether you are a rogue or merely a fool!"

"A difficult question to answer, I agree with Your Ladyship. Perhaps I ought to have acted differently in some particulars; but, believe me, My Lady, I've tried to do the best in the difficult circumstances."

"The best, man! Let this fine property slip through your fingers—if it has slipped through them!"

"At the moment, My Lady, I'm thinking less of the property, if I may say so, than I am of the master. You see, the master, if he'll excuse the freedom of my mentioning the matter before him, is altogether exceptional. He is a gentleman who is a gentleman; one of the old school, My Lady. To realize what that means one needs to have been his butler for thirty-five years."

"Quite!" Lady Cloverfield was content for the nonce with that expressive monosyllable, but such moderation called for all her strength of will. "Feathered your nest finely, I expect," was what she ached to say, but didn't.

"I could never think of taking another place after having had such a master. You don't know what he means to me. His tailors in London tell me only five gentlemen in England can wear the clothes that he can. Do you know, My Lady, they keep a special cheviot and a special heather mixture for him; and they make a particular coat, a sort of Newmarket, My Lady, they call the Chiltern Overcoat. Then his hat makers in St. James' Street have christened the style of hat he affects The Squire. Well now, Your Ladyship, if you'll excuse the freedom, I'm in the same boat with his tailor and his hat maker. I don't think I am betraying their confidence when I say

(Continued on Page 69)

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JORDAN

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 66)

they are prepared to do almost anything rather than lose Mr. Chiltern's custom. Take it from me, My Lady, I am in a position to know. And, My Lady, speaking with deep respect and great deference, as Mr. Chiltern's butler, I am prepared to do almost anything rather than lose such an employer."

Lady Cloverfield nodded grimly. She could not trust herself to speak.

"You see, My Lady, the master belongs here. He is as much part of this house as is this lovely view of the distant hills we get from this loggia. It has taken generations—centuries, My Lady—to produce this place in all its perfection. In a manner of speaking, it has an aroma like certain vintage wines. Every stick and every stone of this wonderful old house is dear to me, as it was to my father and to my grandfather before me. I was born in it; I was bred in it. At the age of twelve, my dear father, now in heaven, allowed me to clean my first silver—fruit knives, they were—in his own pantry. A proud day that, My Lady, if you'll excuse the freedom ——"

"Why not turn an honest penny, Dawley, by publishing your reminiscences?"

"Not scholar enough, My Lady. Education was not so general when I was young. But with great respect, if Your Ladyship will allow me to say so, Mr. Chiltern is a part of this house.

"If I may venture the statement, he has an atmosphere. Once I heard him say to a certain very distinguished man—a peer of the realm, My Lady, I am thankful to say; there is no need to drag his name into the conversation—that I was the perfect butler. It always will be my ambition, as long as I have the strength to carry on, to be the perfect butler.

"But, My Lady, with deep respect, I defy any man to be the perfect butler unless he has the singular good fortune to find the perfect master. And having found the perfect master, if he is a wise man, he will move heaven and earth to stick to him."

Quoth the iceberg, "This testimonial, Dawley, must be very gratifying to Mr. Chiltern."

"I hope so, My Lady. It comes from the heart of an old servant. Mutual trust, My Lady, mutual confidence is what the harmony of our relations is based upon. Some gentlemen never have the butler's book and the key of the wine cellar out of their hands. Not so Mr. Chiltern. Some gentlemen scrutinize every item of the household expenditure, compare price lists, even condescend to interview the petty tradesmen, My Lady. Not so Mr. Chiltern. There are a hundred ways in which a gentleman can make life difficult for even such a butler as I am, if I may venture the remark in all modesty; but Mr. Chiltern has never been that kind of gentleman.

"It has always been a pleasure as well as an honor to serve Mr. Chiltern. He has brought out the best that is in me, and that is why I can never bring myself to serve anyone else."

There was real pathos in the voice of the paragon. But Lady Cloverfield was not a judge of pathos; or rather she had no use for it. She did not think it possible to dislike anyone so intensely as she disliked this man. Saponaceous old scoundrel, he ought to be in prison!

XII

"I AM wondering, sir, if you'll do me the honor of staying on in this house. Nothing need be changed, sir. Nobody need know. My wife will still be proud, sir, to continue the cooking of those homely meals that best agree with your digestion, as she has done for thirty years past. For my own poor part, I shall still be only too proud, sir, to continue my present service as your butler. We have only one child, sir, my wife and I, our boy John, who, owing to the claims of business, resides permanently in London now. Sir, if you'll overlook the freedom, you are the one real interest that remains in our lives. We are too old to form fresh ties, my wife and myself; besides, as long as you are alive, sir, and willing to put up with our ways, there is no need for us to do so."

The squire said very simply, "My good friend, I don't quite follow you. Don't you understand?" He sipped his cognac pensively. "I'm b-r-o-k-e! Kicked out of house and home!"

"Forgive my contradicting, sir, but for the rest of your lifetime, at any rate, I think it can be arranged."

"What can be arranged, my dear fellow?"

"That things shall go on here as they always have. If only I may venture, sir, with great respect, to make—to make ——"

For the first time there came a check to the smooth flow of that oily voice. Lady Cloverfield, writhing in a rage she hardly knew how to suppress, raised her *lorgnon* to look at this queer old crocodile, who, as she now surmised, had calmly swallowed everything, lock, stock and barrel. His amazing words could bear no other interpretation.

The old crocodile was now shedding tears. A dexterous handkerchief strove in vain to conceal them.

"Sorry, Dawley."

The squire drained his glass. Then he got up from the wicker chair in which he had been stretched at ease. Not given to displaying emotion himself, he was a little shocked by it in this old and trusted servant whose demeanor in large and salient particulars was modeled on his own. Perhaps it made him realize, as nothing else could have, what an awful mess he had made of things. He patted the old man gently, soothingly upon the shoulder.

"I've been a fool, Dawley."

The ensuing silence was broken by Dawley's slight but honorable sniff.

"Don't think, sir," said the paragon, "that I don't blame myself in a measure. I do blame myself; but, you see, sir, my position has been immensely difficult. From the first, sir, if I may so express myself, I have never countenanced your transactions on the turf. But, you see, sir, I have not been in a position until now to make my voice effective. The boon I have to ask now, sir, is that you stay on here as my guest—the honored, the always-honored guest of Mrs. Dawley and myself; and that from now on—with deep respect, and if I may take the liberty—you will also renounce the practice of backing horses."

"You needn't worry on that score. I shall never be able to rise beyond a half-crown flutter again. As for staying on here with you and Mrs. Dawley, don't you understand what's happened, my friend?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I understand perfectly."

"Very well, then."

As the squire stood groaning in spirit he caught the basilisk eye of his sister-in-law. Finding, however, that she could get no good of George, she swiftly transferred her gaze to the moonlike countenance of the butler

"May I ask one question, Dawley?"

"I only hope, My Lady, it will be within my competence to answer it."

"Who owns this house now?"

"At the present time, My Lady, I hold it in trust for my boy John."

"And the pictures, the bric-a-brac, the cellar and so on?"

"In trust, My Lady, for my boy John. But so long as Mr. Chiltern desires the use of these things he is more than welcome to them. And, as I say, Mrs. Dawley and myself will esteem it an honor ——"

"At Mr. Chiltern's demise does this property revert to Mr. Chiltern's family or to yours?"

"Well, My Lady, since you ask the question, it will revert to my boy John, his heirs and assigns. He is about to marry, My Lady, a girl of position. The marriage, at present, has not my sanction. Privately, My Lady, I do not hold with this fusion of the classes, any more than did my father before me. But times, I'm afraid, have sadly changed. Up till now I have been unable to make my opposition effective. And, after all, in the late war my boy John held the King's commission, and was decorated at Buckingham Palace by His Gracious Majesty; so, after all, who am I —— But, as I say, My Lady ——"

"Quite!"

"You see, My Lady, when my boy was in hospital recovering from his wounds, this young lady nursed him back to life and health, and they formed an attachment. Quite a love match, My Lady, although, as I say —— But who am I ——"

"Quite!"

"If I may touch on a delicate matter, My Lady, let me add that careful administration of the estate will enable certain bequests that Mr. Chiltern may make to servants to be carried out, and that even a small legacy may be provided for his nearest kinsman, a young man of weak character, who has long enjoyed Mr. Chiltern's disapproval, if not actual disregard. I grieve to say, My Lady, that were this fine property to be left in its entirety to this young gentleman—a merciful dispensation, My Lady, it is not entailed—it would almost certainly go to rack and ruin. As it is, I think I can safely promise that my boy John, bred as he has been in a great tradition, can be trusted implicitly not to impair in any way one of the choicest properties in this county."

Lady Cloverfield, like the squire, seldom gave way to emotion. But that inconvenient adjunct to the human frame all but choked her now. Perhaps it would have done so had she not received help from outside. It came in the form of Thomas, a footman. That young but well-schooled functionary bent down to the ear of his august chief.

After brief colloquy the paragon said, "The brougham, Your Ladyship, awaits Your Ladyship's convenience. Your luggage has been brought down to the front door."

Acute relief was visible in the polar countenance of Lady Cloverfield.

"Just comfortable time for the 4:40, Your Ladyship. Owing to the county council's neglect, the roads are so imperfect that it is well to allow a margin."

"Thank you, Dawley. I mustn't miss it. Good-by, George!"

There was not a sign of effusion on the part of Mr. Chiltern to mitigate the order of her going.

XIII

DAWLEY was careful to see, as far as was humanly possible, that the Countess Dowager of Cloverfield did not miss the 4:40 to town. With his Old World air, he handed her into the awaiting chariot, and her maid, Miss Spence, in after her. There was very nice time, indeed; but it would have been such a pity to have missed the best up train of the day.

Having sped the parting guest, the perfect butler returned via the smoking room to the loggia. En route he took from a writing table Walford's County Families, a comely tome in red and gilt.

Mr. Chiltern was sitting in the wicker chair, his long legs stretched out, gazing upon a prospect unsurpassed fair England over. His fingers still toyed with the unlit cigar.

The butler entered very softly. An instant he stood gazing at the rather vacant face, and then, unbidden, with a sacerdotal air, he proffered a light.

"Thankee, Dawley."

With a little start the squire sat up. It was not so much that he lit the cigar as that Dawley lit it for him. But he took a long, deep draft of the fragrant herb, and just for a moment it set him going.

"I forget, sir, whether I mentioned that the fiancée of my boy John belongs to a well-known county family. A cadet branch, sir, of course."

"What's the name o' the young woman?"

The squire asked the question a little sleepily. Old Dawley was a nonesuch, but if he didn't watch it he might become a bore.

"By a remarkable coincidence, sir, the lady is a Miss Chiltern, one of the Chilterns of Appleford, who live the other side of the county."

"Appleford Chilterns, hey?" said the squire. "That's rum. Sort of distant connection."

"The father of Miss Chiltern is, I believe, a Mr. Theophilus Chiltern, a clergyman."

"Parson, hey?"

"I believe, sir, a clergyman."

"Sort of cousin once removed, hey?"

"According to Walford, sir, that is so." The tone of the paragon would have done no dishonor to the Washington Conference. "That is, I mean to say, sir, Walford puts forward that claim on behalf of the Appleford Chilterns. An armigerous family, of course, sir. But, I fear, in greatly reduced circumstances."

"Poor as mice, hey?"

The squire could hardly keep his eyes open

"So I believe, sir."

A sleepy murmur stole from the squire as he relapsed in his chair. Slowly and with dignity the paragon put on his horn spectacles and opened the sacred volume at a place marked by a slip of paper.

"A swan, gules, a fess sable—not dissimilar to your own, sir. But, of course, sir, as I say, this alliance ——"

A gentle snore crept upon the butler's ear. His master was asleep. He had been sleeping quite a good deal lately.

The paragon stood a moment to bestow a fond look upon the figure that had shrunk lower in the wicker chair. He sighed very gently. And then, Walford under his arm, he tiptoed gently away.

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(Page 12—"Good Teeth," U. S. Public Health Service Keep Well Series No. 13, 1921)

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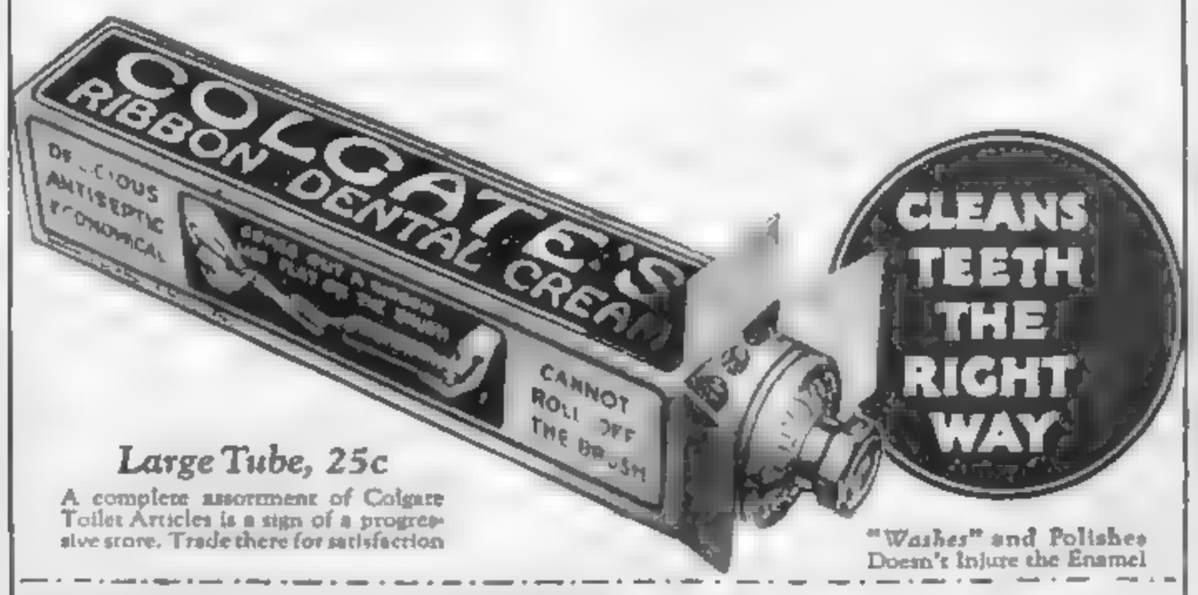

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THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES

(Continued from Page 11)

anyhow. And what did it get you? Every highbrow he had ever met had been mighty close to the bread line. They didn't appear to have good sense, and even in the subjects in which they specialized they weren't sure—one man's guess seemed just as good as another's.

"I think I'll go and play billiards," he said sulkily. "Either of you birds want a game?"

"Me for bed," answered Hardy. "We start at half past three. So you aren't coming with us?"

"You can bet your sweet life I'm not!" He stuck out his chin defiantly, looking toward Miss Wilkie. "You going, Jim?"

"Maybe. Yeh, I suppose so." But he didn't appear to be any too happy over the prospect.

"Well, I can see all I want to see of these old mountains from the doormat. So long."

As he departed toward the billiard room Miss Wilkie bestowed on his back a glance of scorn. To Hardy she said, "You're going to climb the Matterhorn, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," he laughed. "My friend here has never made an ascent. We've picked a very easy one for the first try."

"But you've done it?"

"Twice. It's not difficult. Everybody does it nowadays."

"Oh, it must be wahnderful!"

"My hope," said Hardy, "is to do all the most difficult peaks in the world."

"How wahnderful!" exclaimed the girl, caressing him with her eyes.

Boyden was beginning to fidget. He cleared his throat.

"Let's get up a game of bridge," he suggested grumblingly. "I'm fed up on mountain climbing for one day. How about it? Does your father play?"

"He thinks he does."

"Then we'll let Aleck take him for partner; they're both of the same mind."

"No," interrupted Hardy firmly; "I'd like to, but we can't, Jim. You'll need all the sleep you can get. We've got to go to bed."

"Of course," the girl agreed.

Hardy and Boyden set out at 3:30 in the morning. The latter's teeth were chattering.

Not that they could not just as well have started at eight, for the climb did not require serious effort—it was a mountain over which people often roamed without guides—but Hardy wanted to see the dawn from a certain point; and although Boyden would have been easily reconciled to missing that, Hardy convinced him the early view was always better in the Alps. They took with them ice axes and rope and all the paraphernalia of mountain climbers, because this initial attempt was really in the nature of a lesson.

It was the comfortable hour of nine before Forrest crawled out of bed. After a leisurely breakfast he attended the funeral of the two victims of Leiterspitz, subscribed to the fund for the guide's widowed mother, and then strolled around town. The weather continuing clear, he determined to make an excursion somewhere.

It was dark when he returned, and his companions were already back, Boyden stretched out on the bed, groaning dismally whenever forced to move a limb, but Hardy perfectly fresh and engaged in inspecting his outfit for the next day's work. He favored Forrest with a supercilious smile.

"Well, what did you do today, Hank? Sew and take tea?"

Ignoring his tone, Forrest demanded, "How high did you guys go?"

"About seven thousand, I guess."

"Huh! I've been ten thousand!" And he went out before the other could say a word.

While everything was fresh and vivid in mind, he sat down and wrote to his business partner in Massachusetts: "Today I climbed old Gorner Grat—darned near two miles above sea level, and a mile up in the air above this burg. Well, I've seen some scenery in my day, Fred, but the view from Gorner Grat beats anything I ever laid eyes on.

"You're right opposite the Matterhorn, and stare the giant in the face. On the other side is Monte Rosa, with its dazzling snow summit, and peak after peak in between, and great big glaciers and rivers of ice, and miles and miles of pure white snow. No matter where you look, there're tremendous peaks and snow fields, and valleys where rivers are no wider than ribbons and the houses are the size of your little finger. It's a knock-out; but I'll send some picture post cards, Fred, and you can get an idea for yourself.

"Going a mile up in the air actually means going a lot farther than that, because you have to wind around so much. And no nervous person ought to try to climb a mountain, Fred. When you look up and see how far you've got to go a fellow begins to wonder if he'll ever make it. It sure gets your goat. And if he looks down—oh, boy! A sheer drop of about two thousand feet and not a thing to stop you if you slip. I feel dizzy now when I think about it. In places we had to creep along the edge of a precipice with nothing between us and eternity but a lot of fresh air. And I crossed ridges and ledges where a slip would have meant certain death.

"Scared? Say! Sometimes I thought every foot would be my last. I was almost afraid to breathe. My knees shook. One place was so steep we had to crawl, and I began to think we would never make it. In fact I was about ready to give up, but the old train pulled the grade and we got to the top in time for lunch.

"P. S. At that, it isn't half as steep as Pilatus or Stanserhorn."

Having thus faithfully recorded the facts of his ascent, without the tiresome details and trimmings which generally clutter up official records of such, Forrest donned a dinner jacket and went in to eat. Miss Wilkie was already at table, badly burned by the sun, but charming, nevertheless, in a simple black dress.

"Going to dance?" he inquired.

"Is this merely idle curiosity?"

"You're engaged for the evening, lady."

"Where's Mr. Hardy?"

"Oh, he'll be along. He's fixing everything for tomorrow. Aleck, you know, never lets a meal, or mere pleasure, interfere with business."

"The price of success," declared Professor Wilkie sonorously.

Never having achieved success himself, he was a great hand at analyzing its constituents.

"What luck did they have today?" inquired his daughter.

"Well, one guy's a casualty—Boyden's laid out cold. Last I saw of him he was taking thought of his religion and making moan because he hadn't lived a better life. It'll be Wednesday, at least, before he comes up for air."

"Poor man!"

And then Hardy put in an appearance. Her face lighted up, but a shade of disappointment crossed it as she noted his old tweed suit and heavy walking shoes.

"So you're not going to dance tonight?"

"I don't dance."

"But you ought to learn."

"I will, if you'll teach me."

"That's a go."

She did her best with Hardy, but he was awkward and seemed to feel contempt for the pastime. Here was a man sure of foot and poise on pinnacles fourteen thousand feet in the clouds, who could not take three steps on a dance floor without stumbling. The spectators seated along the walls put their heads together and tittered. Miss Wilkie persevered heroically; anybody could see that she admired Hardy. A woman would have said that she was making up to him, yet whenever Forrest came to ask for a dance she certainly did accept with alacrity. Forrest shook a loose foot, and a tango is a tango.

While the two danced, the professor seized the opportunity to engage Hardy in talk.

He liked Hardy immediately and approved of him; older men always did. As they came from neighboring New England towns, it is not improbable that the worthy professor knew Hardy's financial status, which was exceedingly good. Not that this would influence a man of his character, but still ——

Forrest got up early on Tuesday, determined to climb the Matterhorn, that stupendous, awesome shaft of bald rock which seems to overtop the world. At the tea hour, "I'm all in," he gasped to Miss Wilkie, sinking into a rocker. "I got up about twelve thousand feet, I guess—as

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(Continued from Page 70)

high as that shoulder just below the peak—and then I got dizzy and had to quit."

"Why, I saw you sitting in front of the hotel all morning! You hardly stirred!"

"Sure! I made this climb through the telescope"

She told her father about it and laughingly remarked, "You can't help liking him."

"But he hasn't the character of the other, my dear—nothing like the sincerity. Hardy is an exceptional man."

"Yes, of course," she assented, but her tone lacked enthusiasm.

"He isn't a trifler. He takes things seriously."

"But people who're always so strenuous and dead in earnest, dad—who never let down—they're awfully hard on their friends. It's human nature to relax."

"Men of character are seldom good mixers," replied the professor, who found a sort of consolation in this theory.

He was really an excellent father, considerate and lenient, yet watchful too. For some reason he did not like Forrest; and although he had to put up with that young man's society a good deal, he seized every chance to disconcert him and expose the hollowness of his views. Forrest consequently regarded the professor as a "nut," but never displayed the slightest resentment, no matter how sarcastic and cutting he grew.

"The old bird's sour on the world, I guess," he remarked to Boyden tolerantly. "There's a type of highbrow that just naturally hates anybody who's human."

The weather turned bad and any sort of excursion became impossible. They waited a week in the hope of clear skies, but in vain. During this tedious interval their only amusements were cards, billiards and dancing, and Hardy cared for none of these things. Like most men who lead active outdoor lives, he was miserable when deprived of exercise, and nobody found him an especially cheerful companion. Consequently Boyden welcomed his proposal that they go to Chamonix. And then they learned that the professor and his daughter were going there too. Well, of all things! It may have cost the professor a dollar or two to exchange the railroad tickets for Aix-les-Bains he had in his pocket; but what of it? The concierge speedily made the adjustment and reserved rooms at a Chamonix hotel by telephone.

As for Forrest, he was heading for Paris.

"I can only live once," he explained.

The professor heaved a sigh of relief. He was glad to be rid of the fellow.

"Why not do Paris through a telescope?" suggested Hardy with a certain venom.

"Now, now! Naughty, naughty! Don't be spiteful."

"Well, I dare say the excitements of the Red Pig would appeal to you more than Mont Blanc. There are people that way."

Forrest glanced at him in surprise—Hardy's tongue had certainly grown salty of late.

"Oh, I don't know," he said easily. "But as far as this mountain-climbing business goes, it seems to me there's a lot of bunk about it."

Everybody looked shocked, except Miss Wilkie, who flushed uncomfortably.

"You do, do you? Ha! Then that settles it, of course," retorted Hardy "But it seems to me a fox once said something of that sort about some grapes."

"Take that climb in Asia they made so much fuss over in the newspapers about a month ago -I forget how many miles up in the air they got -but they were heroes, weren't they?"

"It was an extraordinary achievement"

"Well, what I don't exactly get is how the men who made it can be such all-fired heroes when seven or eight natives went along as porters and carried their luggage"

"That's your ignorance again"

"Maybe so But somehow I couldn't take myself very seriously, Aleck, if a poor, ignorant, underfed native could do the same stunt I did, and pack all my junk besides"

Hardy cut him short with an icy "Would you like a game of bridge, Miss Wilkie?"

"Oh, let's!"

Either because Forrest was out of the way, or because he found himself in his natural element at Chamonix, Hardy seemed an altogether different man. At Zermatt he had been fiercely impatient and contemptuous of the teaing and jazzing and bridge and flirting with which everybody passed the time during the stormy weather. But they enjoyed splendid sunshine at Chamonix; and it happened, too, that the hotel was almost empty. That brought the four very dependent on one another for entertainment, and he showed himself eager and considerate and resourceful.

"Why, he isn't the same person! It must be as dad says," concluded Muriel. "Men of purpose are always at their worst in social gatherings."

He tried to interest her in mountain climbing. For a few days she took to it with enthusiasm, but after a while it began to lose its thrill.

"Stick to it! You were cut out for a climber," Hardy urged very earnestly. "You've got everything -the nerve, the physique, the stamina ——"

"Yes, but I don't see anything in it," she protested. "When all's said and done, it's nothing but work."

He stared at her. "Of course. Everything worth while involves work. But when you've reached the summit, don't you feel the exultation that—— Oh, you know what I mean. There's nothing like it on earth."

His face was shining with a sort of fierce joy.

"No, I must confess I don't," she replied, with a blank look, and then passed it off with a laugh on perceiving how disappointed he was. And to please him, she persevered.

He taught her to climb leisurely—always to examine what she had to do, never to rush. He taught her to keep her mouth shut in order to prevent thirst, for a thirsty climber soon becomes exhausted; moreover, a talkative person is always a menace where intense concentration is required. He taught her the use of the rope—always to keep it taut. He taught her where and how to put her feet; also, when.

"Everything depends on the care you take," he repeated again and again. "What look like impossible places from which ninety-nine out of a hundred would turn away are easily conquered by the hundredth who takes the trouble. Careful preparation, caution, perseverance—those are the three essentials for a successful mountain climber."

"It's a lot of trouble for mighty little," she expostulated.

"They are also the three qualities necessary to any kind of real success."

She made a *moue* at that. Men who moralized rather wearied her, perhaps because that was the professor's favorite diversion. Yet she felt a profound admiration for Hardy. Although she exclaimed "Splendid" and "Wahnderful" until her jaws ached, half the time she really meant it, for among his mountains Hardy was at his best. Never dismayed, never at a loss, always cheerful, very much at ease, his poise amid the heaven-soaring peaks was as remarkable as his petty irritation had been amidst the buzzing of a hotel lounge. And it is so easy for a woman to steer her affections for a while.

"Well," remarked Boyden one day, with a slow grin, "I guess I'm about through. You two young people don't want me cluttering up the scenery any more."

They laughed, radiant, but guilty-looking.

"What makes you say that?" demanded Muriel.

"The whole hotel has known it a week."

"Nonsense! Why, we found out only yesterday"

"Then the spectators were faster workers."

"Ha, ha!" exploded Hardy, beaming like a fathead.

And do you know what the professor said? "What? God bless my soul! You don't mean it! And to think this has been going on right under my nose without my even suspecting! Well, well, well! But I am very happy, my boy—very happy. God bless you."

The honest man wiped a tear from his eye and kissed Muriel. Then he hurried off to send the great news home, for it would lift a weight of worry for the future from several minds.

The wedding took place two months after their return to America. Boyden was best man. Forrest was somewhere in the Far East The only word either of them had heard from him since they separated in Zermatt was a letter she received a fortnight before her marriage, and this she never mentioned to Hardy, who was absurdly sensitive about Forrest

"So you've been and gone and done it," he wrote. "I knew you would. At least, I knew it when all of you went to Chamonix together. At one time I thought—oh, well, that's the way it goes.

"You're getting one fine man. I've known him since we were kids at school. Aleck is the salt of the earth. Of course, he is different from the everyday dub. He lives in high altitudes which are apt to be hard now and again on plain citizens like myself; but pshaw, you know him better already than I do, so what's the use of my talking? I've asked my sister to send you something. My heartfelt good wishes for every happiness that life can bring go with it."

Long after she had finished reading it, Muriel continued to gaze at this letter of Forrest's. Then she tore it up with short, angry twists.

After he was married, Hardy kept right on climbing mountains. Perhaps Muriel had fondly imagined that consideration for her would deter him from taking the risks; but he pooh-poohed the idea of danger, and when she switched from that argument to his long absences from home he wanted to know why she did not come along with him and share in his life.

"Because I've got better things to do with my time," she declared

"To lie in bed, or try on hats, or play bridge, I suppose?"

"I don't see where they're any worse than your old mountain climbing! At least there's some sense to them"

"It is hardly likely you would see," he sneered.

He was profoundly disappointed in Muriel, and he as much as said so to Professor Wilkie when he remarked that his wife took no interest in his work or ambitions or hopes.

"How do you know?"

"Know? She shows it every day."

"Just what are your ambitions—and hopes?"

"Why—oh, those're things a man doesn't talk about. But if he doesn't have them, he isn't worth sour apples—he's a clod. When I think of the dreams I once had! When I think of how I pictured our married life, what we would accomplish together, what ——"

"Indeed!" said the professor dryly. "Well, well! Isn't it just possible your ideals are a bit vague, Aleck?"

"But she hasn't any!" broke out his son-in-law. "She never thinks of a thing but dresses and hats, or a good meal and a show. She ——"

"She is enjoying what I was never able to give her. That's all. Perhaps you expect too much. Not one woman in a thousand has what men understand by ideals. They're much too practical for that. But let's see what direction these ideals take. Your own, for instance. Vague yearnings—an irrepressible desire to take risks, to adventure. You must admit they hardly ever have any objective. A woman, on the other hand, always has a definite goal for her ambition. She keeps her feet on the ground, no matter where her head is in the clouds; and anything tending to disturb domestic serenity, or even the smooth order of her daily routine, is abhorrent to her. But why should we accuse her of lack of ideals on that account?"

"She hasn't got 'em, all the same."

"No, she hasn't," assented the professor, sighing as he thought of his own dead hopes. "Even when she's dreaming dreams and building air castles to the skies, they're all really on a very solid foundation—they have to do with an ideal lover who'll be a sort of sublimated flunky, or unconsciously with procreation, or a home organized on her own ideal lines. They never embrace humanity in the mass; they seldom soar to other worlds. In short, women are the conservatives of the human species, my boy."

He suddenly cocked an eye at Hardy and said, with a whimsical smile, "Muriel doesn't enthuse over your mountain climbing, hey? Isn't that it?"

"Partly; but—oh, we simply haven't the same views of life; or the same tastes, or anything."

"H'm! Still, we're as God made us. Does she expect you to change? Or—do you expect her?"

About three months after this conversation, Boyden was killed in an ascent of a formidable peak in Italy. He had made the trip at Hardy's earnest solicitation and not because he was fired by a consuming passion for subduing summits. Indeed, Boyden's natural tendency was toward the soft things of life; but stronger still was his love of notoriety. He simply could not keep out of the limelight, and the fame he had gained in his home town from association with Hardy in some of his more perilous conquests was very precious to him. He preserved in a big book every clipping about their expeditions. So he went along, the compelling motive nothing higher than the longing to hear people say, "See that fellow? That's Boyden, the great mountain climber. He made the first ascent of Baldhead."

Of the party of nine who reached the summit, two paid with their lives—Boyden and a guide. The tragedy was a stunning blow to Hardy.

"It was so unnecessary," he kept repeating; "so utterly unnecessary. Carelessness—nothing else."

Those who heard him wore a queer expression. Few accepted this view, and sinister rumors gained wide credence. What people could not understand was how two men could be lost out of a party of nine. Couldn't seven hold two? If the rope broke, whose fault was it? Or had it been cut?

Some who did not like Hardy remarked casually that they heard he had been next to Boyden in line, whilst those who hesitated to charge him with any responsibility did say that it seemed as if Hardy felt the stain on his reputation as a climber worse than his friend's death.

Now, it had never occurred to Hardy that the account furnished by members of the party in reporting the affair would not be accepted everywhere as the whole truth. When he finally awoke to the whisperings and gossip, he was cut to the quick and demanded a public and searching investigation. At first the local Italian authorities were reluctant, arguing that all the facts were already known; but he insisted. The result of the official inquiry may be summarized in the testimony of one of the Swiss guides employed for the climb:

My name is Franz Stauffacher, 35 years of age, married, mountain guide. I was engaged by Mr. Aleck Hardy for the ascent of Baldhead

QUESTION: Before you went on this expedition, had you ever made mountain-trips with him?

ANSWER: Many times. I accompanied him on the ascent of the Dent Blanche, the Aiguille Verte, the Leiterspitz, and the Matterhorn twice.

QUESTION: Do you consider him a capable cragsman?

ANSWER: He is as capable as any guide. Better than most.

QUESTION: Did you know Mr. Boyden?

ANSWER: Yes; he was a friend of Mr. Hardy's. As a climber, only fair. He was reckless sometimes, through ignorance. Sometimes he was very cautious.

QUESTION. Tell us what happened.

ANSWER On August thirtieth, about 8:40 A.M., we left the hut and crossed the ridge There were nine of us the three gentlemen and six guides Mr Hardy never goes on an expedition without a strong proportion of guides

In about an hour we reached the glacier and tied up. It was easy work and all went well After a while we came to some bad places and I had to place Mr Boyden's feet for him several times, but we passed up them and at last rested on a ledge for a drink.

From here we could see the face of the summit we had to climb. It was not nearly so steep as it looked from below I don't think it exceeds thirty degrees except in a few places. It looked easy enough to run up. The place where we stopped for a rest is about eleven thousand, seven hundred feet up and not more than six or seven hundred feet from the top.

When we were ready to start again Mr. Hardy wanted us all roped together, but one of the gentlemen said he thought it was unnecessary, and most of the guides thought so too. Mr. Hardy said again we ought to tie up and take no chances, but Melchior Gillioz laughed and invited Mr. Boyden to come along and be first to the summit. In bad places Mr. Boyden was careful, but it looked so easy he was eager to go.

Mr. Hardy again cautioned him to tie up with the party But while he was busy on something else Boyden tied up with Melchior and the two started ahead. They reached the top in safety. So did we. There was no difficulty at all. But when we got to the summit we saw Melchior standing braced on the top of the peak holding into the rope with all his might He had his teeth set like this and was pulling as hard as he could.

When we called to him he did not answer. He needed every bit of breath he had, for he was holding Boyden, who was hanging by the rope on the other side of the summit. The peak drops sheer away on that side and Mr. Boyden had stepped out on what looked to him like part of the solid, snow-covered summit; but it was a cornice of ice and broke under his weight. And there he hung suspended. He was a very heavy man, too heavy for Melchior

(Continued on Page 76)

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When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural, beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

Soap and cosmetic combined

Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

These rare oils, scientifically blended in Palmolive, produce far more than mere soap. It permits thorough, beautifying cleansing without danger of drying the skin. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates, resulting in becoming natural bloom and glow.

Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin and is the basis of complexion beauty.

Clogging, the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combines with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm

What to do

Once every day, preferably at bedtime, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine soft towel for drying.

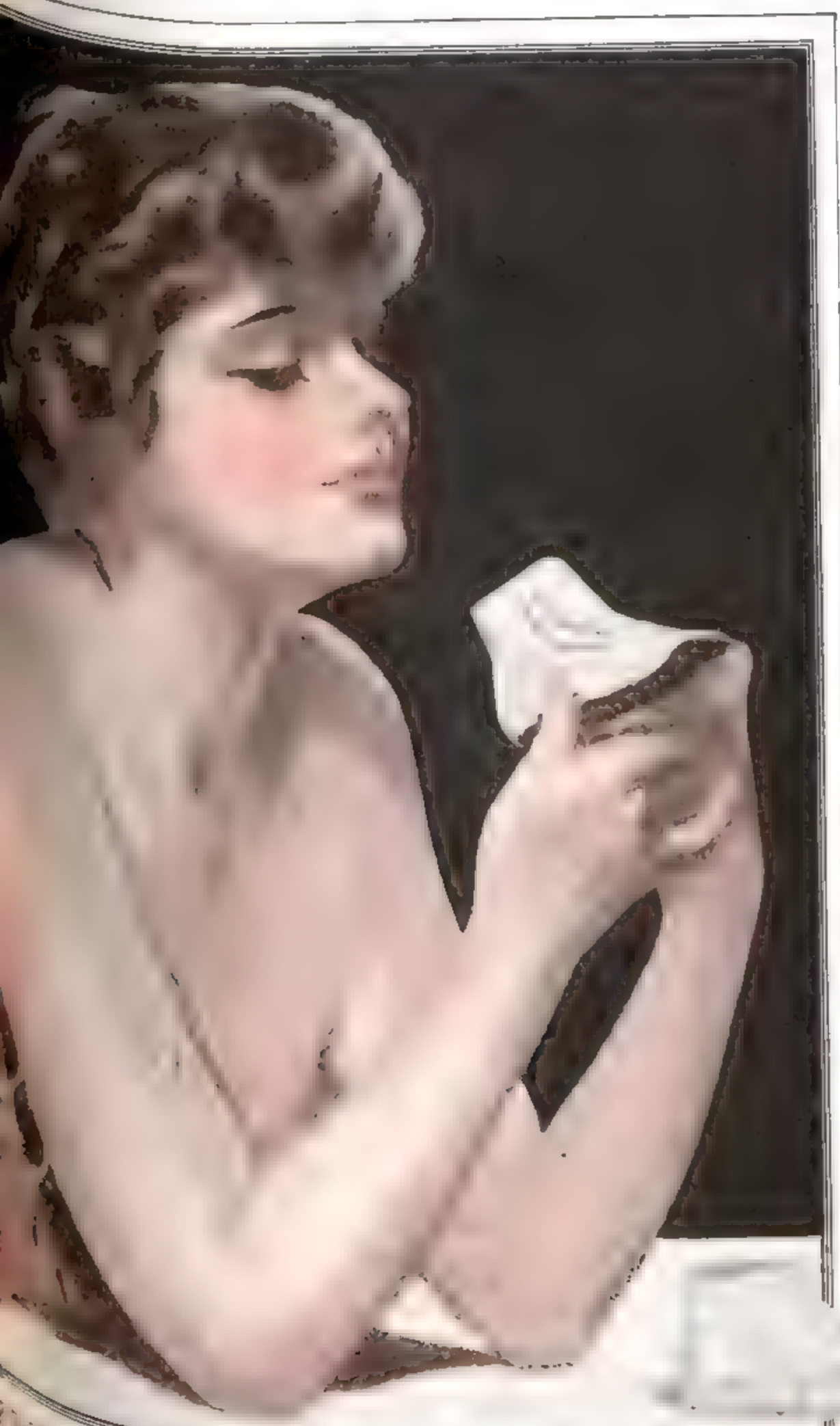
If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

All can afford it

The world-wide popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories busy day and night enables us to maintain the 10-cent price. Thousands can afford the benefit and luxury of this finest and mildest soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

OLIVE



Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is produced.

Nature puts the color in the leaves, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It matters not how much flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils not only imparted that color to Palmolive Soap—they also gave it their own soothing mildness. The lather of Palmolive is a reflection of the skin. It's almost like cream.

But—not too expensive for general toilet use. Popular to keep the Palmolive factories working night and day producing 20c quality for only 10c a cake.

Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

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(Continued from Page 72)

to pull up in the position in which he found himself, and Mr. Boyden was incapable of pulling himself up.

Neither of the two men said a word. We scrambled toward them to help, but just as I got about twenty feet from Melchior he gave a sort of moan and let go. Then over he went, with his arms thrown out. I did not see how they fell, because they were on the other side of the summit.

QUESTION: In what position were the bodies when recovered?

ANSWER: They were close together. They fell about four thousand feet on to the glacier. The upper part of Melchior's head . . . Mr. Boyden had lost one of his boots, yet that foot was uninjured

QUESTION: Could Melchior have saved himself, had he chosen?

ANSWER: At first, at any rate, he could have cut the rope while he had the strength. Later, no.

QUESTION: Would the accident have been likely to occur had all been tied together?

ANSWER: I don't think so. Even if one had slipped, the rest of us could have pulled him up.

Even after this complete vindication there were people who looked dubious when the tragedy was mentioned. As for Muriel, she seized upon it for her own purposes.

"Now perhaps you'll listen to me!" she exclaimed. "That might just as well have been you."

Very wearily, "Better, perhaps."

"Well, what if it had been you? What would become of me?"

"So that's it? Well, my dear, you'll be amply provided for; so don't worry."

"Do you mean to say you're going to keep right on at this crazy mountain climbing?"

"Why not?"

"After what has happened?"

"I've told you a dozen times it need not have happened. It was nothing but carelessness."

She stared at him with a puzzled, half wondering look.

"I do believe you're not quite sane," she said.

"If sanity is denoted by your conception of life, my child, then I'm crazy," he retorted.

During the winter they lived almost estranged, and when spring arrived he announced an intention of going to Switzerland to scale an unconquered peak—not the highest, by any means, but regarded by many experts as the most formidable in the Alps.

"So you don't think enough of me to give up these trips?"

"That isn't a fair way of stating the case."

"It's true, just the same."

In sudden yearning, "Don't you care enough to come with me, Muriel? A man must climb, dear—or go down."

"If you go you'll never see me again."

They looked into each other's eyes.

"Why did you marry me?" he demanded bitterly. "You knew what I was like. Did you expect to make me over to your own pattern?"

"Well, you knew what I was like too. Did you expect to change me?"

"Never! A man never knows what a woman is like. I can't see why you went to the bother of making believe."

"Oh, shut your mouth!" she cried furiously.

A blow in the face would have hurt him less. He still treasured chivalrous ideas of women in his heart of hearts, and he was of the type that can forgive moral laxity in a gentlewoman much quicker than a vulgarity in an ill-bred one. Now he turned away without a word, and they did not see each other again before his departure.

The day he landed in Genoa a wireless message was brought to him. It was from his mother: "Muriel left suddenly California."

A chill shot through his heart, and was succeeded by a flush of rage. He knew what this meant, because Forrest now lived in California—Forrest, who had lately spent considerable time in his boyhood home on the pretext of visiting his sister. Well, let him have her. They were perfectly suited to each other, that pair! Muriel would now be able to shop her fill, and parade up and down all the peacock alleys Hardy had detested, and dance and play bridge and gossip, and her husband would not only approve but would enter into these activities with zest. In a few years she would grow fat and commonplace, just like Forrest. Yes, it would be an ideal match. She ought to have married him in the first place.

From that moment he dismissed his wife from mind and went calmly ahead with preparations for the climb. He had his work and his ambitions; she had been a drag on both; now he was free to go high and ever higher. His eyes took on a strange light, exultant, farseeing. This ascent was to be the crowning achievement of his career.

Guides talk of that climb to this day. Hardy took with him three of proven mettle and varied experience, but one of these asked to be taken along because his friend was going; he was not employed. They started on a chill morning, just before dawn. The day broke cloudless.

During the first two hours of the ascent the work was unexpectedly easy and they made rapid progress. Then, in a pause for breath at an angle of some cliffs, Hardy untied to explore what was beyond. The prospect did not appear difficult and he went farther along, always curious to see what was just around the corner. He reached a spot where it was necessary to cut a few steps in the snow. Below him stretched a slope of about fifty degrees, running down to the rim of a precipice. The precipice towered two thousand feet above a glacier.

Suddenly his companions saw him lurch and clutch wildly at nothing with his ax. Next instant he shot past them and went tumbling head over heels down the slope.

On his back for the most part, he fell in five tremendous bumps, and a shower of stones cascaded with him. The horrified guides gave him up for lost, but the final bound which carried him to the rim also sent him smashing against some jutting rocks. Had his knapsack not acted as a buffer, he would certainly have been killed then and there, but it broke the impact. Also, it saved him, for although his legs went over the precipice, he was held an instant by the straps catching on a jagged corner of rock.

That instant enabled him to secure a grip with his hands, and for a second or two he hung thus over the void. Then he slowly drew himself up and sat on the rocks with his head in his hands until he had regained his numbed senses.

Two of the guides worked their way down to him, but he really did not need their help. Indeed, after his brain cleared, Hardy seemed none the worse for the fall except for a number of bad bruises and considerable skin off his nose and one ear. Of course, they took it for granted that he would now abandon the attempt.

"Not at all. Why should we? I'm all right." And after a few minutes' rest they resumed the climb.

At one point they brought up at the edge of a deep notch, or fissure, the bottom of which was lost to sight in dim depths. This fissure was hardly more than five feet across, and as the other side was below the ledge on which they stood, a man could easily leap it. However, just where he would land the rocks sloped slightly upward and they could not be sure these rocks were safe. Many a firm-looking one had given under their feet that morning

"It's either jump or give up," said Hardy. "There's no other way. I'll go first."

If he missed they would never even find him. They payed out some extra rope, he took a deep breath and leaped. A fine, clean jump, but the rock on which he struck began to teeter, and they braced themselves for the crash. It steadied—held. He secured firm footing and told the next man to come along. All passed safely.

At another point they reached a perpendicular wall of smooth rock, and further progress appeared barred. Neither could they return the way they had come, for it was manifestly impossible to jump that fissure upwards from the side they were on. Some way around this obstacle must be found.

They lowered Hardy over the cliff that he might explore. He stuck his feet against the rock, stiffened his legs and leaned the upper part of his body far out over the abyss, which enabled him to peer around the corner. At last he signaled to them to be drawn up.

"There's a place about thirty feet below where we can pass, and from there it looks like fair climbing to the ridge."

So they went down on the rope, one by one, to the ledge he had found. The last man secured the rope fast to rock by a grapnel and descended. They could not shake it loose again and left that length hanging there.

More than once a man had to flatten himself against the bald cliff, thousands of feet above the void, and cling with hands and one foot while he groped with the other for a foothold to advance. Only one man moved at a time, with the others braced against a jerk. Once in a gully they heard the crash and boom of falling rocks, and as they pressed against the cliff in an agony of fear several huge bowlders came thundering past on their left, dashed against the opposite wall and, smashing into splinters, went cascading down into the bottomless depths. Echoes reached them for several minutes.

Most guides prefer ice and snow to rock climbing, but the Sky Needle near its summit offered nothing but crags and jagged ridges and notches. The last few hundred feet of climb was up smooth ice-coated rock, of such difficulty that it was amazing men could accomplish it; of such peril, it was amazing they would voluntarily undertake the task. Seen from below the peak did not appear to offer footing for a fly. But Hardy and his guides went at it slowly, very carefully and methodically, and at long last won to the top.

There they shouted and huzzaed. They hoisted a flag. Hardy drank deep of triumph. He looked down from his crowning achievement, and if a man may be said ever to reach his soul's desire, he realized it in that half hour.

And yet, even before they started back, he was figuring on new conquests. Gazing out over the marvelous panorama, he scarcely saw it, for he was thinking, "Now for Mount Everest!" And becoming conscious of a pale, thin crescent of moon in the midday sky, he murmured, "I wonder! Some day, perhaps."

They had a tougher time going down than in ascending. A sudden violent snowstorm swept around the summit just after they had started and almost blew them from their dizzy perch into the abyss. Their eyebrows became coated with icicles, their fingers froze. But it stopped as abruptly as it came, and the weather became perfectly clear and calm as before; but all afternoon they were whipped by unexpected, shrieking gales which pounced upon them without warning, strove to tear them from their places, and then died away with wails of disappointment.

They had to cross a snow field. It looked soft and Hardy hesitated, but the guides assured him it was all right and, since he perceived no other route, they tackled it. All went well until two of the party had arrived safely on the ledge under the cliff at the other side. Then they heard a soft hiss above. The third man made a frantic effort and gained the ledge just as the hiss swelled to a terrible note. Hardy caught a glimpse of a thick cloud of snow dust tearing down toward them. It was the head of the avalanche, and it caught the last man.

Just as the mighty mass hit him, he threw up his arms and seemed to leap into the air. Perhaps it tossed him. At any rate he was flung to one side of the resistless torrent, so that he smashed against the cliff at their feet. By a miracle the rope held, and they hauled him up to the ledge, whilst thousands of tons of snow and rocks went hurtling down, steep on steep, to the glacier half a mile below. The whole world seemed to sway; the rush of the avalanche almost sucked them from their refuge; its thunders left them deaf and shaking. A smother of snow dust followed.

"Sir," said a guide devoutly, "God has us in his keeping and will bring us out of this in safety."

Maac Schremli, the guide who had been caught by the avalanche, was stunned and badly cut and bruised. They had now to assist him, and consequently much valuable time was lost. Darkness overtook the party before they reached the great glacier and they had to spend the night on the open face of the mountain. Hardy managed to find a spot offering a little shelter for all, and they helped Schremli up there.

About midnight, in the midst of a dead calm, burst a terrific thunderclap, and then the heavens opened to vomit forked flame. There was no wind, no rain; but the air tingled and hissed. For an hour the mountains shook and quivered to the crashes, the lightning zigzagged and flickered and sizzled. One of the guides let out a yell and asserted he had been struck; next morning his leg bore a long red wale and swelled badly.

They recommenced the descent at dawn. All the guides showed signs of exhaustion, and Maac Schremli was so utterly spent that Hardy had to help him continually. In this dire stress somebody proposed they should leave Maac behind and dispatch a rescue party later from the village; they could make him comfortable; otherwise none of them might ever arrive.

Hardy peremptorily vetoed this proposition. He did not like the look of the weather, and he informed the guides they would all return together or all perish on the mountain.

They went downward, slowly and painfully. The mountain was separated from the glacier by a *Bergschrund*, a mighty crevasse which appeared impassable. Its yawning mouth seemed to mock them; its depths were lost in darkness somewhere in the bowels of the earth. After a long search they found an ice bridge. It was terrifyingly frail, but they managed to cross it on their hands and knees, Hardy practically dragging Schremli over. The guide was now dead to his surroundings and moved as one in a dream.

From that point on their progress became a nightmare. The others were too spent to give assistance with Schremli, but Hardy seemed to be sustained by a divine fire. And at the last he bore Schremli on his back.

About ten A.M. they staggered into the village, to the huge amazement of the inhabitants, who had given them up for lost because of the avalanche all had seen from the street the previous afternoon. So they had conquered the Sky Needle! *Ach*, what a feat! This *Herr* was a brave man.

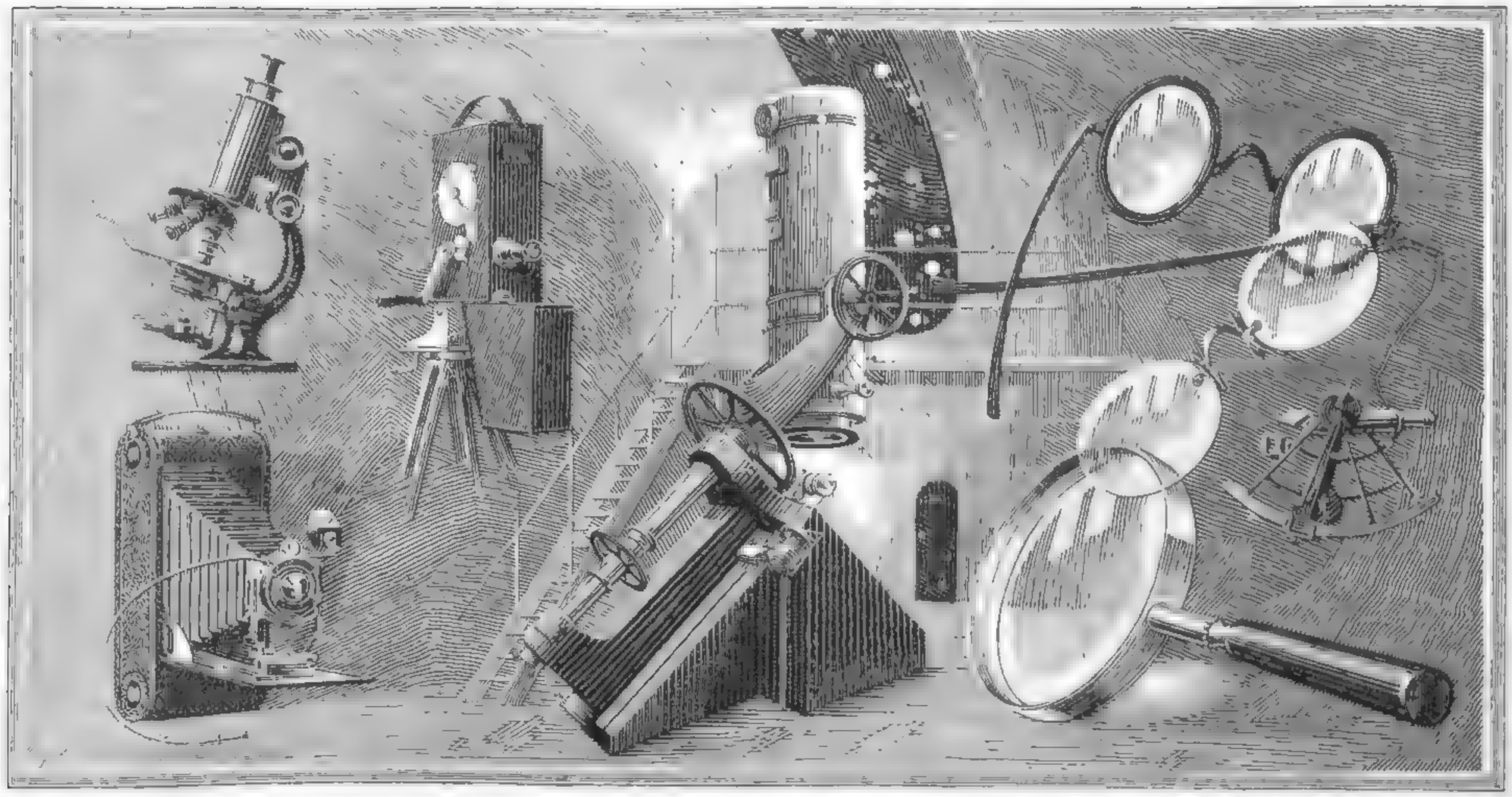
Brave? The guides of the party swore that in all their experience they had never witnessed such cool daring or dauntless resolution. And one and all added they wouldn't go on another expedition with him for a thousand francs. No, not for a million!

Wherever he went, people pointed him out and exclaimed and whispered. They told how he had stood by and rescued poor Maac Schremli, when nine out of ten *Herren* would have abandoned him to save themselves. Guides and villagers he had never seen came forward shyly to shake his hand.

Hardy basked in this homage. It was the one kind of praise he coveted. Instead of going to bed to get much-needed sleep, after a hearty lunch he decided to take a stroll through the village street. It may be that a group of guides and visiting mountain climbers he could see from his bedroom window prompted him—he longed to hear what they were saying about the achievement, to see them put their heads together as he passed.

Taking up a stout ash stick, and selecting a straight-stemmed pipe which went well with his alpine outfit, he stepped into the corridor. It was narrow and dark. A short flight of stairs led to the ground floor. Hardy paused at the top to light his pipe.

The flare of the match blinded him for a moment, so that he did not see a mop and pail which the charwoman had left on the second step. Next instant he plunged headlong, wildly flinging out his hands to save himself. The fall was not fifteen feet, but when they picked Hardy up his neck was broken, and he died within the hour.



How lead helps you see

THE use of lead in lens-making has made the planets in the universe objects as familiar to astronomers as are the chickens in a barn-yard to a farmer's wife.

The microscope lens, containing lead, has enabled science to count and classify bacteria so small that millions can live in a drop of milk.

There is lead in the telescopic lens of the sextant with which the navigating officer determines his latitude and longitude and plots the course of his ship.

Before such lenses were made, man could distinguish objects only a few miles away, and the point of a needle was the smallest thing conceivable, because it was the smallest thing that could be seen.

How lead gets into glass

Ordinary lead is melted at a very high temperature. On cooling it falls into buff-colored flakes. This is litharge, a lead oxide. Reburning and recooling the litharge gives an orange-red powder, called red-lead, another oxide of lead. Litharge or red-lead melted with silica (fine white sand) and potash or soda unites with these materials and forms clear glass.

Lead gives to this glass the quality necessary for properly refracting or bending the rays of light, so that the magnifying power of the glass lens is enormously increased.

Thus with the help of lead the courses of stars and comets are revealed. The length of days and seasons, the tides, even the weather, can be known in advance. With the help of magnifying lenses man has developed the serums that protect humanity against diphtheria, typhoid, and other diseases.

Lead in other lenses

The same lead is used in making the moving picture lens through which you see the countries and peoples of the world. It is in the glass lenses of ordinary cameras, and also in those of spectacles, eye-glasses and reading glasses.

Paint needs lead

The most widely known use of lead and its products is, however, in making paint. It is white-lead that gives to good paint its ability to last long and adequately protect the surface. The quality of any paint depends largely upon the amount of white-lead it contains.

Property needs paint

Until recently many people did not realize as fully as they should that by keeping the natural destroyers away from their property they prolonged its life. Today, however, they are acknowledging the wisdom of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all." And they are saving the surface by painting with white-lead paint.

What the Dutch Boy means

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by the National Lead Company are battery litharge, battery red-lead, pressure die castings, cinch expansion bolts, sheet lead, and Hoyt Hardlead products for buildings. It also manufactures lead for every other purpose to which it can be put in art, industry, and daily life.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information; or, if you have a general academic interest in this fascinating subject and desire to pursue it further, we will send on request a list of books which describe this metal and its service to the civilized world.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

He thought he knew her well

NO matter *how* well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

Unless halitosis is a symptom of some serious organic disorder which a physician or dentist should correct, you may easily put yourself upon the safe and polite side by using Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic.

Meet halitosis in this scientific way—by using Listerine systematically as a mouth-wash and gargle. It is the ideally effective breath deodorant.

Fastidious people everywhere make Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. It acts quickly and pleasantly. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit. It has now been on the market for half a century, and has dozens of other uses as well.

Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

THE CELEBRITY

(Continued from Page 17)

Amelia confessed to cocoa and crackers for breakfast and chocolate on the train.

"Good heavens!" said Mame. "I'll get you a tray right off. I've got farina pudding and bouillon on the ice, and I'll fix you some chicken-breast sandwiches and a glass of milk—and cream. Supper's two hours off. I'd die on that myself. All I want you to do while you're here is to rest and take it easy. I'll keep the children quiet and feed you well. Mornings we won't disturb you. I've read about authors and I know they mostly work in bed. You can be right here and do your literary work till noon every day of your life, Ameely."

Amelia threw a protesting arm from the madras coverlet under which Mame had pushed her. "Don't call me that, Mame! Call me 'Melia."

Mame shook her head.

"I won't, either! We may as well get used to it if it's your public name. I've got Harry coached, and the children too. I like it, anyway—it's pretty. A lot of people think it's queer you should change the name your father and mother gave you, but I think it looks pretty in print. It looked nice in the Star, anyway. I said the minute you sent me that Tomtit that people here had got to know what you were doing. I called up Ben Tisdall and sent it right over. He did pretty well by you."

Amelia winced and turned her head on the pillow. A faint ostrichlike delusion that Ben Tisdall had happened accidentally on the magazine and written her up drew its head from the sand of optimism and expired. Well, a country editor naturally wouldn't read a New York monthly with a red-and-green bathing girl. You had to get people to do it for you until you were really known—friends and family—wherever you could persuade them. Mame had done it—Mame and her husband, Druggist Harry Bent. Mame misinterpreted Amelia's sigh.

"You're tired out," she said, pausing in the doorway, and delivered her stricture on Main Street. "Now I'll get your tray," she added. "There's one thing I didn't change, and that's the mattress. If they've got anything better in New York than those South American hair mattresses mamma gave me ——"

The mattress received Amelia amiably, but she was too abstracted for more than a vague comparison to the baker's sponge-cake layer of her city box couch. She was surrounded with the new glories of her room—the room Mame had done over and made appropriate.

The door stood ajar. She could see across the hall into Mame's room. Mame was thirty-four, twelve years her senior. Her youth had known different ideals. Mame's room was French—that is to say, it was done in pink and blue. A blue velvet rug and a span of wall showed. The wall was of white, patterned in a stripe of tight, very fat pink roses tied in small blue ribbons. You could see gilt-framed pictures—a Hofmann's Christ, a photographic baby Cupid in white chiffon shooting you with a cardboard bow and arrow, a Yard of Roses by Paul de Longpré. Mame's bureau showed: Circassian walnut, with an outsize oval mirror, piled with thick silver dressing tools, brushes and hand glass covered with a Laocoön entanglement of La France roses and foliage, Harry's engagement gift. In spite of twelve years of married life with Harry Bent, Mame still had Cupid on her wall and roses on her dressing table. Perhaps, Amelia reflected, she didn't see them any longer, or else she didn't see Harry.

She returned to her own room. Mame might be a bit old-fashioned, but it was only because she wished to be. She took magazines and she knew what was what.

Amelia's old room—a jetsam collection of odd furnishings and girlhood souvenirs—was forever gone. Her floor had been painted dead black, her walls and ceiling a dark cream. Two small sage-green rugs traversed the floor, and two chairs—mission chairs formerly, Mame confessed—had been rubbed to the buff and stained by Mame's own hand to a brilliant orange. They stood at exact intervals against the wall. Her bed and dresser were painted gray, and the former had been covered with a small figured print in gold, gray and orange. Casement cloth, stenciled in orange, hung at the windows, and a gray-green pot held a cluster of lion's-tongues.

But the *pièce de résistance* was the chest Grandpa West's old harness chest, rescued from the barn and enameled by Mame in a thick rich turquoise blue; that and the two pictures—Nude Descending a Staircase and Aubrey Beardsley's Incubus, the woman with the nightmare beast lying on her breast, in black and white rimmed with narrow ebony.

"Oh, how I worked!" Mame cried. "I got the color scheme from the art editor of the Ladies' Last Word, and the pictures were mentioned in our reading club's art course—they were called the decadent movement. But I knew you'd want them, Ameely. I sent to Boston for them. I don't care who says so, if that Carol Kennicott could see this room ——"

It was true—all it needed was a bowl of lychee nuts.

The sounds and scents of a small-town street floated anomalously past the casement cloth and the pot of lion's-tongues—two housewives exchanging inquiries for a moment on somebody's illness, the clatter of Bob Eyley jerking the butcher's truck to a full stop, a bicycle bell, a scissors grinder, three notes of childish laughter, suddenly, remotely, transmuted to lamentation; the sustained sudden chatter of a catbird outside in the big maple. Perfume entered—a gingery molasses smell of baking cake, the odor of verdure, a whiff from Mame's flower beds and a faint leitmotif from Carter's Livery around the corner. Mount Pleasant had changed not at all—or just a little.

Amelia clutched at Mame's attention as they passed the Wheedon place—the lovely rank growth clipped and pruned to new beauty. Behind its drooping silver birches a new building stood, a tapestry-brick Dutch house with hooded silvery-shingled gables, quaint sage-green shutters and porch, prim beds of calendula and zinnia trooping to the gate.

"Oh, I guess I forgot to write you that. It's Pitt Welburn's new house. He had some money left this spring, so he built himself a new house—though, of course, I s'pose he won't stay in it alone. Some say ——"

Mame sheered off Cotter's Ice Wagon and what some said was lost. But it had given Amelia a strange feeling. Pitt Welburn with a house like that—choosing a place like that—pretty—in good taste—lovely, really. No, she supposed a man wouldn't want to live alone in a place like that.

But it was just as she had supposed. Pitt was content to stay here. She had been right. Nothing could possibly stir him out of his rut. He was Mount Pleasant, and Mount Pleasant he'd remain. Well, everybody to his taste. It made no difference to her what sort of house Pitt Welburn built himself—or who lived in it. Everybody must express his truth. Her own was different. She had grown. Just because she had once been content to accept two-cent fees from old ladies in the circulating library, or had made tatting wheels for a now impossible hope chest, or had found Pitt Welburn thrilling —— Really, it was to laugh!

Restlessly Amelia leaped from under the madras spread, got out her dressing things and fled to Mame's big bathroom, replete with thickly embroidered towels, nickel faucets and pale blue spongy rugs. A little later her complete dressed image looked back from the glass of her transformed bureau. Rather good-looking. A little pale from travel, and a shade of inanition, mauve shadows under her eyes—cryptic! A glossy corolla of silky dark hair falling like the bell of a satiny flower about her face. Her black satin sports skirt, her long overdress of batik Javanese silk—a queer gaudy thing, half parrot, half butterfly, with splashes of jade, gold, peacock blue and Indian red. Her long necklace of carved brown beads, not unlike peach stones, her large dinner ring of twisted black enamel and near-jade.

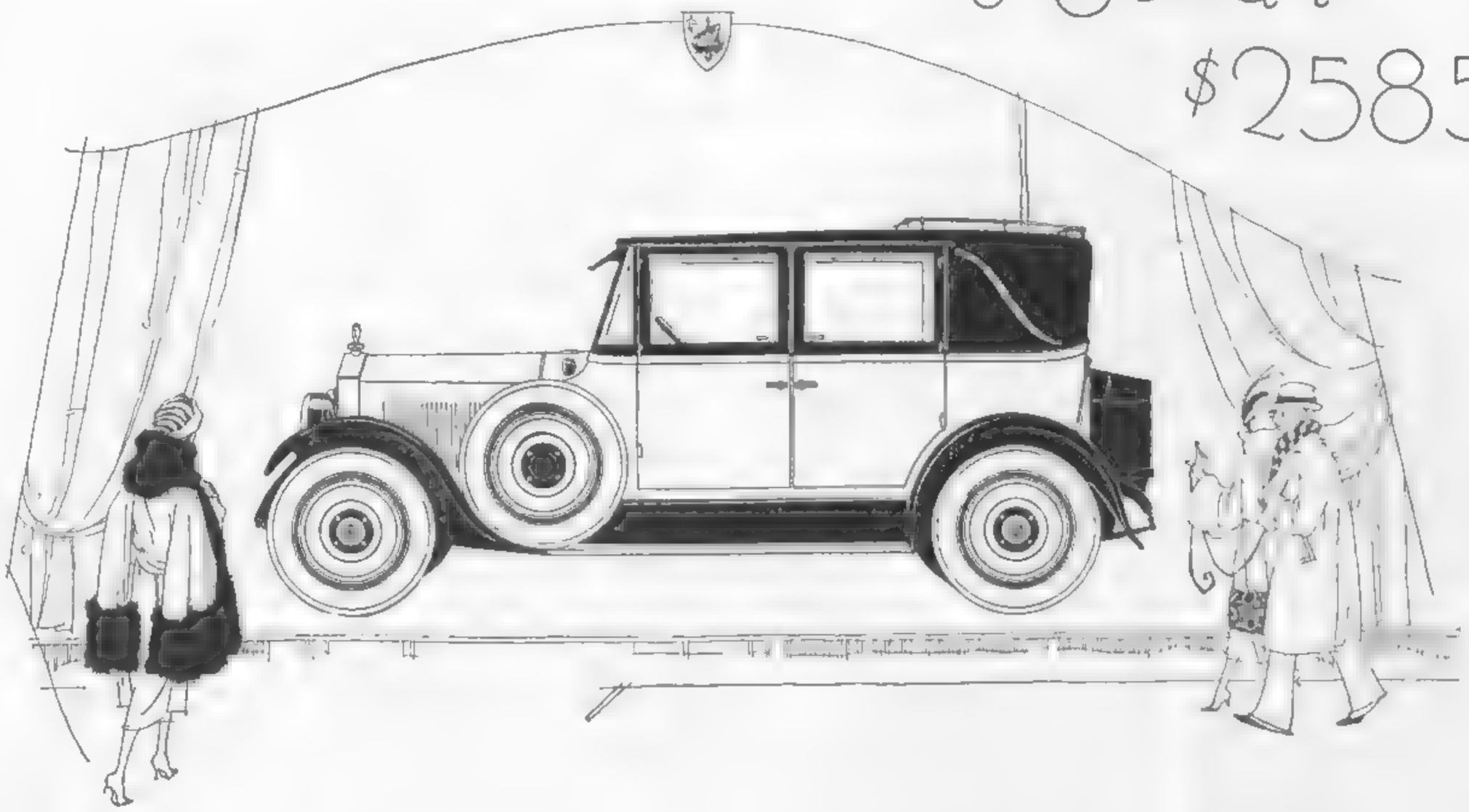
Her small store of clothes was spread in the closet: Her lavender suit, a few blouses, a shabby serge one-piece, her evening dress—she had worn it once when a friend of a friend had asked her to the Kit-Kat ball. A bargain frock of mercerized gold tulle threaded with Christmas-tree tinsel, and shoulder straps of black velvet. It didn't bear daylight, but it

(Continued on Page 80)

The New Six 58

Petite Touring Sedan

$2585



A DISTINCT departure in closed car design. At first sight you'll admire the personality, dignity and charm of this new Moon Petite Touring Sedan. Aside from its mechanical excellence and efficiency — its completeness, downy comfort and ultra-refinements materially magnify its inherent charm.

Sturdy — strong — powerful, it offers touring de luxe for lovers of the great outdoors.

Moon engineers have devoted unusual attention to the open road requirements of the closed car and have left nothing undone to provide against the severest tests that may be imposed. Every want has been anticipated — every comfort and convenience has been provided.

Four wide doors. Seats deep, restful, inviting — promise days of touring without tiring. Windshield absolutely rain-proof. Permanent metal sun visor. Cowl lamps. Highly finished prop irons. Polished aluminum body rails and trunk rack. Six Disteel wheels — spare wheels mounted on sides.

For those of luxurious habit — those who desire comfort — seek distinction — the Moon Petite Touring Sedan is a complete answer.

The 1923 series of Moon cars comprises an unusually attractive and complete line of open and closed models.

Six-40—5-passenger Touring	$1,295	Six-40—Tourlux	$1,445	Six-58—Sport Touring	$1,995
Six-40—Roadster	1,295	Six-40—Coupe	1,585	Six-58—7-passenger Sedan	2,485
Six-40—Sport Touring	1,445	Six-40—5-passenger four-door Sedan	1,695	Six-58—Four-door Petite Touring Sedan	2,585
		Six-58—5- and 7-passenger Touring	1,785		

(Prices f. o. b. St. Louis)

We will exhibit at both the New York and Chicago National Automobile Shows

The MOON

Built by Moon Motor Car Company, St. Louis, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

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gave an effect. She certainly gave an effect now. The little room was suddenly complete.

There was a tap. Mame, of course. Amelia called "Come in," and Mount Pleasant, crying out in admiration, broad, comely in fresh pink country gingham, came in with an offertory of cream and chicken breast for Washington Square.

"Meet my sister, Ameely Dinsmore West," Mame was saying pridefully.

They were in the living room. Brown willow chairs stood about; ferns in the big fireplace; Harry's smoking kit; Mame's Chinese workbasket; a row of books, the five-foot shelf, a little dusty—Audrey, the Winning of Barbara Worth, Efficiency in Business, Famous Orators of the Past, the Home Law Library, Holt's Care and Feeding of Children. The babies were there like sweet-pea blossoms; Harry in his summer mohair, his broad red face, a round bald spot.

The guests were Miss Willard, who taught gym to the high-school girls—pink, firm-muscled, with shell glasses; a Mr. Hubbell, rather knowing, with a college-yell tie, who had opened a new automobile agency; a Mr. Slater, a young clergyman, with curling hair and a black silk bow tie. His face, Amelia thought, looked sensitive and rather spiritual. Miss Willard was a little awed, clearly. She eyed the batik flames on Amelia's overdress, but Mr. Hubbell was nonchalant.

"Well, how did you leave the one and only town?" he asked a little loudly.

Through the arch there came a faint clatter from Mame's dining room. A table rivaling even the polished bathroom for its white and silver lusters showed.

Blanche, Mame's faithful hired girl, with a lace doily pinned to her hair and her capable figure compressed into tight black sateen, came and clutched the *portière*.

"Supper's served," she announced.

Amelia found herself between Mr. Hubbell and Mr. Slater. Mr. Hubbell turned to her as to a kindred spirit. He went, he told her, to New York at least twice each year. Bully place, little old Manhattan. He missed Broadway. 'Course it wasn't what it once was, though of course, too, you could get it pretty nearly anywhere nowadays. Had she seen any Broadway shows lately? The Follies this year were dandy! Tell you a good show I saw last year—the Gold Diggers.

"I've just seen the Hairy Ape," Amelia quashed gently.

Miss Willard leaned suddenly forward and asked them if they had seen Tarzan in the movies, and Amelia was relieved to have Mr. Hubbell turn away.

Harry carved a great slab of baked ham, pink and bronze-crusted, and piled her plate with potatoes Garibaldi and cheese soufflé.

"Give Ameely a double dose, Harry," Mame cried. "Now that our celebrity's come home we've got to feed her."

There were great platters of young boiled corn and baked stuffed tomatoes and an array of relishes wrought of red peppers and chopped celery; an enormous bowl like a baptismal font was filled with hearts of lettuce under golden dressing; and Mame was half hidden behind a great coffee urn and a huge pitcher of iced tea. Blanche moved about with silver trays of home-made bread and fluffy biscuit.

Amelia noticed Mr. Slater's hands delicately manipulating a cob of corn; pointed, rather temperamental hands, she decided.

"What do you think of the Russians?" he asked her suddenly.

Harry caught the word above the ham and cleared his throat with a tearing sound.

"Gone to the dogs! Just that!" he cried.

"I don't care who's in power. I don't care whether Lenine's alive or dead—they've put themselves off the map for years. I don't care what natural resources they have, it takes brains to develop 'em. Why, just look at 'em in a business way! Just take in my own business take in the matter of drug importation—take jalap ——"

"I wasn't speaking of government," Mr. Slater coughed.

"He was speaking of art, Harry," Amelia cried—"of novels, poetry and music."

"Yes, Harry, for heaven's sake! He only thinks of business —— No, Buster, no! Harry, don't give him corn. A child of five ——"

Mr. Hubbell looked up brightly. He picked up a pepper shaker and inverted it.

"Speaking of Russians," he said gayly, "have you ever heard how they use their pepper bottles?" He spoke to Miss Willard, but the table hushed. "Your Frenchman, you know, taps the pepper bottle on the bottom; your German taps it on the side; but your Russian simply turns it this way and shakes it so. Now, why do you suppose he uses it so—that way?"

Miss Willard pealed, "I know it's some catch. If you could just hear what he's been saying ——"

"Will you help yourself to biscuit?" Blanche invited hospitably, passing the silver tray before Amelia.

In spite of the lace doily and Mame's training Blanche talked in the dining room occasionally. Mame gave her a dark look, deflected it quickly to Harry.

"Harry, don't give Amy that green-pepper stuff, please. You know what her stomach is."

But the table waited on Mr. Hubbell.

"To make the pepper come out of the bottle," he answered roguishly.

Mr. Slater's glance suddenly meeting Amelia's created a little well of sympathetic privacy.

"To my mind Russian art is the greatest in the world; and Dostoevesky is the greatest novelist. But you writers know all about that, of course. The very sources of your art lie there, in the fields opened up by Continental minds. Laymen like myself"—he made a vague gesture—"I've just finished the Brothers Karamazov—not any more, I thank you."

It was delightful to be called you writers and to have a good-looking man belittle himself into a layman. True, he was merely a young clergyman with a salary of six hundred; that barred him from a young woman's serious interest. Still, he was a man, intellectual, respectful. There was an affinity between them already. They knew things—the things of art,' of an outer world; these others didn't. A closed world to the rest, Amelia reflected.

The meat and salad courses had gone. Blanche was bringing in cut peaches smothered in whipped Jersey cream and Mame's black chocolate cake.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," Miss Willard lamented, "my belt's so tight!"

"Don't you care!" Mame cried heartily.

III

PITT WELBURN, looking very tall and brown, ran down the steps of his house and took Amelia by the hand. All the other people she had met—Mrs. Carew, Doctor Brodie, Dan Kenealy, the old-maid Pastons, Mrs. Everfew—had called her Ameely or Miss West, and had referred to her story in Tomtit. The old-maid Pastons had read it and lamented on the pitfalls of a great city. One or two had asked Amelia how she liked the literary life.

But Pitt Welburn awkwardly said nothing. He stood apparently incapable of speaking, his hand engulfing Amelia's, and the strangest little choke crept into Amelia's throat. It took her a full moment to command herself, to realize that what is past is past; to remember the spiritual gulf that separated them then.

"What a pretty house you've built for yourself, Pitt!" she said. "I've heard about your good fortune, you see. So you're going to stay on here in Mount Pleasant."

Pitt's dark eyes had said earlier, "What a pretty girl you are, Amelia!" But now his lips replied firmly, as though challenging an old argument of two years back, "Why not, Amelia? I belong here, don't I? I've got a business here; the business I inherited from my father; something I'm fitted for. Why should I pull stakes and go away? I'm not an artistic person—just a business man. I saw you with the little sky pilot, Slater, yesterday," he added.

"Mr. Slater is very well read," said Amelia gently, "really, quite charming."

"Oh, I suppose so. You'll have a lot in common. I suppose you won't be coming along out with the gang any more, Amelia. Than Burns tells me they're getting up a corn roast next week at Marvin's Park. If I thought you'd care to let me take you ——"

Amelia's lips pouted delicately. A moment earlier, with her fingers in Pitt's, she had been on the point of urging him to come to the house, renewing a relation of sorts at least; but certainly not an abrupt entrée into the sort of thing he mentioned. Really he ought to see a difference.

"I'd be delighted, if I have time, Pitt. You see, there's so much for me to do these days—so much writing. I mustn't get behind."

She indicated the leatheret portfolio she carried. Pitt gloomed suddenly under his heavy brows.

"As busy as that, Amelia! So the city's got you—and it's off with the old loves. I suppose you've forgotten everything you left behind—all the old days; going up to Marvin's Park before you went away. That July, up there under the button-woods ——"

Bright color sprang to Amelia's cheek.

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about!" she cried elaborately.

"Don't you, Amelia, don't you? Well, I do. And so do you. I'm talking about you, and about me; about something I judge that you've outgrown. Well, I haven't—that's all. I can even remember the robin that sang overhead. 'Just listen to that robin,' you said to me."

"Robin!" Amelia shrilled. "A cicada, Pitt!" Then she recovered ground swiftly. "Oh, Pitt, let's not go into that all over again! Let's not talk nonsense! That is all over—part of our boy and girlhood; just our growing up together. Why, I hadn't any perspective at all! I hadn't done anything ——"

"I know! Tomtit!" Pitt snorted suddenly. "I read your last story, Amelia." He paused and delivered a straight-from-the-shoulder, "Your rotten story, Amelia!"

"Rotten!" Amelia sprang back like a wounded deer.

"Just that! You're a darn sweet girl, 'Melia; but that's a darn poor story, and in your heart you know it. What do you know of the temptations and vices of a great city? Bet you never got within a mile of 'em. And it isn't even well written. If that's why you felt you had to leave your home town and hit New York ——"

For a moment Amelia was unable to speak

"Oh," she cried furiously after a pause—"oh, to think of my permitting anyone to speak to me so! How impossible you are! But what can one expect of a person who only reads Evangeline and the baseball news?"

"Like 'em both better than Tomtit," Pitt returned coolly. "Amelia"—Pitt came suddenly closer—"you can't expect me to like that stuff when it takes you away. And you can't honestly expect me to believe you're going on with this scribbling, frittering away your youth and prettiness, when I want to take care of you; when you could live in my dandy new house with me."

"Look here," cried Amelia, "a joke is a joke, but you can go too far. Pitt Welburn, we've threshed this out before. Perhaps it will be as well if we do not discuss it further—or anything else. I think—I think I shall ask you not to address me again."

Pitt had been less crushed than she had expected. He had murmured something about an up-stage little fool, and had imperturbably taken a red apple out of his pocket and munched it as he walked away.

After all, what could you expect of a villager, a yokel, who ate apples on a public street? The contumely, the sneers of his type were worthless. Amelia tried to pity him, but the blood burned in her cheeks and ears. Now she realized how much more than anyone else she had hoped Pitt would see the article in the Star—would perhaps even see the story in the magazine; how more than anyone else she had not a little hoped to impress him with her new *cachet* in town; and he had dared to be critical.

She blew her nose in sudden angry self-pity, recalling that silly moment when he held her hand and she couldn't speak. Pitt Welburn—oh, I don't care if he is tall and shapely and has those dark eyes. He had been no better when he had taken her hand. Perhaps it was something in Pitt himself—in his hand, that is. He had a certain power, a sort of low animal magnetism. It got hold of you for a minute. Oh, only a minute! A man without a grain of taste—a yokel eating an apple in the street.

"I despise him!" said Amelia, and blew her nose again.

She was on her way to the mill pond, the prettiest nook in Mount Pleasant, a broad lazy sheet of emerald water dotted with white ducks and screened by osiers, with a gray, veteran, silent wheel offering lurking pools of shadow to the pickerel and catfish within. Here, on an old seat at the foot of an elm, Amelia had spent yesterday afternoon with Mr. Slater. Mr. Slater was ever so pleasant to be with; a young man who used such excellent English; who said "One does what one can," instead of "You do," and so on; who said "Shall you be going?" instead of the Mount Pleasant thing.

They had sat here and talked of all sorts of things. Mr. Slater had called her attention to the shades of the foliage; he had spoken of the way the greens "go off" and something about middle distance. He had called the old scow at the pond's edge a point of interest. He was a very different sort of minister for Mount Pleasant; the only person who pronounced her name correctly, Amélie. She remembered now how—ungratefully—she had got a little drowsy under him, and had wondered when she should see Pitt Welburn. It was incredible!

Today Mr. Slater was not here; only a little oldish-looking woman in dusty low shoes, a brown linen smock dress and a queer yellow bandanna tied over her head. She had a bagful of old bread and sat on the bridge wall idly throwing pieces down to the fish.

"Lord, what pigs they are!" she remarked as Amelia came by; but Amelia cold-shouldered her, sat down distantly, snatching open the portfolio. She fished out a story and stared at it. It was an old wayfarer, having rejection slips enough to tail a kite. Now she had meditated sending it up again, with a little revision. But she was out of mood. She drew out a fresh one she was working on, a story of pearl fishing and a beautiful girl who smuggled pearls in her French aëroplane. The hero was a young sleuth tracking down the smugglers, and his meeting with the heroine took place on an island beach where a disabled wing caused her to land. He little dreams she wears the pearls upon her person—her lithe, boyish, leather-clad person. Amelia's last line ran: *"Came a pause. She sensed the peculiar disturbance she had raised in him. 'Gad,' he breathed, low-voiced, 'but you are lovely!'"*

Probably Pitt Welburn would only sneer at the whole thing; would say she knew nothing of pearls or French-built aeroplanes. Why, if she were only to write of things she knew! Why, she wouldn't have to go away from Mount Pleasant at all! Mount Pleasant! The town lay before her across the pond, a small homespun American town, with maple trees and white curls of smoke and humdrum people moving about the dullest possible of routines. There was no color, no emotion, no romance in Mount Pleasant. There wasn't a man in Mount Pleasant who ever said "Gad!"

Suddenly Amelia wished she could punish Pitt Welburn, if she had the proper means. The means was apparently at once forthcoming. There was a sliding step on the grass, and little Mr. Slater approached, sweeping off his broad-rimmed gray felt.

It was after a moment that he said, "I am wondering whether your literary activities will permit of your taking part in any of our local *festas*, Miss Amélie. A young man," he added—"a young man of my congregation—Nathaniel Burns—is planning a corn roast, I believe, for the end of the week. I—er—shall you be going to the corn roast, Miss Amélie?"

Amelia looked at him reflectively —— "Came a pause. She sensed the peculiar disturbance she had raised in him."

"Shall you?" she breathed thoughtfully, low-voiced. He looked into her eyes, a very unclergical look, and plunged.

"Shall we—er—not both go?" he breathed daringly, and blushed almost audibly.

IV

IT WAS clear that she had made a conquest—clearer as her days moved on. Mr. Slater was her devoted slave, and under his auspices Amelia reëntered the old channels of Mount Pleasant society; though, of course, very differently, more aloofly than of old. She attended Than Burns' corn roast and allowed Mr. Slater to serve her with buttered cobs and bacon sandwiches; but with her first bite of Stowell's Evergreen she was discussing the English novel, and they paid no attention to Than Burns when he organized Go In and Out the Window.

Pitt Welburn was there, and made one or two brief attacks on Amelia's now impregnable reserve. He came up like the

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Why you *must* have beautiful well-kept hair—

to be attractive

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Wherever you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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Are you making the most of your hair? Above are seven pictures of the same girl, showing her hair dressed in seven different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

The Greatest Achievement

Today in New York at the annual motor car show and in five thousand other cities—Willys-Overland is announcing new 1923 motor car styles which eclipse in originality and refinement of design all their previous achievements.

The new Willys-Knight Coupé-Sedan—an innovation—an entirely original body creation of steel, combines the chummy sociability of the Coupé with the convenience of the Sedan. A modish enclosed car for five, its doors both front and rear *avoid the inconvenience of folding seats* and provide equal comfort for host and guests.

The new Willys-Knight Seven-Passenger Sedan and Touring Car are seven-passenger in fact as well as in name. Their ingenious design permits economy of weight which reflects in their very moderate cost of operation.

Young ambitious men with some capital will find a great profit opportunity with Willys-Overland. Write

Willys-Overland, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio
Canadian Factory
Toledo, Ontario

# of a Great Organization

Four new Willys-Knight body styles on the "five-passenger" chassis introduce numerous improvements and refinements. In all these cars "The motor improves with use."

The new low-priced Overland is wonderful value. The body of the Touring Car is *entirely of steel*. Its finish is hard baked enamel. Its tires are oversize. The hood is higher. Body lines are longer. Seats are lower. Triplex springs give extraordinary comfort and add to the life of the car. A car that you ride in—not on!

The new Overland Sedan has few equals in riding comfort—none near its price.

In power and performance on all roads, the new Overland will give you cause for pride. Scores of records show it leads in low cost of gasoline and upkeep; styles,—Five-passenger Sedan and Touring, Roadster, Coupé. Buy an Overland and *realize the difference*.

Write for interesting booklet describing in detail the many advantages of the Overland or Willys-Knight Cars

Willys-Overland, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio
Canadian Factory
Toronto, Ontario

Everywhere!

—From Maine to California, Thousands Now Enjoy this New Way of Heating

DO YOU know that thousands of homes now are heated in a new way? In a way which authorities say promises to change the heating habits of the nation?

It is the Estate Heatrola—a practical warm-air furnace for small homes—with or WITHOUT BASEMENTS.

If you are living in an underheated house or flat, or working in an uncomfortable store or office, we urge you to get the facts without delay from your dealer. You can install an Heatrola complete in less than one hour. And thus enjoy healthful comfort the rest of this winter.

78 Years Behind It

For over three-quarters of a century we have been making superlative heating and cooking devices for the home.

We make furnaces, stoves and ranges. We are experts. Many of the most important heating improvements of today came into being here at Estate.

The Heatrola embodies all we have learned in that time. It marks perfection in modern warm-air heating.

It is not a stove, but a furnace that discharges 16,000 cubic feet of warm, moist air every hour. No cold rooms; *the whole house warm.*

To Hardware, Furniture Merchants and Heating Contractors

For over three-quarters of a century The Estate Stove Company has continuously had a big "leader" to offer the public and the trade.

Today, the Estate Line is a line of leaders. "The Gas Range that Bakes with Fresh Air"; Estate Electric Ranges that cook by "Time and Temperature"; The Estate Sanitary Warm Air Heater, in pipe and pipeless models; the famous Estate Oaks, Estate Hot Storm, and many others.

So the Heatrola, advertised here, is but one specialty of a great family of leaders.

You may already be fortunate enough to have the exclusive agency for the Heatrola in your town. But why stop at half a loaf? What about the rest of the Estate leaders?

American women know that the name Estate is their guarantee, not only of lasting satisfaction but of a cooking or heating device bespeaking the last word in modern improvements—*new features.*

Think it over. It pays to handle the Estate *Line*—from top to bottom. And thousands of progressive merchants will tell you so.

Estate agencies are exclusive—a valuable franchise. Your town may be open. Write us.

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY
HAMILTON, OHIO

It burns any sort of fuel, from wood to anthracite. And uses no more than a heating stove. A gas burner is furnished at small extra cost.

Mahogany Finish

Finished in rich grained mahogany enamel and smooth as glass, the Heatrola is a handsome addition to any room. It is as easy to keep clean as an ordinary piece of furniture. You dust it with a cloth in the same way.

No more iron to black, no nickel to polish.

Our problem since first we started making the Heatrola has been to supply the demand. It is agreed the most sensational heating achievement of years. The name Estate guarantees it. Thousands of happy users back it.

Not Too Late

Remember: Less than one hour to install one. Not too late for this winter. January, February, March, April and up into May—these remaining months, the big end of the heating season, are yet to come.

See the hardware or furniture dealer, or heating contractor, who has the Heatrola agency in your locality. See him now.

Estate
HEATROLA

(Continued from Page 80)

coarse oaf that he was and tried to be propitiatory.

"Honestly, Amelia, you took me wrong the other day. I hadn't any idea you'd think I was being personal. Personally—why, you know what I think of you personally, Amelia!"

Thank heaven, she was her coolest, most controlled, most patient self.

"What you think of me personally, Pitt, or in any other way doesn't interest me at all. Really, it's a fact. You will excuse me? . . . No, Mr. Slater, I don't think that Edgar Lee Masters ——"

She had meant to be elaborately cool and up-stage with Pitt, to use his own vulgar term. If there was something in Pitt's dark eyes that left her a little uncertain of her effect, there was no doubt of her success among her former associates. There was at once respect, a certain element of envy, a little fear.

Well, she had done something that set her apart, and as she moved through the small parties and dances and drives of Mount Pleasant, with her dark bell of silky hair, her batik smocks and once or twice her tinsel-threaded orange, she savored with delicate pleasure the triumphs of her distinction. She became the authority on metropolitan matters, a familiar pointed-at figure moving through Mount Pleasant streets with her black portfolio.

It was the common legend that she was writing a novel. Mame had rather lent color to this notion. Mame had sedulously hedged her into her room and consecrated a silent house for her labors. That there were no actual labors she would have hated to confess. The empty sheets of paper looked back at her apparently equally empty mind, and suddenly she escaped to a new ritual. She went daily to the mill-pond seat under the elm. Here she worked at the pearl-smuggling story. Or, that is, she took out its elaborate pages and looked at what she had last written: "Came a pause. She sensed the peculiar disturbance she had raised in him. 'Gad,' he breathed, low-voiced, 'but you are lovely!'"

It was time to go on. It was time for the slender, boyish, leather-breeches-clad heroine to speak, to deny, to affirm—anything, but at least to shove things along. Yet Amelia chewed her pen handle and stared. Her pearls and her heroine left her cold. Simply the thing had fizzed out—died on her. It was, she felt, because someone spied on her.

Almost every day when she came to the pond the little gypsy-looking woman with yellow bandanna sat on the bridge wall and fed the fish; or just frankly, quite rudely, watched Amelia. Amelia the third time had spread her sheets of manuscript with an elaborate air; had unfastened and shaken her fountain pen, gone briskly to work. Let the woman stare! Let her look at an author at work, if she pleased! But the fountain pen hadn't run.

"Came a pause." It seemed as though the pause had fallen on Amelia. It was because it was vacation, and vacation was stupid, and Mount Pleasant was stupid. And stupider still was the thought of New York; of going back to her little room; of doing Quarles and Buckrose Spring Catalogue stuff; of fighting for straps on subways; of eating dark horses on saved pennies in little grimy areaway restaurants; of breathing whiffs of Rivington Street coal dust and stale fish; of staring into the shrouded windows of arty shops, secondhand clothes dealers, little individual pink bookshops, or bussing uptown toward the delectable Tantalus for whose entrée she held no financial key.

What would they say, Mame and the rest, if they knew exactly what she was going back to? Only, of course, she mustn't be discouraged. You had to fight and fight and fight. At such moments Amelia would snap her portfolio and go home. She knew people were looking through parlor curtains, saying, "There goes Doc West's girl, Ameely. She writes!"

Oh, well, she had immediately that much anyhow. But in Mame's cool, shady kitchen she would let go a little. She would confess to being tired, and Mame would ply her with rich gingerbread and cream, or a helping of salad.

"That's the dressing you learned to make before you went away, Ameely. You used to make a Thousand Island dressing too—I like this better. And do you remember your chocolate hermits?"

Was it possible she had cooked and baked so capably in Mame's kitchen, who now dealt in pearls and aeroplanes?

It was odd how the reminiscence of those former, simpler occupations awakened a queer pain in her breast. When Mame shooed her upstairs into the Carol Kennicott room she would try to analyze this. Analysis always escaped her, but the pain remained. Then she would look at the Beardsley picture and feel like the Incubus herself—a woman with a horrid beast-thing lying on her breast gnawing out her heart.

It was on an afternoon during her second week that the woman in the yellow bandanna spoke to her. It was perhaps the half-dozenth time of the gypsy-looking woman's appearance, and Amelia had vaguely classified her. Reb Owen had partly explained. She had taken Croydon Towers for the summer, a big graystone place several miles to the south. Presumably she took many long tramps; a little no-longer-young woman, with some money and eccentric tastes. It was certainly eccentric to wear a yellow bandanna instead of a hat, and dusty shoes and a handsome scarab ring, and enjoy feeding dried bread to the mill-pond fish.

Now, suddenly, on this afternoon, she laid down her bag of bread and approached Amelia's bench.

"I wonder," she said, "if I may sit by you a little. It seems to me that two people who enjoy the charm of this little place so constantly may find some pleasure in knowing each other."

Amelia took her fountain pen out of her mouth and found herself looking into shrewd, kindly eyes that reminded her of small brown spiders set in two webs of infinitesimal wrinkles.

"I should feel that I might be disturbing you if I had not noticed that the scenery distracts you from your work, as I am sure it would me."

"Yes," said Amelia with a slight sigh, "it is awfully hard to concentrate out-of-doors."

"I'm sure it must be. I've never tried it. Are you writing a theme, or—er—a composition?"

Amelia gathered her papers, thrust them into the portfolio.

"I am writing a story," she said with a touch of reserve. Really, the laity mustn't be gratified too far. "For a magazine," she added gravely.

"Oh, indeed! May I ask for which one?"

"That," said Amelia truthfully, "I don't know. Possibly it may come out in one I've already written some things for—Tomtit Magazine."

The spider eyes regarded her thoughtfully.

"I don't believe I know it."

"I suppose not; there are so many magazines." Amelia sighed again, then added with surprising frankness, "But it won't get published at all if I don't finish it."

"In short," said the stranger, "you've rather struck a snag in your work, and need a little encouragement—or discouragement. I wonder which. That's what I've been wondering as I've watched you here. I guessed what you were doing, and wondered—well, whether it went below the skin. In short, just how much of you really wants to write."

The shrewd eyes bored into Amelia's, and Amelia drew herself up abruptly.

"Because," the woman in the yellow bandanna swept on, "I write myself, you see. I've been through the game thoroughly. I know the ropes, all the stakes, the captures, the sacrifices. And whenever I see a young girl—young country girl ——"

"A young country girl!" Amelia's voice was agonized. "I've lived in New York for two years!"

"I don't care if you live in the moon. It's marked all over you—type normal, wholesome, American, small-town. New York hasn't scratched you. So, I say, when I see a young girl pitching into this thing and giving up her young-woman years to making duck tracks on paper, while all the young-woman things of life are waiting for her—well, I say, "Margaret Selgrove, you experienced old batter, you go right up and talk to her and find out how much she's got to do it. Lord, you'd be surprised how few there are! How many, many dozens of bright youngsters, male and female, there are who'd fairly shine in the normal lines, who are cutting off their back hair and lodging in hall bedrooms to become mediocre pianists and singers and painters and scribblers; kids with no more genius for it, or talent than June bugs." But Amelia had conquered her paralysis.

"Margaret Selgrove! The author of Selah!" she gasped.

"Why not? Mind if I smoke?" The scarab-laden finger glittered over a small cigarette case.

"But you don't look at all like your pictures!"

"Who does? I believe my photographs always flatter me. Have you happened to see my last series—Margaret Selgrove at Home? All reed furniture and a Doucet afternoon frock and my blue-ribbon Persian cat? That's Margaret Selgrove at home. In her latest home, that is. The place she bought last spring on Long Island. Last winter she had an apartment in Washington for the Arms Conference, and before that on Riverside Drive and the year before that she lived in Russia. But this spring she has been in Hollywood. Dear Hollywood! A delightful little Swiss chalet with a pepper tree in the front yard; and now, for the month of August, Croydon Towers; off among the plain people, where Margaret can be alone for a little and feed fish and think and think and snatch young brands from the burning. Where is Margaret Selgrove's Persian cat? Oh, everywhere she goes. Where is Margaret Selgrove's husband? Well, to be frank, she isn't exactly sure. She expects to meet him in San Francisco before long; and the last time she heard from him he'd taken a little run down to Fortress Monroe, by way of Atlantic City. Oh, they're together at least three months out of the year! He's a naval-armament expert, you know; or possibly you don't know. Where are Margaret Selgrove's children—her sons? Well, my dear, one's in camp in Maine and another in a vacation school in the Adirondacks—been spending their summers that way for the last six years. They haven't spent any time with their mother since they were little shavers, and she hasn't seen the baby boy in five months now. Oh, competent care—the very best! But Margaret Selgrove at home! Except for the cat—stick to the cat, my dear—there isn't any home unless it's things that make a home.

"Margaret can buy a great many things, true—oh, delightful things! But—now, will you let me look at your story? And don't mind if I swear. I do it unconsciously. My compositors have been to blame."

As in a hypnosis, Amelia yielded her sheets to the restless fingers, and after a moment there came a sign.

"How long have you been writing? How long have you wanted to make stories?"

Amelia flushed and bit her lip.

"About three years," she confessed. She had worked in the Mount Pleasant Library and had taken it up. She had written an article on library conditions and had it published in a country paper; then another article followed on a state fair—two or three similar. Then she began doing Handy Helps and Hints for a domestic magazine; then presently fiction. A novel and some stories. Just practice, really—nothing accepted—until she finally sold a story for fifteen dollars. And then her legacy ——

(Continued on Page 88)

He Had Murmured Something About an Up-Stage Little Fool, and Had Taken a Red Apple Out of His Pocket and Munched It as He Walked Away

Announcing a New Paige

It is our ideal to produce the handsomest and most efficient motor car on the American market. That is a broad and sweeping ambition, but we have worked to that end and now offer the new Paige 6-70 as a true masterpiece of mechanics.

It is a Six, because the finest motor cars of the two continents are Sixes. It is of pure European design, because Europe is the home of artistic body creations and smart, distinctive equipment.

In developing this car we have made a thorough study of only the best practices in automotive engineering. And into it has gone, without compromise or stint, the best of materials, the best of workmanship and the best of our long manufacturing experience.

Taking as a foundation the superb performing abilities of Paige 6-66 models, we have developed the six-cylinder power plant until it has reached a point of final perfection in smoothness, acceleration and power range.

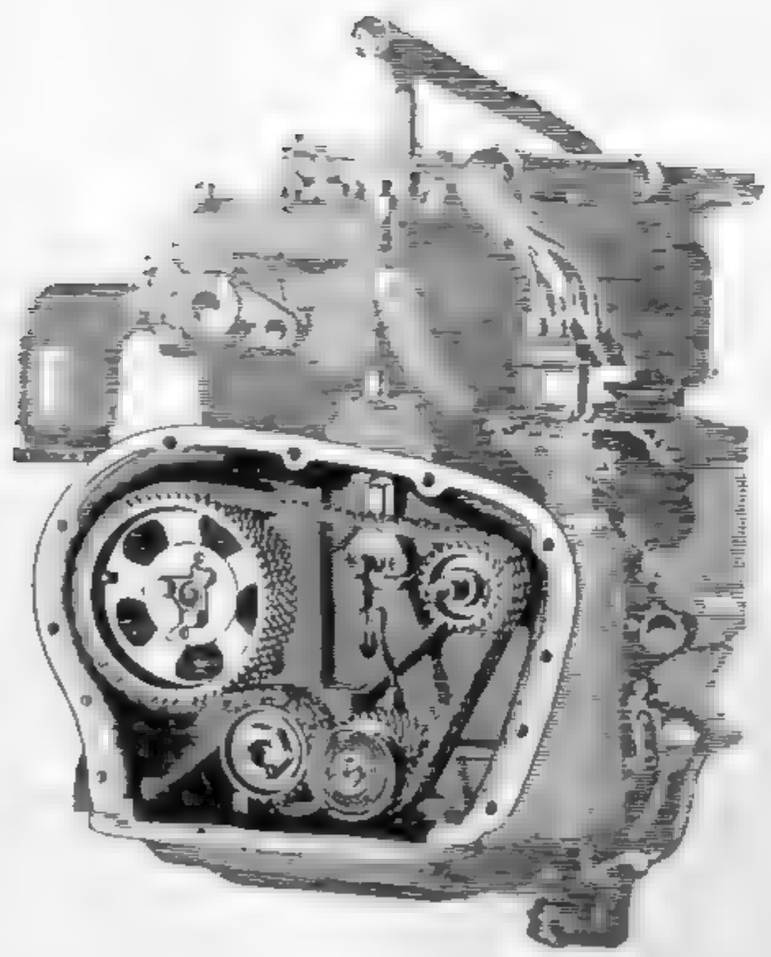
As a result, the mighty 6-70 with its new and improved silent chain-drive is, we sincerely believe, the most brilliantly responsive power plant ever placed under the hood of an automobile.

Every working part and element of the chassis has been strengthened and perfected so that when this car rolls out on the highway it will be equipped with a mechanical foundation that assures 100,000 miles of luxuriously comfortable, carefree service.

In offering the new Paige 6-70, we make the prediction that it will immediately take its place as a leader among the finest motor vehicles of this country and Europe.

It will provide for the critical motorist the nearest approach to semi-liquid power that has yet been attained in internal combustion engines.

It will offer a wealth of refinements and comforts that cannot be surpassed by any car at any price. We ask you to see it—ride in it—and judge it on that basis.



Cross section of motor showing silent chain-drive and automatic take-up which assures proper tension adjustment

IT must be evident at a glance that the new Paige 6-70 is the most beautiful creation ever produced by an organization famous for its talent in designing.

But this new car possesses an added distinction. It brings to Americans, not only the charm of fresh European lines but a wealth of equipment that has never before been included with a stock model.

The body, mounted on a powerfully braced frame, is the last word in staunch, durable construction. The doors close with a hearty snap and the double safety latches keep them closed tightly and snugly.

At every point where metal touches metal, or metal touches wood, there is anti-squeak material so body noises are impossible. This greatest of all improvements in construction has been used heretofore with only the most expensive cars.

The upholstery is soft, genuine leather bound over deep Marshall springs. The instruments are assembled under glass on the dash and the all-wood steering wheel is of seasoned Walnut.

The general equipment includes a luggage carrier, two tires mounted on the sides, bumpers front and rear, a motometer, improved drum head-lights, sun visor, rear view mirror, combination tail and stop light and an automatic windshield wiper.

Space will permit no more, but an inspection of the new 6-70 will reveal touches of detail and refinement that are only associated with custom made cars.

In simple justice to this great achievement, we say that you should see it and compare it with the finest quality products of this nation and Europe. We shall be quite content to abide by the result.

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

Watch This Column

And Look Out for "The Flirt"

My idea of a star is not a male or a female gorgeously dressed who struts into the picture with head thrown back in assumed and silly haughtiness, but an earnest, conscientious man or woman who faithfully interprets the part and forgets his or her foolish vanity.

• • •

We have these earnest artists in the cast of Booth Tarkington's masterpiece, "THE FLIRT," which is one of the finest pictures that UNIVERSAL has ever made. And it is because of their splendid work that you become deeply absorbed in this dramatic picture of American life and live right along with the characters.

• • •

Booth Tarkington is a gifted man who has never written an unpopular story. He creates laughter and drama rather than tears and tragedy. He writes to please rather than to shock. And I delight in making that kind of pictures. It is my idea to always leave a sweet taste in the mouth.

• • •

Don't overlook "THE FLIRT." It will explain fully all I have said. It will likewise prove by its exceptional strength and beauty that unless you see UNIVERSAL PRODUCTIONS, you *can't* see all that is best in pictures.

• • •

I wish you would drop me a line—tell me what you think of this advertising—tell me about UNIVERSAL PICTURES—the kind you like and the kind you don't like. I'd like to hear from you and I'll enjoy answering.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 85)

"I don't see," cried Amelia, "why I shouldn't have a career and succeed at it that way. Other people do, and I haven't got a husband and sons, anyhow."

"Of course you don't, and of course they do—people succeed, I mean. This country's filled with artistic tomtits. It's quite all right unless you can do other work for which you are more truly fitted. I should think, watching you—and out of my own experience, bought and paid for, I assure you—you look like a girl who'll want the other sort of thing. No man, you know, will try to conduct two careers.

"Oh, don't try to tell me that it's the same for women as men! Don't try to tell me that a woman's love life isn't her career! Don't try to tell me women today are new or different! There are no new women. All normal women are as new as the race, no newer. Different adjustments—yes; but the same old instincts. Any woman will tell you the truth if she's honest! The love career's the big thing for her, the real goal. Anything else she may acclaim is substitute or subterfuge. Mind, I don't say she can always count on it, or that her choices don't make a battleground out of her. She's had a father as well as a mother. She may have to choose, to clip, to prune. But she'll prune nine times out of ten from the wrong thing, and not know till it's too late. Perhaps she can't help pruning; it's part of her inheritance. Not to be envied, though. Oh, I can hear what you're thinking! You're a pretty one to talk, Margaret Selgrove! You're a howling success as these things go. Selah sold two hundred and fifty thousand. Your name's seen everywhere; publishers, editors seek you; reporters follow you; you have to run away from contracts—and it's all true. I'm a brilliant paper success; but I'll confide in you, that's just the trouble. I'm the other kind. I'm a paper woman and the rest is incidental. If Margaret Selgrove's books sold fifty to the issue, and she made fifteen cents a year, it would be exactly the same. She would have cut her family life to bits and boiled it in oil to do the thing she's doing. Because she's got to, God help her. That's why I'm talking to you. If I discerned here, in your work, a single spark of the living fire, one touch of the genuine virus—child, it's the most wonderful game, the most beautiful, the most thrilling in the world—I'd tell you to let nothing stop you, to go on and on. Oh, mind, you don't find what you seek; you're hunting the impossible, the approximation of a perfection, a beauty, a wisdom that will forever elude, like all ideals; but if it calls you must follow, no matter what the price. Because the thing is in you, a gift for an analysis of life, a love of beautiful singing words that must march in harmony through your mind, a passion and a compassion for people, and an understanding like a father for his children, for their strength and splendor—and futility. If you had this urge ——

"But you young green things who choose cold-bloodedly! Listen"—she swept away Amelia's gesture of interruption—"I must tell you a pet fable of mine about a little shepherd boy named Otto who made a choice. He had heard of a key flower, a little blue flower whose finder should come upon riches and happiness and great success. So he neglected his flocks and daily occupations to search for it. And one day he found it; and behold, with it in hand, he saw a door leading into the face of the mountain, and he went through the door and found a cave of jewels in which sat a black mountain kobold.

"'I've been expecting you, Otto,' the kobold said; 'everything is ready. Fill your pockets with whatever you like, but don't forget the best.'

"Otto filled his pockets. He picked and chose very carefully, while the kobold continually reminded him, 'Don't forget the best.' At each reminder he looked over his store of choices and rearranged, discarding, choosing new ones; yet even then, when he had finally selected all the loveliest things, the kobold still warned him, 'Don't forget the best!' And he concluded as he went back out of the mountain, with the words spoken behind him, that it was all the kobold knew. But when he got outside he realized the truth. The jewels in his pocket had turned to stones, for he had laid down and left behind the little key flower.

"Now, child, being young, you hate advice and preaching—and I'm finished. Call me a meddlesome intruder or your fairy godmother. A little surgical truth won't hurt you. Some day you may thank me for it."

With the slightest gesture of conclusion from the restless hand with the gleaming scarab, Margaret Selgrove turned away.

Amelia sat crushed. Had the thing happened? Or had she dreamed it? Had a real celebrity, her deity, Margaret Selgrove, come out of the willows like an ancient gypsy sybil, or or a dreadful she kobold, and fling these terrible words at her? "June bug," "an artistic tomtit," "a country girl," "a green young thing ——"

She picked up her portfolio and stared unseeingly at the white ducks swimming on the mill pond. Deep in her soul she recognized the truths on Margaret Selgrove's lips, as applied to her. And because it was truth her pride forbade its acceptance. She swallowed a great lump in her throat and fought for poise, for self-confidence and security.

"I don't care," she addressed the ducks, "it isn't as if I had anything else, or wanted anything else. You've got to have something. I'll show her! I'll fight for it just the same!"

Yet, somehow, against the still clear air, her voice lacked conviction and the incubus pain at her heart weighed suddenly heavier than ever.

V

AMELIA crossed the mill bridge into Mount Pleasant pensively. The wide white main street, with its big elms brushed with afternoon shadows, its friendly familiar homes, was like balm to her humbled bruised spirit. She felt a sudden upwelling tenderness, an affection for its prosaic ungifted people—prosaic, ungifted like herself. The people, she saw, were more or less out-of-doors this afternoon; several in gossiping knots along the way. Then she saw Mr. Slater approaching. He did not smile—looked pale and even disturbed.

"Oh, Miss Amélie," he said, "a very dreadful thing has happened! One of our young men—a young man I think you know—Mr. Welburn, Mr. Pitt Welburn—has just been killed."

"Killed!" Amelia's voice trailed to a thin whisper.

"Yes, I believe part of the flooring in the mill roof fell through and he was struck on the head. Dead, they tell me. Oh, about twenty minutes ago. I'm on my way over. Oh, Miss Amélie—oh, what is it? Oh, Miss Amélie, please take my arm! Here, rest a moment! Lean here ——"

Amelia made a strange clutching motion; her portfolio fell to the ground. The Reverend Mr. Slater seemed to be going round and round. She wet her lips.

"Dead!" she said again, thinly; but now she caught Pitt's name on the lips of the gossipers. Somebody was crying sympathetically—or was it buzzing ——

"Oh, Miss Amélie, sit down! Here—here on this step. It's a shock to everyone. A most promising young man ——"

Suddenly Mr. Slater felt himself spun violently about. He had been seized, brushed, cuffed—oh, practically slapped—aside by Miss Amélie Dinsmore West, the author, and Miss Amélie was running down the street; running because she must run; running because she was in a gray, meaningless land where dark shadows gibbered and waved at her. Mist lay over the houses, over the people. She ran because she must run! And her heart choked her! Pitt Welburn! Killed! Pitt Welburn!

"Oh, what am I to do? Where am I to go?"

This was not Mount Pleasant—this strange dark place where one's heart tightened, died. There was something she must say to Pitt—something. He had told her her story was rotten, and so it was! She was a literary tomtit, and now she had to go on being one—a tomtit and a June bug both.

Now, in a blinding flash, she realized the truth. She was tired of being literary. She had wanted to come home—home to Mount Pleasant, to Pitt, and now Pitt was killed and nothing mattered.

This was Ayres' Lane; people were standing around here too; here was the railroad turning. The mill was over this way.

She ran down the path toward the Welburn mills. A man barred her way on a little cinder path, his head low, moving quickly.

"Get out of my way!" Amelia cried. Then he looked up.

It was Pitt Welburn! The ground swept away beneath her feet. She drooped against a small paintless shed, crushing a straggling morning-glory.

"Oh, I thought you—were—dead!" she gasped; then as colors came out of the mist-gray world around her, and Pitt Welburn emerged secure, whole before her, she stamped her foot and burst into tears.

"Oh, I hate you! I hate you!" Amelia sobbed in her humiliation, covering her face with her hands.

"Why, Amelia?" Pitt asked bitterly. "Because I'm not dead? I came darn near it, I guess, only for the remains of Staver's sawdust pile I just missed being a celebrity on my own.

"But," he added, "if you hate me, why were you looking like a ghost when you thought I was dead? And why did you run here so fast, Amelia West? Answer me that!"

"I loathe you!" wept Amelia. "Let me go! I hate you, Pitt Welburn!"

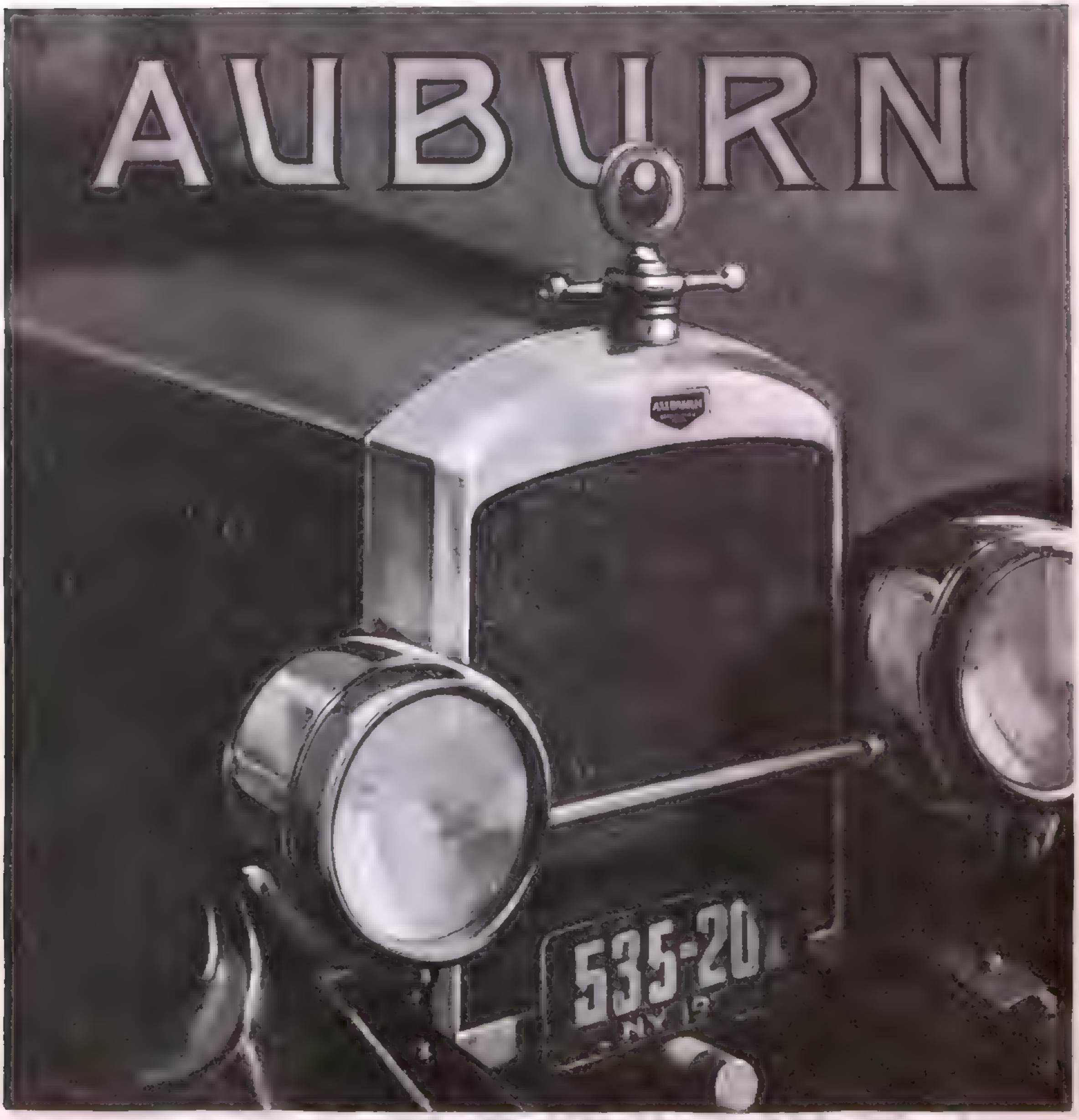
"Answer me that!" ordered Pitt. He came up close, possessively, put an arm about Amelia and slowly, inexorably raised and looked into her tear-wet face.

"Answer me that, Amelia," he said, reading her eyes; but his voice was only a breath.

And Amelia made no verbal answer at all; certainly none a third person could hear; certainly none which the ear of little Mr. Slater caught.

He had pattered after her the whole way, carrying her forgotten portfolio. Now as he topped the little lane he would have made a dash forward to restore her property to Amélie Dinsmore West; but instantly he realized that the author's paramount interest did not include literature, and with the realization came a new and significant pang.

He eyed the absorbed couple before him and the thin portfolio in his hand; then, with a gesture at once cynical, disillusioned, resigned, he flung the newest masterpiece of Mount Pleasant's celebrity into the bushes and stole quietly away.



A Smaller Six of Auburn Distinction

IN addition to the widely popular cars which have heretofore carried the Auburn mark, a Smaller Six is now offered to those who desire a lighter, more compact and consequently more economical car. It has the same qualities of comfort, finish and careful workmanship that have always distinguished Auburn cars and is priced at a level which makes it a most unusual value. The announcement of the Smaller Six is creating the greatest interest among those who have known the fine qualities of Auburn cars during their 23 years of successful history. Be sure to see this new Auburn and the new models of the standard Auburn at the shows.

A limited amount of territory is still available to dealers who can measure up to Auburn standards.

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Ind.

TWENTY-THIRD SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Thirst
knows
no season

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

However, I am happy to say that I have been assured by one of your leading statesmen on the Mayor's Welcoming Committee that, if Great Britain continues sending lecturers across the pond, as you Yankees say picturesquely, Amurrica will start the next war. (REP. AUD. *leaps on chairs, waves handkerchiefs, cheers wildly.)*

In conclusion I may say I find your buildings tall, and your women beautiful. The Amurrican man is crude. I was frightfully shocked to see him sculling on the lake in your Central Park wearing braces! Fancy -braces! The influence of the cinema upon literature has been tremendous. I write nothing nowadays without a view to its future use in animated pictures. And just here I should like to close with a most amusing incident which occurred during the shooting at Prowse, Anyways, Hants. King George, who is undeniably keen at the butts, had a bag of 207 brace, while Mr. H. R. H. Rimington-Gitts found it no uncommon thing to have three, and even four, dead birds in the air at the same time to his own gun. Naturally enough, it rained! Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you. *(Bows as* REP. AUD. *applauds, laughs, cheers and has hysterics.)*

(CURTAIN)

ACT III—The High, as They are Commonly Called, Seas (March, 1923)

SCENE: *Cabin de luxe of the S. S. Morganatic.*

MR. HAWKINS *(joyfully showing a check to* MRS. HAWKINS): I say, old lady—fruity, what? And they say the British have no sense of humor!

(CURTAIN)

Part Time

(A Rimed Editorial)

A-DIGGING in a city street
A hole for water mains
A person toiled, upon whose feet
I saw the mark of brains.

Some seek for intellect in the eyes,
Some in the brow alone;
Let other pundits dogmatize—
My method is my own.

"Oh, man," I said, "why do you shove
That shovel, may I ask?
You're obviously far above
Performing such a task.

"Why, even to a casual gaze,
You were not born for that.
Your every lineament betrays
The true aristocrat."

"Kind sir," he said, "you've rung the bell.
No laborer born I be;
I am a scion of the weal—
Thine aristocracy.

"If my mamma could see me now
'Twould break her fond, proud heart;
In bitter grief she'd murmur 'Ow!'
Salt tears her eyes would smart.

"And could my father see my shame
I wonder what he'd say.
I hate to think -because his name
Was Fighting Buck O'Shea.

"Yet, though I fell at life's assault,
I'm neither lout nor fool;
No, no! My fall is not my fault—
I never went to school.

"For when to enter I applied
They told me I must wait.
If lucky, I might get inside
By 1988.

"The waiting list ahead of me
Was nineteen million strong;
Ten sessions came 'twixt nine and three,
Each thirty minutes long.

"The crowds of applicants were such
And schools so few, said they,
That even that was much too much
Per child per school per day.

"'Alas!' I murmured, 'Fate is cruel!'
And weeping, bowed my head.
'I can't get even that much school
Till after I am dead!'

"And so I cannot read or write;
Of cyphering and Greek
And Latin I am ignorant quite,
And French I cannot speak.

"Thus, though a born aristocrat,
And not devoid of brains,
The only job I'm fit for's that
Of digging water mains.

"And that is why you see me here—
The blameless butt of Fate!"

* * * * *

I quickly left, to hide a tear
And keep a golfing date.

—Baron Ireland.

Me Too!

(A Column of That Personal-Opinion-on-Almost-Anything Stuff Similar to Those Pulled Regularly. With Particular Apologies to William Lyon Phelps)

I HAVE often been asked what my favorite book is. The answer is not difficult. In fact, there are two answers; one is "I don't know," and the other is "None of your business."

That the vogue of Shakspere is increasing there can be no doubt. Apropos of which Henry James had an amusing anecdote, which, as he can no longer tell it, there is no harm in my repeating. James, it seems, was astounded to overhear two well-known theatrical producers in a restaurant on Broadway discussing, as he supposed, Hamlet; but he was still more astounded when he ascertained that they were really discussing a ham omelet!

Recently I have been rereading the Telephone Book—the new 1923 edition, hot from the press, and brought out in handsome binding by the publishers. The publishers, by the way, are greatly to be congratulated this year on attaching a string that did not break the first time I hung the book on its hook. Let us hope the new Memorial Edition of the City Directory will show a like improvement. I am eagerly awaiting Vol. II, which is said to deal exclusively with suburban telephone subscribers.

How many people will agree with me when I say I consider Dr. Frank Crane a great talker? Let me see your hands, please! Four, fi—ah, yes, I thought so!

What does the agricultural bloc mean to do about the new tariff? With the G. O. P. headed in the present direction it looks as if we might have rain.

Meanwhile, what of the almost prohibitive tax on okra against which Bulgaria is protesting? If more Americans realized that it is this increased duty on okra that is sending the price of soup soaring the situation might be adjudicated. Nicholas Murray Butler the other day voiced the yearnings of one hundred million American men, women and children when he said, "Better strained diplomatic relations with Bulgaria than strained okra in our soup!"

Attorney-General Daugherty will not investigate the charges that insanitary conditions exist in trained-seal vaudeville acts. Lack of evidence is his defense. Yet any observer can see that the seals are served fish in a decidedly promiscuous manner. Where do these fish come from? How long has the seal trainer had them in his possession? All we know is that at the end of successfully performing his tricks the patient seal apparently has any old fish thrown at him! It seems as if clean plates, at least, should be compulsory. How many know the death rate among trained seals? How many, in this great melting pot with its confusion of political parties, really care?

Many are apprehensive as to what effect a literary censor will have on Special Columns like this. They are afraid he will not be able to stop them. What do you think? Or don't you? I try not to.

But perhaps the recent election may mark a new era. Given the present coalition between the moderates of both parties we should see better business conditions, advertising would pick up, and there would no longer be room in our periodicals for this sort of thing. *—Katharine Dayton.*

Songs of Jacob Smith College

The Alma Mater

WHERE the lovely Sawmill River
Winds adown the plain
Stand the halls we worship ever
In sunshine or in rain;
A toast to thee we bring herewith
Dear Alma Mater, Jacob Smith.

And however far we scatter
We'll be ever true
To her who is our Alma Mater,
Jacob Smith, to you.
A rousing toast we bring herewith
To her who raised us, Jacob Smith.

The Football Song

NOW fight, men, fight,
And fight with all your might,
For Smith is on the field;
And think, men, think,
Of the purple and the pink,
And the enemy must yield!

Just hear our cry,
We are out to do or die,
And we'll sing till the foe give in;
So one, two, three,
Give a cheer for Victory,
And Smith! Smith! Smith! (shouted)
must win!

Oh, hear the groans
From the boys of Walter Jones
When they see our Big Team come out,
For our noble heroes
Will keep their score at zero
When they hear our warlike shout.

Just hear our cry, etc.

The Drinking Song

[A favorite at smoke talks and evening campus sings—though only eight men in Jacob Smith have ever tasted spirituous liquors.]

FILL the bowl with brandy,
Fill the stein with gin,
Keep the whisky handy
Till the day comes in;
Let us pledge our college.
To her name we rally;
Though a trifle small
She's the best of all
In the Mississippi Valley.

—Morris Bishop.

An Everyday Dialogue

"WHY, halloo there! I thought I saw somebody in this crowd I knew."

"Ye-ah; same here. Well, well!"

"How are things these days?"

"Oh, so-so. Not kicking much. How are tricks with you?"

"Oh, not complaining. Still with the same people?"

"Oh, yes. And you?"

"Yep; same old grind."

(Pause; both seeking a safe lead.)

"Still living in the same place?"

"No; we've moved. Living out in the suburbs. Whereabouts are you living now?"

"Oh, same old neighborhood."

"Ever see any of the old crowd?"

"Yes, once in a while. Not often, though. Funny how people drift apart, isn't it?"

"It sure is."

(Sudden jerky stops, in the emergency-brake manner.)

"Well, which way you going?"

"Oh, down the street a block or two. Got to see a man."

"Same here. My man's across the square."

"Well, mighty glad to have run across you, old boy."

"Same here, old man. Look me up some time and we'll have luncheon together at the old place."

"Thanks, I will. And you do the same by me some noon."

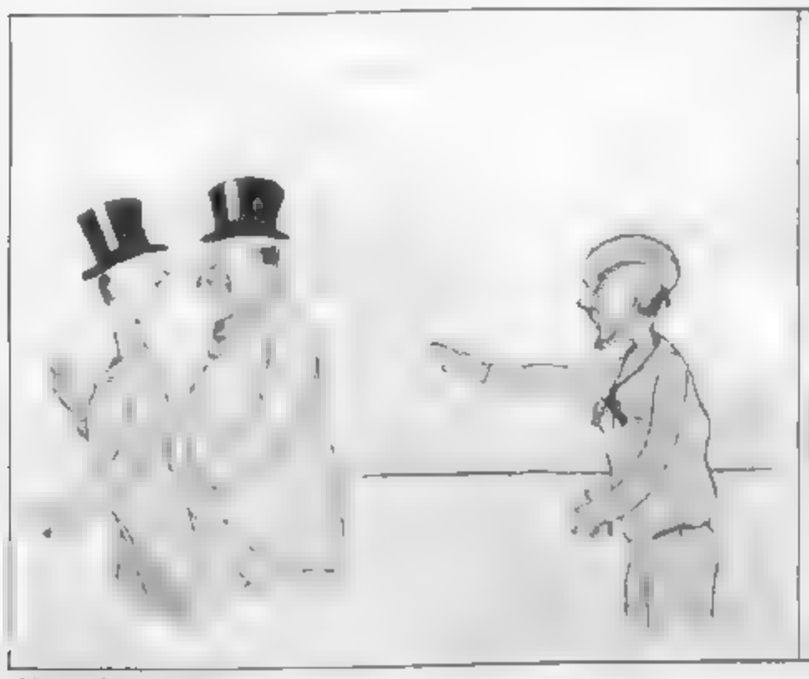
"Thanks, I will. Well, g'-by."

"G'-by."

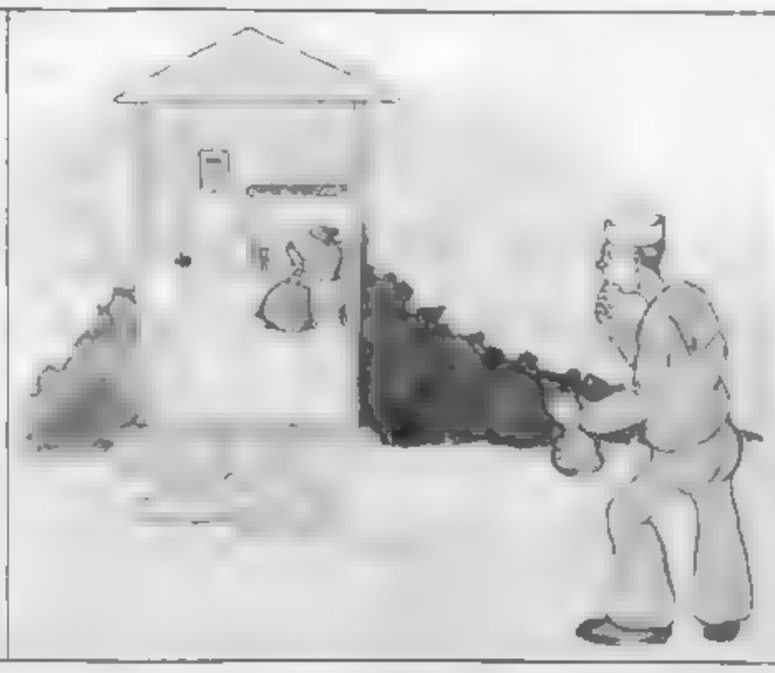
(Monologue by each, ten seconds afterward.)

"Now, who in the dickens was that, anyway?" *—A. H. Folwell.*

TRAGIC MOMENTS IN LITERATURE



The Ancient Mariner Can't Get Any One to Listen to Him

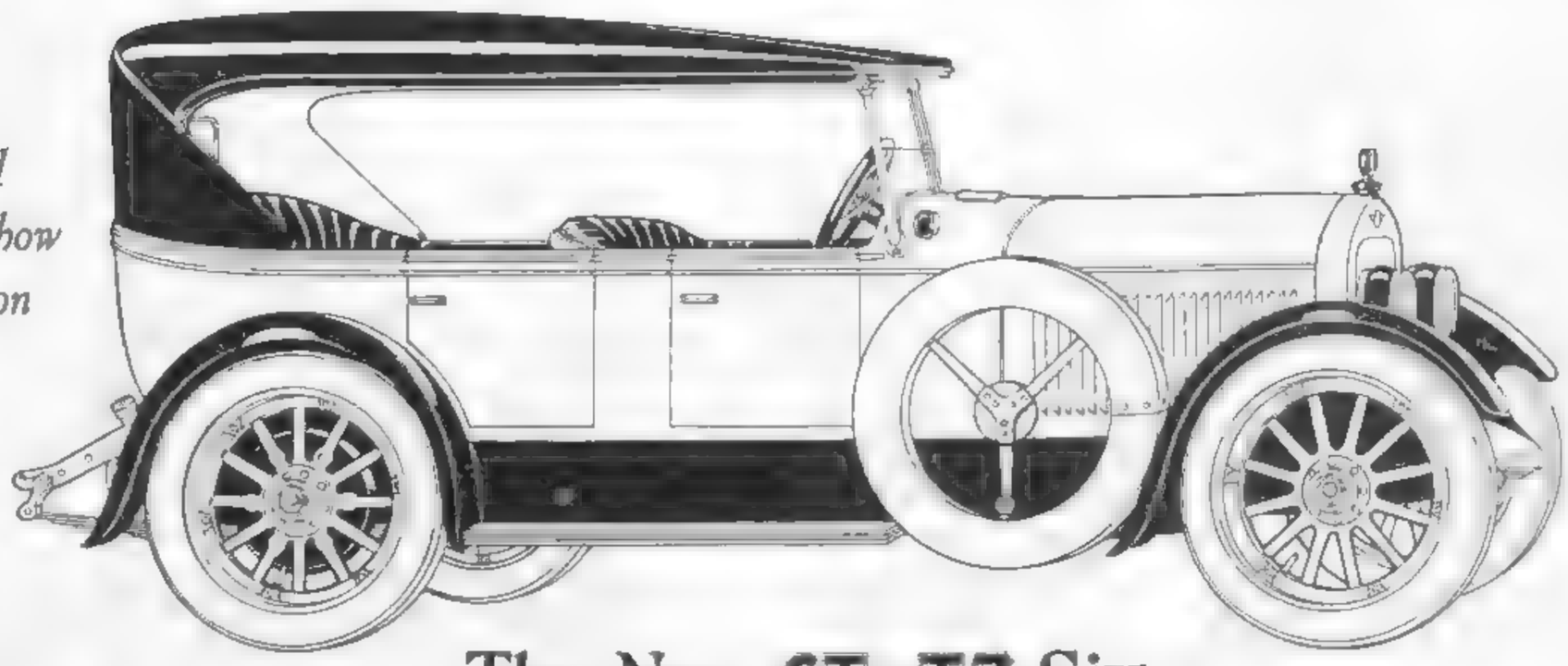


Enoch Arden Arrives Home and Finds His Wife Still Waiting for Him

Robinson Crusoe Installs a Radio Set

An Advance by the STUTZ MOTOR CAR

Price Announced New York Auto Show or upon Application



The New STUTZ Six

A SIX-CYLINDER STUTZ—a truly marvelous value; sleek and trim and tailor-made; and as dashing in behavior as it is jaunty in appearance—

THE STUTZ SPEEDWAY FOUR—phenomenally priced—refined beyond previous excellence and carrying farther than ever all of the famous Stutz traditions—

These—in a complete array of open, enclosed and all-season designs of subtle charm and voguish pattern constitute the encompassing line now offered by the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Inc.

The New Stutz Six

Just as the original Stutz literally took the entire motoring world by storm on the occasion of its first appearance, so is the new, phenomenal Stutz Six destined also to "make good in a day!"

Beauty, comfort, character—and proficiency! These the Stutz Six has to a degree that excites instant desire. But, it has something more: that singular fascination which the Stutz alone imparts.

Tested, tried and proved on road, track and mountain course by the famous corps of Stutz racing experts, the Stutz Six is mature.

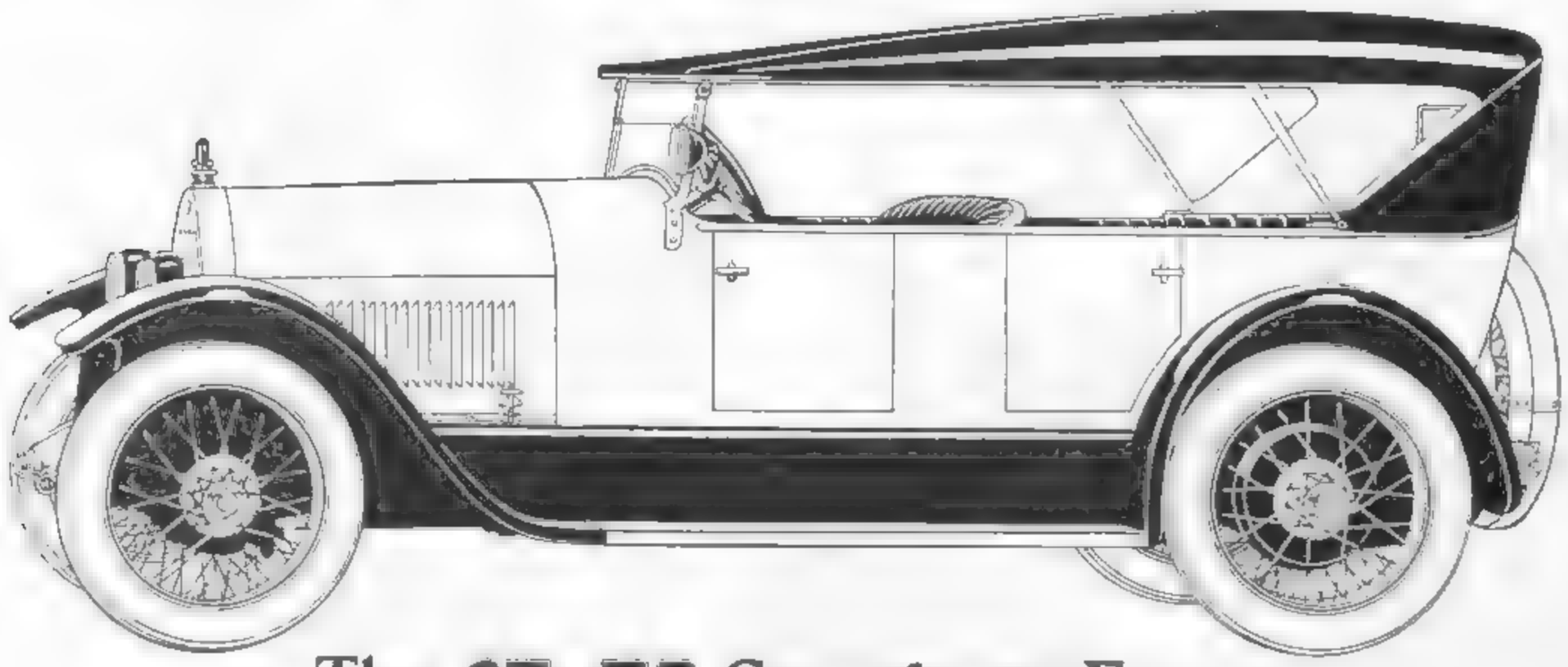
Not a light six—but a fine, substantial, roomy car of 120-inch wheel base; with rear springs 61½ inches long to assure constant repose—

All Genuine Stutz Cars bear this Emblem and are built exclusively by the

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY of AMERICA Inc.

Indianapolis, Indiana. U. S. A.

Announcement
COMPANY of AMERICA Inc.



Price Announced
New York Auto Show
or upon Application

The STUTZ Speedway Four

Empowered with an engine so advanced that it reaches far into the future for comparisons in principle as well as in performance—

Developing more than 75 HP with surpassing economy; equally capable of less than a mile or more than 70 m. p. h. on high; with wind-swift acceleration and never a trace of periodic vibration—

From its finely tailored permanent top to the last small detail in appointments, the Stutz Six inspires the highest appraisal.

Here, indeed, is a product worthy of the enviable Stutz trademark —a real advancement, as impressive as is its renowned contemporary—the Stutz Speedway Four.

Stutz Speedway Four

For more than eleven years the Stutz has ranked among the world's automotive masterpieces.

Track, road and thoroughfare have seen it prove its undeniable supremacy. Experience and facilities such as only the Stutz company commands have been lavished upon it.

To its inherent speed, power and stamina now is added an ease of handling comparable only with its gratifying riding composure.

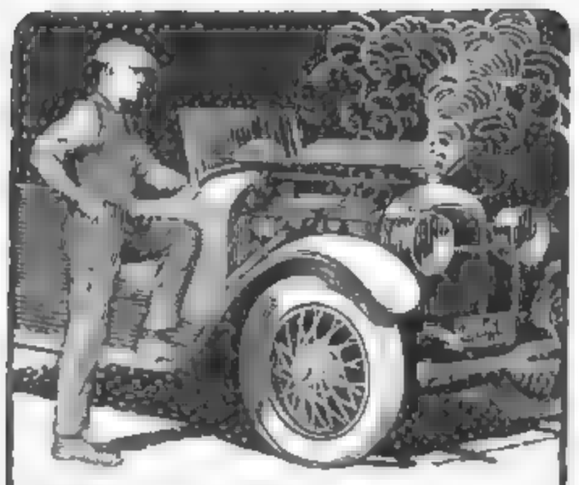
Epitomizing the sportsman's preference in a motor car, the Stutz Speedway Four makes available for refined private ownership the vigor and spirit of champion ability.

* * *

The Stutz line for 1923 offers dominating value. Never has the distinction of Stutz ownership been available to so many. Never have automobile merchants been given so great an opportunity to take advantage of the compelling prestige of the Stutz.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

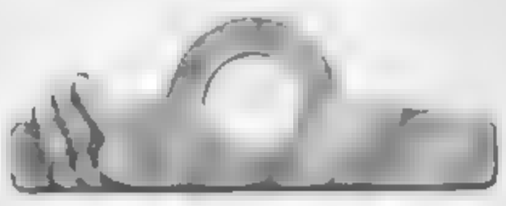
Special Displays during Automobile Shows at
Commodore Hotel, New York ~ Congress Hotel, Chicago
New York show space B-4 ~ Chicago show space M-2



How About Your Bearings?

When your automobile "heats up" and develops a "knock," the chances are that your bearings have worn out of adjustment. The wear in a motor bearing is very slight at first, but as soon as it becomes a little loose the constant pound of the exploding gas rapidly hammers out the bearing metal. Experienced motorists know to their sorrow the disastrous and expensive results of neglecting loose bearings.

Ask Your Repairman



Drive around to your repairman today and ask his advice. Ask him also about Laminated Shims, "the shims that peel," which will enable him to adjust your bearings accurately to the thousandth of an inch and to save from one to four hours on the job.

Send for Booklet

If you are really interested in keeping your car always in proper shape, send for this little booklet. It contains some mighty interesting and valuable information on bearings and their adjustment.

LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, Inc.
205 14th Street
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
Detroit: Dime Bank Building
St. Louis: Mazura Mfg. Co.

LAMINUM

THE PRINCESS OF PARADISE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 29)

told just what to say and how to say it. Laughing, talking lightly, she led him to the expected announcement. When he told her that Shortbridge held the mortgage she pretended surprise, and was ashamed of her little deceit as she looked into his frank, troubled eyes.

A long silence followed and he believed that she was pulling herself together to face trouble; but she was saying to herself: "You don't know it, but you are the tool of this painted lady. You are doing it very well, if you didn't show so plainly that you are doing it. Why do I say you are doing it well? Because you have made me like you again. Why do I like you? Because you bungle it so badly. That is, you make me believe in you by giving yourself away so ridiculously. That woman is very clever. She wouldn't have made you come back if she hadn't been sure I'd like you and trust you. Now, what next? What have you been told to do now?"

"You know them well?" she said suddenly, nodding towards the yacht.

He told of the meeting in the train, of the photographs which he had shown, of the Shortbridge enthusiasm. "He sees money in perfumes. She sees a winter home," he stammered. "Oh, it's hard for you, but there's a lot to be thankful for, after all. You sell as a going concern. The place will not go back to bush and the people won't be starved out. And they are not grasping—oh, no! They're more than fair; they'll be generous. They'll pay a lot of money, besides; enough for you to live on anywhere."

He rushed all this out in a breath, not looking at her. But she was watching him from bright eager eyes. She saw it all now. He had said things like that to the Shortbridges, and they had snapped him up as a messenger and forerunner to come and tell her the things he believed, and pave the way for them. She was moved to frankness matching his, but she saw behind him a clever ruthless woman who bent him to her will.

"Why don't they come out straight and tell their own story?"

"Consideration for you. They know how you love the island. They want to be received as friends. They deserve it, Jeanne—Miss Smith. They mean mighty well. Don't think I don't understand what it means to you to give up. I do. You bet I do. But you have to give up, and you'll never get another chance like this."

"Have to give up?" She lifted her brows as she drawled this in affected surprise. She got ready to throw her bomb.

"What else can you do?"

"Why, pay it, of course." She laughed at his open-mouthed surprise. "It will be all right," she assured him. "They can't come here and expect me to pick bank notes from the reefs, can they? Well, then—a month."

"Of course," Charlie stammered, eying her. "If you can show Mr. Shortbridge where the money is coming from he'll do the right thing. I say, I am glad."

"Show him? Why should I? Tell him."

"Of course. Just say to me now that you can pay off the mortgage in a month."

"You've said it." She kept her eyes fixed on his by a strong effort of will.

"Do you say it?" demanded this blunt, pertinacious young man.

"I say it."

She rose hastily. Breakfast was over.

"Fine! I've worried a lot about nothing."

"You're not the only one. Are they landing today?"

"She has a headache—or something."

"I'm sorry." Jeanne clapped her hands. She ordered MacGregor to have some flowers picked: "Send them, and oranges and grapefruit, to the launch."

She parted from Charlie Bonsal with a formal smile. Her mood of exhilaration was dead.

XII

AN ISLAND of sleep and a sea of glass all that Sunday; Shortbridge writing letters, his wife hidden away in her little cabin; Bonsal fishing softly whistling; Jeanne was friendly again and she could save her home. But he had black moments; he had once caught her bluffing. He blamed himself for not having pressed her for facts. After every fish he allowed himself to pick up the glasses and scan her veranda. When an eighteen-pound kingfish, caught with an eighteen-ounce rod, shimmered on the deck, he rewarded himself with a five-minute gaze; but he never got a glimpse of her.

Tired out, Jeanne slept all the afternoon, waking heavily after a siesta so prolonged, and conscious of growing antagonism to Charlie Bonsal. "I had to do it," she told herself. She recalled an observation of her father's: "No woman runs straight in love, but a few can be taught to do it in business." She said as she put on her island-embroidered dress, "I did run straight. I have. I'll find it. I must find it. What business has he to interfere? Why should I have to tell him all my affairs?"

She sought Mrs. Pillinger and calmly asked that lady to sup alone, as there were important matters to talk over with Mr. Holton.

"I wish," said that kindly cypher, "that it was the other." She had the pleading, ineffectual stare of the woman who achieves nothing and fears everything.

"Why?" Jeanne, balancing the two young men, wished the judgments of everybody.

"Oh, my dear, I don't know. I suppose because he seems more serious."

"Mr. Holton has become sober as a deacon."

She went away, humming a tune, denying that she agreed with the dear old lady.

Holton came, serene, self-confident, impenetrable, following her lead, laughing when she laughed, serious when she was earnest. In vain she looked for curiosity about Charlie Bonsal and his return, or for hints of jealousy. She was impressed; he seemed to be just what he had promised to be—the disinterested friend. Bonsal's pretense at this had been ridiculous, amusing. The two, it seemed to her, had exchanged natures. She found this interesting, and she wanted to laugh, but a glance into those sobered blue eyes gave her a sense of rebuff. She plunged into business as she dressed avocado salad at the table. Holton proved a keen silent listener as she told him her odd story.

The father had trained the daughter, it appeared, in management, in control of the people, in cultivation of fields, flowers and groves, but he had left finance to the last. The place had never paid expenses, had never come near to that, but there had always been plenty of money. "There always will be plenty," Jeanne quoted her father as saying over and over again; and he had arranged with her that on his return from the trip on which he had been drowned, she was to learn about accounts, and be told about his capital. "There are heaps of money somewhere," Jeanne declared positively. She explained how she had searched, and she surprised her eager listener by the method and persistence of the hunt. She could not believe that any hidden hoard had been found and stolen, for no traces were discovered of a possible hiding place. Her father would never, she said, have used any cave subject to accidental visits, nor would he have buried money. His treasure-trove would be behind bolts and bars, but no such vault was hidden in the island. Every cave had been searched, every nook, every corner, every outlying rock and reef. She had herself overlooked the search parties.

"That big man, the deaf mute?"

"Congo King helped," she said. "Of course we went to Pirates' Causeway first. The laboratory, of course, my first thought. Nothing. I had Congo King watched. He worshiped my father and might have crazy ideas, but he is not hiding any secrets."

They talked of possible bank deposits in the United States, Nassau or England. Not a letter, not a bank book, Jeanne said; and her father filed all business correspondence. Every bank in Florida had been written to, and there was nothing in Nassau.

He gravely hinted at capital all expended. He told her he knew of at least one prodigal father who had shut his eyes to the future and selfishly accepted present love; who had basked in the affection of daughters whose every wish had been gratified, and who had died bemoaning the weakness that had left them unprovided for.

Jeanne flamed and indignantly defended her father. "We never talked money," she explained. "We hated to. That's how we put it off too long. That's why I don't know anything at all about it." She was silent for a long minute, gazing out over the waters, lost in thought, but her intent eyes and her clenched hand proved to the earnest watcher that she had dropped into no idle abstraction. She turned eyes suddenly and she smiled brightly. "It must be found!" she declared with a confidence founded not on reason but on her needs.

"It shall be found," he assured her, with a solemn earnestness which won her gratitude. "You put them off. I'll make the search."

"Oh, would you, quietly? I hoped you would. Take the white men—Opie and the other. I'll tell them to take your orders. You see, if it is an open search, and the Shortbridges knew ——"

"How expect them to believe in it? They didn't know your father?"

"That's it!"

How quickly he understood everything! As they discussed details he seemed to read her unspoken thoughts.

"They must be made to believe that you are certain of money coming in."

"They do believe it," she said incautiously, as their eyes met. She knew that he now knew that she had deceived Charlie Bonsal. "It is certain," she cried defiantly.

"Absolutely," he agreed gravely.

The next morning Harvey sculled out with an invitation to luncheon. Charlie came back with him. "Not like de first time, suh," said Harvey, grinning. "Wid de moon all a-shining, an' de shark and Miss Jeanne cleavin' de water. You was certainly lucky in dem transactions."

His listener nodded absently, for the message for Jeanne was not all that he wished.

"They want to meet you halfway," he told Jeanne, "but they are mad about the island. He has to get North by the first of the year, and wants to settle everything one way or the other before he goes. If you can show him where the money is coming from, show that its coming is certain, he will drop the whole thing." He watched her eagerly. She flushed and dropped her eyes. "Can't you do that?" His voice was sharp with disappointment.

She tried to force a confident mien, but conscience had been accusing and reaction had come. She burst out with the truth, the sorry truth. The money was to come from a possible horde hidden in a thrice-searched island. She told him, with a passionate faith in her father, how sure she was of finding it. It was not folly, she declared, anger mounting at his dismayed face. She pledged him to secrecy. Shortbridge, if he knew, would grab the island that day.

Charlie admitted that, while he defended the Shortbridges. They were kindly, more than fair, extraordinarily generous. What madness to fling away a chance that could never come again!

He saw tears as she turned and bolted through the drawing-room. He walked the veranda in hopeless misery. He saw the launch cast off from the yacht. He wished he could sink it, yet he knew the couple in it as the friendliest and kindest of mortals; but they had made Jeanne cry. Was she crying still? He thought not. Red-eyed she would not be when she welcomed the man who had come to reap what her father had sown. And she proved that on the instant, for she came fluttering gayly out, waving a handkerchief, and sending a hail across the water through cupped hands. Together they walked towards the pier. She looked to him like a laughing, irresponsible girl without a care. She turned her flushed face to him and there was a sob in her throat.

"I cannot, will not leave my island!" she said in a voice of concentrated passion. "I cannot, will not stay here except as owner! Time! I must have time! Time will be money, for the money is somewhere. My father would not fail me."

"Forlorn hope!" he said.

Their feet were now on the shore end of the little pier and she danced along. She saw Mrs. Shortbridge's white yachting cap rising at the other end as that lady climbed from the launch.

The beautiful bandbox lady exhaled luxury as she greeted Jeanne. Her rouged cheeks rosily confronted the warm midday winter sun, and her burnished dyed hair boldly challenged the bright rays. The honesty of her large green silk umbrella

(Continued on Page 97)

Own your own Towel-Outfit

Consisting of
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150 ScotTissue Towels

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($6.50 in Canada)
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Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

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ScotTissue Towels are preferred in modern offices for their efficiency, economy and safety. They provide a clean, fresh, never-before-used towel to each person every time.

Buy ScotTissue Towels from your stationer, druggist or department store—40c for carton of 150—(50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send (prepaid) the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price.

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A Finer Gardner Four-

With a notably improved Motor

For 1923 the Gardner Motor Company announces a finer four-cylinder car, combining the economy found only in Fours, with a notably improved motor that provides all the essential advantages of a greater number of cylinders.

Chief of these improvements is the *five-bearing crankshaft*—a feature heretofore offered by no other four-cylinder motor—which makes it possible for the 1923 Gardner to attain high speed smoothly and quietly, and to develop more than ordinary power without strain on engine or car.

Here is the secret of the 1923 Gardner's indifference to hills; of the ease with which it accelerates from a standing start to its fastest pace without discovering the vibration point common in most cars.

Yet no desirable quality has been sacrificed to motor performance in this Gardner. It is a car of *balanced value*, with a sturdy chassis, strongly made body, durable enameled finish, complete equipment—built for ease of operation, comfort and long life.

The faith of the Gardner Motor Company in its product speaks in the full *one-year written guarantee* that accompanies every Gardner sold—the guarantee of an organization that has served the public with dependable transportation for more than 40 years.

In 1922 Gardner was among the eight largest exclusive manufacturers of four-cylinder automobiles.

Ask the nearest dealer of the nationwide Gardner organization to demonstrate this even finer Gardner for 1923. Its story is best told upon the road.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

GARDNER

The Guaranteed Car

(Continued from Page 94)

lined with yellow accentuated the artificiality of the rest of her, but so perfect were results that one only admired her gallant defiance of time. Her eyes helped to this end; so did her apparently simple, delightful manners; she seemed all artifice without, all sincerity within. She glanced casually from Charlie Bonsal to Jeanne and patted his shoulder in commendation as she passed.

Bonsal, slightly frowning, watched Jeanne's welcome of the round-faced Shortbridge, a smiling, unaffected welcome, apparently spontaneous; the frown deepened as he glanced from the girl to the woman. How could a man ever know anything about them, know what they really thought or meant? He was uneasily aware that he was the only one of the four who was not acting with the irresponsible gayety of a picnic party. And it was not his picnic! He had no island to lose. He stretched out no hand eager to close on a coveted paradise. He, too, chattered and laughed, watching Shortbridge's roving eyes, but admitting the man's courtesy. Shortbridge took in every detail, but there was no hint in manner of future proprietorship.

"A look around before lunch," Shortbridge suggested, and Bonsal and he strolled together. A northeasterly breeze softly tempering kindly winter sun brushed their faces in a caress. "For four months, I understand," the financier said, "most days are like this. You can't beat it in all the world. I don't know where you can equal it."

He remembered every photograph Bonsal had shown to him on the train, and asked to be taken to these spots. He saw each scene in perfection except that the poinciana was not in bloom. Bonsal sullenly reproached the climate and the island for traitorously being at their best and himself for having led this man to the island. He heard little from his taciturn, observant companion, but he knew that with each step the man was more profoundly impressed. He saw Shortbridge's nostrils quiver as they looked over the garden of scents.

"I can smell a fortune," the latter said.

As they strolled back the financier was tersely enthusiastic. He hoped he would get the island, but if the girl could show him that she could pay, of course he would give her all the time she needed.

"She is a very unusual girl," he said. "My wife finds her most interesting." He paused and looked into Bonsal's face with good-humored intentness. "Can she pay?" he asked.

"I don't know all her business." Charlie flushed as he tried to ward off the sudden thrust of keen eyes.

"You introduced me to the deal; I'd rather carry on through you. I don't care for details. I'll take your word. Find out. Satisfy yourself. If you tell me she can pay in a month—all right. She gets the month. Look here, Bonsal, are you open to a proposition? If I get the place you can be manager on the spot. A home, food, servants, a small salary to begin. If you and the scheme make good, then a percentage on profits."

"I must think that over."

"That offer," Shortbridge said, "will make your fortune. You will be tying up to a financial group that can swing anything. I'll develop this island into a melon worth cutting. It shall blossom from one end to the other, and its scents be blown around the world."

"That's mighty kind," Bonsal responded, "but I—you see —— Oh, you have the common sense of it all, but—well, she would feel that I profited by her misfortune."

Shortbridge grinned, sniffed sweet odors, and put a hand on Charlie's shoulder. "Orange blossoms," he said. "Can't you smell 'em? She might stay too."

Cepara Turnquest came listlessly from a path with bent head. She raised it with a jerk and uttered a little cry as she saw Bonsal. She looked at him from wide-open, expressive eyes, her lips parted, her white, even teeth showing. He passed with a cold bow.

Shortbridge looked at him, frowning. "Pretty girl, that. Quadroon—octoroon?"

"Neurotic," was the annoyed answer.

The luncheon was a most cheery affair. Jeanne, in apparent high good humor, told some excruciating negro stories, with dialect and accent perfect. Mrs. Shortbridge and she seemed in growing accord, and the former with an exquisite tact drew her out and helped her in managing discordant elements. There was no surface sign that the animated young hostess was a bankrupt fighting for her home; that she looked on her guests as sleek sly pirates; that two young men in mutual jealousy each tried to infer what Jeanne thought of the other.

After luncheon Jeanne, keyed to high courage, suggested a business talk.

Shortbridge, greatly impressed by the personality of Jeanne, responded gayly that that day was too lovely for business. "Bonsal can act for both of us. Make good to him, my dear, and what he reports goes."

He flung himself in a shaded hammock, pushed with his toe, and swung in the delicious indolence of a well-fed man in holiday mood.

"Oh," Jeanne breathed and turned away blankly.

In the afternoon they bathed at Pirates' Causeway. The Shortbridges were delighted at the sight of this shut-in bay with its deep water, at the hardwood bungalow with its attractive verandas, and at the vivid varied colors of sky and sea and jagged reefs. Each exclamation of pleasure hit Jeanne as would a physical blow, for she read pride of ownership in these utterances. She struggled against the gracious influence of this exquisite lady who came out of the sea with dry hair and cheeks delicately tinted, and with bathing dress which enhanced the charm of a mature exquisite figure.

Jeanne ran along the beach, glancing at Bonsal. He raced, overtook her, laughing.

"The search is sure to succeed," she said, eying him aslant.

"Good. You have found something?"

"It's only begun."

"Well, I hope—for your sake ——"

Cepara Turnquest, Dressed in Soft Yellow Silk, Gloved, New York Hatted, a Flaming Hibiscus at Her Breast. "Good Afternoon, Jeanne," This Unexpected Guest Said as She Mounted the Steps

"He leaves it to you."

They stood, a matched pair in their bathing suits, looking deep into each other's eyes. He dropped his head.

"How can I?" he said in a muffled voice.

"My one chance," she pleaded. "I may save my home."

"If you fail ——"

"He has lost one month—no more." She caught his bare arm, and he tingled to her touch.

"Suppose he forecloses and I find it?" she pleaded earnestly. "I have succeeded, but I have lost."

"Holy smoke!" Bonsal cried. "I never thought of it that way." He was a lover, though he had denied that, and so he looked into her eyes, and tried to hide his thought. She saw only that she had succeeded, and her lips broke into a sudden, maddening smile. He shoved the brakes on hard. "The odds are unfair—one month against an island."

"Then—then ——"

To escape gratitude and forestall second thoughts he ran back to Shortbridge, happily sunning himself apart from the others.

"Miss Smith," Charlie said, looking down into the lazy eyes, "has made good. She has proved that she can pay in a month."

"Sorry," Shortbridge answered, yawning. "My loss. I'll find another winter home." He hated details and explanations. He turned over and dozed.

Bonsal waved his hand to Jeanne and nodded. Then he went to the Causeway house and dressed. He was very sober. He had lied—in a matter of business too. He was gloomy till he saw Jeanne's eyes again.

The day ended with a dinner on the yacht, crowded but jolly. Afterwards guitar and mandolin made merry music, and Holton shone. He scowled at eleven o'clock when he saw that Charlie Bonsal was the crew of the launch.

Left alone with her husband in the cockpit Mrs. Shortbridge turned and said, "We must have this island."

"She claims she can pay."

"You must go to Nassau tomorrow and take foreclosure proceedings."

He stared, laughed. "Rob a kid!" he said. "I promised time."

"She's fooling you."

She proved it to him. He was angry. She told him how to get away without rousing a thought of his intention.

"That kid!" he said. "Yes, I'll go."

XIII

THE next morning the beautiful lady, accompanied by Charlie Bonsal, came from the yacht with such a number of suitcases as proved that she had accepted an invitation to stay on shore for some days. Her eyes had lost their sad expression, and her step was elastic as she walked arm in arm with Jeanne down the pier.

"A northwester is coming," Charlie Bonsal announced.

Jeanne glanced at the sky and looked at him, puzzled.

"Men are weak." Mrs. Shortbridge spoke like an oracle.

"A gale is bad enough in the open sea," Bonsal said. "Off a lee shore anchor hawsers snap like daisy chains."

"Men," Mrs. Shortbridge warned, "must be kept from temptation. Oh, there's Mr. Holton, lazy man, asleep." She went over to a hammock swung from a coconut palm which by a freak had grown almost horizontally. Holton, weary from secret night search for treasure, basked and dozed. "Don't get up," she said, smiling down. "When you do, would you mind running out in the launch for my jewel case? I forgot it and it ought not to be left."

"With pleasure."

In the meantime mystified Jeanne murmured to Charlie, "Temptations, gales? What does it mean?"

"Shortbridge has changed. Sorry he promised time. He wants the island, wants it now, but she wouldn't stand for a broken promise."

Jeanne looked at him from troubled eyes. "He questioned you?"

"He didn't learn anything."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that."

Then Mrs. Shortbridge rejoined them.

"When a landsman hears of sea dangers," the latter said, "he's easily scared."

Jeanne nodded absently. She visualized sharp, terse Shortbridge cross-examining Charlie Bonsal. She seemed to hear the young man telling one untruth after another for her. Lies? Oh, not that! The search would be, must be, successful.

"Signal? What did you say? Pardon." She turned to the word.

They had come to the veranda. Bonsal went on, lifting his hat.

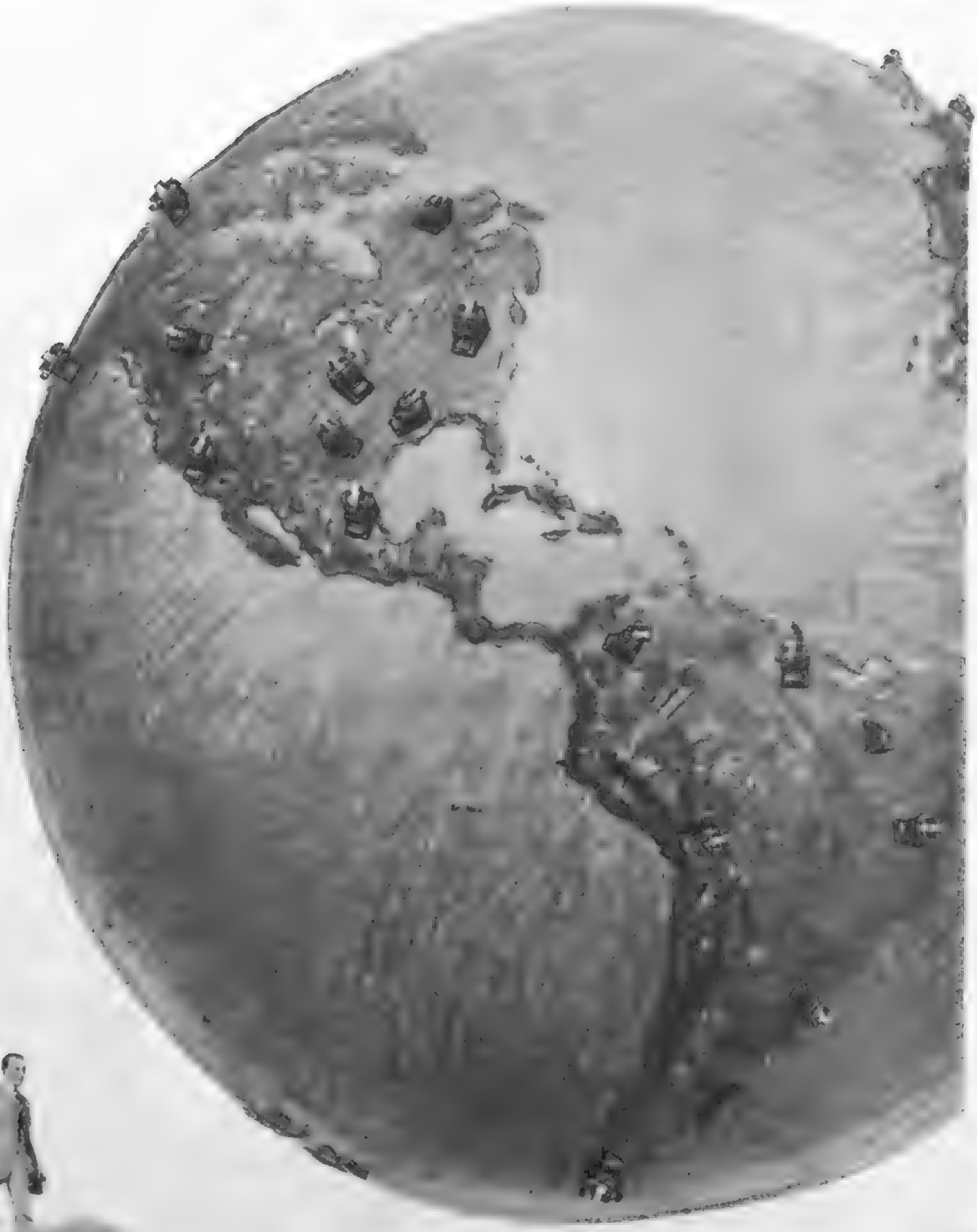
"Let me say something, Jeanne. May I call you Jeanne?" Mrs. Shortbridge stroked her arm in a caress. "This is not a place for a girl to spend her life, especially one of your kind. No, I do not speak for myself; I think only of you. Why do you so fear and hate the outside world? You don't know anything about it."

"I have heard much from one who did."

Mrs. Shortbridge shook her head, and checked the impulse—if she had it—to criticize the girl's dead father.

"You are too clever," she said, "to bury yourself here. You owe the world something. Oh, yes, you do. We all do." She bent forward and clasped the girl's hand.

(Continued on Page 100)



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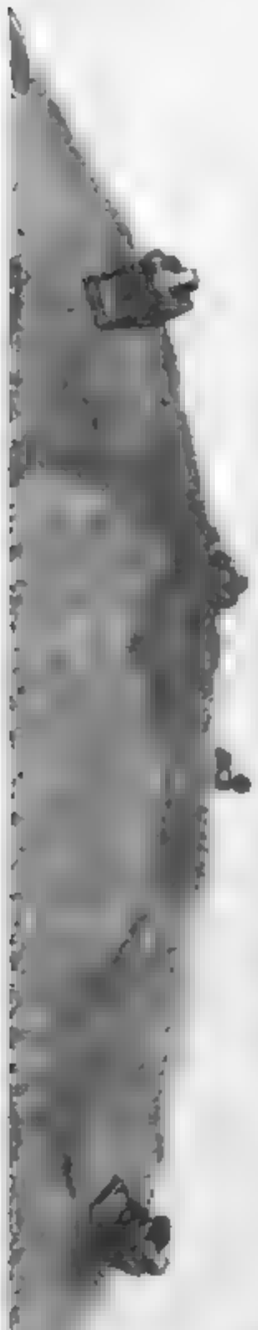

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(Continued from Page 97)

"We would deal so generously with you. You could come back every winter if you liked. We should love it." Her sad lovely eyes pleaded tenderly.

"You don't realize," she said softly, "but you are twisted, warped. I have a great liking for you, my dear. Can't you believe me when I say that for your sake Mr. Shortbridge and I ought to be merciless? I can't bear even to seem that, so I speak frankly. I have seen much of the world, Jeanne. It is not paradise, but it's not the other thing either. Can't you trust me, trust my judgment?"

She drew in a quick breath and leaned back as she read immutable decision in Jeanne's face. She looked out mechanically to the sound of the motor engine of the launch which carried Holton to the yacht. She saw that Jeanne did not turn. "You have enemies here," she said abruptly—"that pretty quadroon."

"I know. I can't think why." Jeanne tried to speak indifferently and failed.

"She is extraordinarily pretty," Mrs. Shortbridge said. "And a tongue like a snake's—forked. She slipped to my side yesterday. She told me ——"

"Yes, told you?" Jeanne's hand was pressed to her heart.

"—— that you were secretly hunting treasure."

To Mrs. Shortbridge's surprise the girl showed relief. What, then, had Jeanne expected to hear? What worse than that could the quadroon have exposed?

"I shall find and pay," Jeanne said.

"I wish you had told my husband, Jeanne. He feels that he has been ——"

"Deceived. Say it." Jeanne rose stiffly. "I am at your mercy."

She would have walked away had not Mrs. Shortbridge seized her arm.

"You are not," the latter said gently. "I want to give you every chance. My husband knows nothing of the sea. He is easily alarmed. It's against my judgment, Jeanne, and it's a kind of treason, but there's a means of gaining a few days for your search. We can get Mr. Shortbridge out of the way. Signal a storm warning."

Jeanne, suspicious, stood, her head aslant, gazing into reassuring eyes. "My dear," their owner murmured, "I have learned in a hard school to understand, to make allowances."

Jeanne looked out over the cloudless sky and the smooth waters, and she shook her head. "Will they understand the international code?" she asked dubiously.

"Our second man was a signalman in the navy. If you warn of a gentle breeze, nothing doing. Make it a hurricane."

"It's not the season," Jeanne said, turning. "Come."

She ran up the stairs to the tower, eagerly hoping, yet doubting, wondering as always now whether this strange frank lady was friend or foe. She was fluttering flaglets by the time Mrs. Shortbridge reached the door of the platform on which she stood. The breeze swung her skirt and ruffled her hair, which shone like gold in the sun. The silent watcher lifted her hands, pressed them hard against her heart and retreated a step as though in fear that her agitated breathing would be heard.

"I've got them!" Jeanne cried.

"Too far?" Mrs. Shortbridge snatched up a pair of glasses.

"No; I think he'll make me out."

She wigwagged vigorously. Mrs. Shortbridge clapped glasses on Charlie Bonsal, five hundred yards away on the pier. She could see his strained eager face, his poised attitude as he looked up at the figure outlined against the sky as a worshiper might look from the foot of a shrine. She sighed softly and lowered her glasses.

"They can't get me." Jeanne repeated signals slower, peering out over the sea. "Ah!"

She looked like a brilliant moth fluttering strong wings as it poised before a flower. She read the answering message, then signaled again. The reply came. She read it off word by word.

"Off—for—safe harbor." She swung round, surprised at success, exhilarated. Her eyes flashed a more subtle signal than flags could send. They said, "You are traitor to your husband, but I am grateful."

"They're still wigwagging," Mrs. Shortbridge cried.

She heard an exclamation from Jeanne, saw her send a response which was sharp indeed if it matched in vigor the movement of her arms.

Jeanne flung down the flags and said no word as they watched the motor boat gliding towards the south, but the other made a mental guess. "Mr. Holton is on board and accepts an invitation to join our little cruise." That was in substance the message, she was confident; what Jeanne's answer she did not care; probably a sarcastic wish that he might have a pleasant time. But signal flags have no lips to curl, nor brows to frown, nor cheeks to flush, so one must accept their meaning literally. Mrs. Shortbridge deeply inspired a breath of relief. The yacht was on its way to foreclose a mortgage; the plot concocted between husband and wife had succeeded beyond hope, and Jeanne suspected nothing.

Mrs. Shortbridge wasted no seconds in starting on her next move. She liked Charlie Bonsal. She wanted to use him. But her husband had said there must be something between him and the pretty quadroon. The girl's face, he had said, had told volumes when she had met the boy.

"Why do you tell me this?" Mrs. Shortbridge had asked when the girl had run slyly to her with Jeanne's secret.

"Because fairy stories don't go in business," had been the answer, "and fairy princesses must get down to brass tacks."

The girl was envenomed against Jeanne, that was clear enough. Was Charlie Bonsal the cause? Was he to blame? Mrs. Shortbridge wished to witness a meeting between these two. She searched for Charlie, found him, wished to see the library she said, and particularly the diaries of John Smith.

"Mighty interesting," he told her; "and they show where Transom got his facts. Why did Holton go with Mr. Shortbridge?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You have forgotten Transom," she charged.

"There's been so much else," he answered.

He did not tell her that he had dropped his search because he feared that it led through Cepara Turnquest. She, he was sure, had rescued him from the schooner. She was custodian of the diaries. She read Scott; he had seen her doing it. He was so deadly afraid of her that he ran if he saw her coming; yet he was certain that he had only to ask and she would betray Transom. Secure in the protection of Mrs. Shortbridge he was willing to face her. Alone he would not have gone. She was capable of flinging her arms about his neck. He might appear ludicrous to spectators. A man pursued is always ridiculous, but he saw nothing funny in the unbridled advances of this undisciplined dark-skinned daughter of the tropics.

"By the way"—Mrs. Shortbridge paused as she placed her shapely foot on the step of the library entrance—"this librarian with the extraordinary name is extremely pretty; so well educated, and such good manners."

"Good manners?" He recalled Cepara's insolence towards Jeanne. Frowning he bluntly quoted: "'You can't make a silk purse, . . . you know.'"

"Oh, is she like that?"

Mrs. Shortbridge felt relief. No young man, interested in a girl, quotes the most offensive of proverbs.

They forgot that the tropics hold no secrets, that Cepara Turnquest, hearing footsteps, was almost certain to tiptoe to the jalousied veranda. Hearing, she bolted, panting, half hysterical, across the room and down the back stairs, her last faint hope killed. Love charms, philters in morning coffee, had achieved nothing. Incantations, solemnly performed by blind old Anne, locally called Marmaranne, had failed. The midnight dance—for one night the girl had reverted absolutely to barbarism—that, too, had been unavailing. Jeanne Smith, not so clever, not so pretty—Cepara did not underrate herself—it was Jeanne's name she muttered as she fled wildly through a grove of coconut palms.

Bonsal, relieved to find the room empty, flung open a door. "Here they are," he said.

John Smith's diaries lined the walls, voluminous, parts in his handwriting, parts in that of others, some typewritten, all bound in sheepskin already decaying through insect attacks and because local skins were not tough. They contained the minute daily record from which Transom had stolen details to send to an old man high up in the Andes. Charlie Bonsal had recognized whole paragraphs which had been transcribed, and originals of all the photographs and prints which had been forwarded to his uncle. Mrs. Shortbridge glanced about, stretched a groping hand, seemed to feel her way along a mahogany table to an abrupt seat, leaned her head far back and studied the ceiling.

"A glass of water," she murmured. "It's so stuffy."

"I doubt ——"

"Try, please."

Left alone, she wiped away the sudden tears which her quickly assumed position had prevented from rolling down her rouged cheeks. She swept her eyes again over the old mahogany bookcases, then looked at the solid table, dull-surfaced from want of attention, and at the great tarnished silver inkstand, and she sighed.

"Well water, not boiled," came from behind.

"It doesn't matter, thank you. I'm better now. I should like to see Volume One."

She looked through it, summoned Charlie Bonsal, and pointed here and there as she turned the pages.

"His father's name, Holton—and everything he says proved," Charlie said.

"Oh, you think so? You forget. It works both ways." She looked up at him with much meaning in her glance. "Oh, but you are dense!" she said.

"What!" He stared at her, hardly believing.

"Yes, it's like this, I think: Transom tells this rather good-looking man of an heiress who adores Devon, and of a diary."

"By Jove!"

"I have been there," Mrs. Shortbridge said. "I invented towers and pigeons and ghosts. He pretended to know them all."

"By Jove!" repeated the astonished Charlie. "A fraud! An impostor! He can't be, though, for he's gone. Why would he go?"

Mrs. Shortbridge closed the volume, flung a long glance about the room and went out. When Bonsal joined her an instant later he repeated his question.

"He didn't," was the answer.

"Didn't what?"

"Go willingly."

"I don't understand."

"I had him kidnaped."

"You—what?"

"Of course. A fraud; my enemy; Mr. Shortbridge's enemy. Why not? But there was another reason." She turned with a smile. "You have a clear field." She bent over and murmured in his ear, "Win her."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "But I'm down and out for good. You told me to do it, to put myself there, and how to do it. And now ——"

She laughed at him. "You promised no more attacks of moonshine madness, of course. You said you'd be a brother."

"Oh, no; I didn't go that far."

"Not in words, of course." She stopped and put a hand on his shoulder. "You foolish boy," she encouraged, "she would never forgive you if you did it too well. You are fighting all the time to keep your promise. That makes you interesting. She never knows when you'll break it."

He frowned. "You tell me too much," he said moodily.

"The sooner you learn that girls are human and not angels ——"

"I'll learn any lesson from you."

"Ah, that's better. I want to see her settled, out in the world under proper care, away from this spot—this shut-in hothouse where bitterness and suspicions and petty cares will corrode her soul." Surprise at her impassioned speech kept him silent. She grasped his hand, pressed it. "You don't realize that you are her only serious adviser," she breathed. "A girl, charming, cultivated, isolated, cynical; what woman's heart would not go out to her? She will blossom like a rose when she is transplanted; and you, Charlie, you must be the gardener. You wonder, of course, but I like you and have to take you on trust." She smiled as she added, "Even though you piled lie on lie when you tried to make my husband believe that hidden treasures were bonds in bank."

"What don't you know?" he burst out. "Why ——"

But she checked him with a touch of her hand on his arm.

"Head the ridiculous search," she said. "Do anything so long as you win her. I have given you your chance. Make good."

He looked up and down the land as they stood on the steps of Jeanne's house, straining eager eyes as though to peer into caves, penetrate rocks and cliffs, and detect golden piles and heaped gems. Folly, of course, to research a thrice-searched islet.

(Continued on Page 102)

Why You Should Buy

WHITE TRUCKS

9

Other Reasons:

* * *

The Truck Itself
Most Value per Dollar
100,000-Mile Records
White Owner Service
A Permanent Maker
The Manufacturer's Policy
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Transportation Experience
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in High Grade Field

Reason No. 4

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FOR a number of years The White Company has published annually a list of its fleet owners, showing how each individual fleet has grown from year to year, over a period of 13 years.

There are three remarkable things about the *Roll Call.* In the first place, the extent of it. The list has tripled in the last six years. No other list of fleet owners has ever been published approaching it in size. Some of the fleets contain hundreds of trucks.

Secondly, the steady progress shown in size of fleets. Almost without exception, *every* fleet listed registers growth, the great majority from year to year; some, of course, grow faster than others; *but they all grow.*

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Steady, progressive ownership is the highest tribute which can be paid to any business equipment; there is no sentiment about it. Over a period of years nothing but *service* counts; the amount of it, the dependability of it, the cost of it. Large users keep careful cost records; they *know* which trucks do the most work for the least money.

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Biflex
Spring Bumper

Trade Mark. Look for it.

PROTECTION WITH DISTINCTION

(Continued from Page 100)

"But if you find her ——" she murmured.

"You have second sight!" he cried.

"I read you," she said, "and other honest men at first sight. Make good."

He went off to the beach to recall, arrange, digest the news and commands of a morning so closely packed with surprises. He kept out of the way, that he might dodge an invitation to luncheon, and framed plans for a search in which he did not believe; but he had orders from one whom he now revered as supernatural—almost that, at any rate.

At tea time, plans ready, he went to the veranda. Jeanne presiding, seemingly without a care, gave him a smiling welcome as she poured. Mrs. Shortbridge, cool and fresh, but a little heavy-eyed, as she said from too much siesta, beckoned him to her side. Mrs. Pillinger, watching the plate of buttered scones, of which she was very fond, incidentally remarked that in all these years she had never got over wishing for snow at Christmas and that plum pudding without a sprig of red-berried holly was —— But a clear barytone sounded near.

"The yacht is at Pirates' Causeway!" Jeanne cried, trying to speak as though she was not pleased.

Mrs. Shortbridge shot a glance of dismay at Charlie Bonsal. The voice, audacious, triumphant, sounded clearer and they could catch the words:

"Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar
As he was hastening
Home from the war,
Lady love, lady love ——"

Drake Holton rounded the corner, checked his airy caroling and called out a laughing greeting. He was beautifully turned out in clothes evidently made for him, and he came to Jeanne almost with an air of possession, humming a bar as he seated himself and saying with his eyes that the song was a serenade for her. Openly hostile to Mrs. Shortbridge, ignoring Bonsal, he explained that Mr. Shortbridge had refused to land him, that they met an auxiliary schooner, that he had swum for it, to find that it came from Jacksonville and was bringing his clothes and letters from his injured friend, who was fast improving.

"Refused to land you? Swam for it?" Jeanne was incredulous.

"He said his yacht was not built for storms and he must not waste an hour in getting to safe harbor."

Jeanne's lips twitched to a checked smile and her eyes looked an apology for having thought Holton a willing passenger.

"He is not used to our waters," she said in apology for the timid Shortbridge.

Holton leaned over and murmured, "May I see you soon? It is important."

But Jeanne did not hear. Her eyes were fixed on Cepara Turnquest, coming slowly along, dressed in soft yellow silk, gloved, New York hatted, a flaming hibiscus at her breast, a lace parasol twirling behind her vivid Spanish-looking head.

"Good afternoon, Jeanne," this unexpected guest said as she mounted the steps and seated herself by Mrs. Pillinger's side.

Her voice was a little shaky, and slight bravado marked her manner, but to the surprised Mrs. Shortbridge she seemed a wonderful imitation of the real thing, and of singular beauty. Bonsal, understanding the calculated impertinence of this intrusion, could only look helplessly at Jeanne. He saw that she was dead white beneath her tan and that she sat huddled with riveted eyes as one defenseless, waiting a mortal blow. He jumped up, breaking the spell.

Jeanne straightened and her lips moved, but no sound came from her dry lips.

"I thought," Cepara said, twirling her sunshade, not looking up, "that you would give a relation a cup of tea."

Jeanne's voice came, quick, steady: "You have said what you wanted to say. Go, please, now."

Cepara began to gasp for breath as she vainly struggled for self-control. "I'm a throwback!" she burst out. "You've had all the luck. You're not ——" She began to sob.

Mrs. Shortbridge saw the white eyeballs of Lulu gleaming from the drawing-room. She beckoned.

"Take her away," she ordered sharply. "She is hysterical."

"You fool chile!" Lulu said as she came running and grasped Cepara's arm. But Cepara slid and her high heels tapped the floor. "Dis ain't de place for your high-diddles," Lulu cried. She clasped the girl and carried her away with MacGregor's help.

Jeanne rose, looking from one to the other of her silent guests.

"Now you know," she said. "I have never left the island. You know why now. I do not wish to leave it. There is no place in the world for such as I. Paradise Island—Leper Island!" Mrs. Shortbridge sprang up and flung an arm round the girl, but Jeanne swung herself free. "I'll have the Causeway house ready for you tonight," she said; "ready for all of you. Please make yourself quite at home there, Mrs. Shortbridge, until you or I leave this island."

"A lie!" Mrs. Shortbridge exclaimed, stretching out her arms. "The malice of a vindictive girl!"

"And how do you know that?" Jeanne asked, ignoring the arms, flashing a haughty rebuke. Mrs. Shortbridge looked down, silent. "You should not say what you can't prove."

Jeanne turned, head erect, and walked with a high dignity into the house.

Mrs. Pillinger, crying, rose. "I didn't think," she said, "that she would take it so much to heart. The way is to deny it. They all do. Nobody believes them, and everybody pretends they do."

"What do you know about it?" Mrs. Shortbridge demanded so sharply that the old lady trembled.

"Nobody," she answered, quavering, "asks questions in the West Indies, and there aren't any birth records. . . . I think I better go to her, don't you?"

"No! Spare her that." Mrs. Shortbridge's utterance was so fierce that Mrs. Pillinger slipped away, frightened.

Holton, in the drawing-room, wrote a note:

"I love you. Will you marry me?

"DRAKE HOLTON"

He read this over and over, pondering.

"Four to a straight flush," he said to himself. "If I draw the ace I win the pot. If I don't I can drop my hand." By this he meant that if her father's fortune should be found he would have it and her. If it should not be discovered he could slip away from the island.

Outside, Mrs. Shortbridge sat gazing over the sea, from time to time glancing at the bowed head of Charlie Bonsal. She touched him on the shoulder and he looked up from haggard eyes.

"It is a lie," she whispered. "She is white. She is American. She is legitimate. She is my daughter."

He stared. He believed. He deliberately turned his back.

"God help her," he said savagely, "with a mother like you! In there breaking her heart—and you out here." He turned with an exaggerated bow and whipped out a cigarette case borrowed from the yacht. "Have one," he offered in mincing tones. "A lovely afternoon, isn't it?"

The painted lady helped herself, and he held a match, but his hand trembled so violently that she took it from him. She looked full into his hard, contemptuous eyes. "She is of good family," she said slowly. "Island or no island, she will be rich. You love her. Send her a note, now. Ask her to marry you."

"I'll send her a note, all right—the truth."

She shook her head. "Of course"—she flipped the ashes from her cigarette—"I told you in confidence."

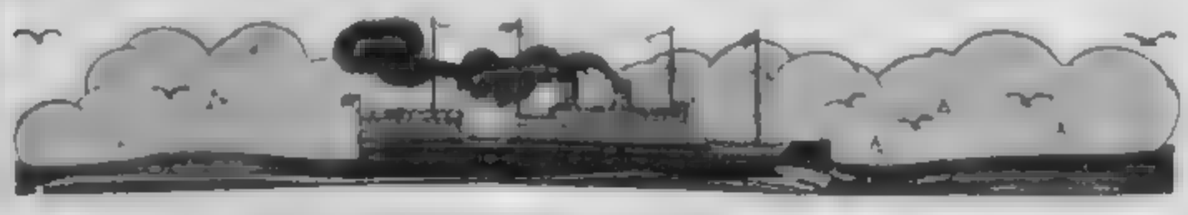
"She is not to know?" He looked at her with the aversion with which one confronts the incomprehensible abnormal.

"Marry her. Take her to Europe. Make her happy."

"You are not human!"

He twisted on his heel and rushed away from her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



2,000,000 women now have gained new freedom

It has been said that one of the most outstanding characteristics of the modern woman is that she "absorbs in days ideas that required decades for her feminine great-grandparents to assimilate."

Today's woman welcomes innovations, provided they represent progress, because she has developed the open mind.

This accounts, probably, for the genuine warmth with which women everywhere have received the series of improved laundry services perfected by the laundry industry. More than 2,000,000 women already are availing themselves of one or another of these helps, and finding through them the way to new freedom.

There are six of these services—Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrif-T-Service, and Wet Wash. One or two of these you may know. The others are remarkable new developments that now make laundry service economical for every family.

They form a continuous series, so graduated in price as to be adaptable to every purpose and pocketbook.

No longer is it necessary to put up with the trials of washday at home—among these six helps and others, which your laundry will gladly explain in detail, is one that will happily meet your own personal preferences.

You will find six of these services described below. Some laundries give all of them. All laundries give some of them. No matter what your requirements may be, there are modern laundries in your city prepared to give you satisfactory service. Have one of these laundries call for your next washing.

Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels are all fluff dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home

Thrif-T-Service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry

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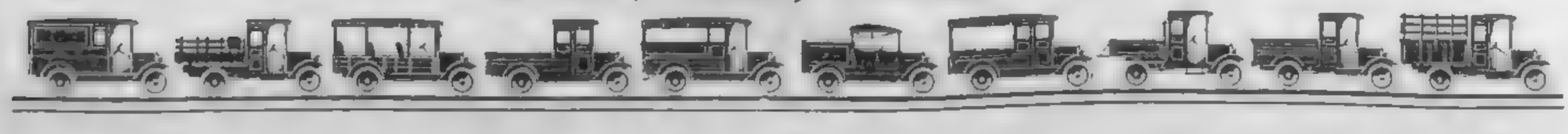

BURBINE'S BARBECUE

(Continued from Page 15)

Henry thought the Lord had made Old Stony just so that it could turn the wheels of the stone mill. Maybe He did. For his loyalty, Henry received, by the will of Josiah Slare, Mr. Slare's key-wind watch. Mr. Basker bequeathed him "my set of Walter Scott's novels, in morocco—not that miserable cloth-bound set which somebody in my family got with a year's subscription to something or other." These were the words of the last will and testament.

It took Henry Hallen several months to realize that, because the new owners of Slare & Basker didn't show any interest in their orphan child, he had become a manager in reality. It was then borne in upon him that he was not only a manager; he was an uncrowned king. All the instructions he ever received from the Chicago office were framed like this:

"We intend making some radical changes in the near future. As soon as we reach definite plans we shall have you come to Chicago for a conference. In the meantime you may as well go on as you are going."

The radical change did not take place. Mr. Hallen was not bidden to Chicago. The wages were higher than they used to be; Bill Armstrong had a better quality of coal dust to burn; there were seventy-seven different kinds of efficiency blanks to be made out; if you wanted to get a drop of gasoline to remove some tar from your coat you had to write an order for it; it took four clerks and a boy to do what one moron could have accomplished in Slare's time—but nobody seemed to care, except Hallen. After a while Hallen didn't care so much.

But a man can't very long be a satrap of some distant and hardly known ruler before he is in danger of becoming despotic. Henry Hallen did not look like a despot—if an accredited despot must look some particular way. He was a little, thin, brown-toned, shiny-trousered man with mild gray eyes and a flowing grizzly mustache. Come to think of it, that may be a graphic description of some cruel satrap of Darius Hystaspes, all except the trousers.

A satrap, miles from the seat of absolute power, looks about him and scratches his head and asks himself, "What can I do to show that I am boss of this works?"

Henry Hallen answered the question by holding a barbecue. They didn't call it a barbecue then. That came later. That epithet was applied by the office help of Slare & Basker only after it became evident that Henry Hallen was no longer Henry, but Mr. Hallen, and that he was a real boss with full powers.

The first victim was Wallace Brimmer, who had for years occupied an obscure position in the office of the plant, doing mostly those things that got left over by other people.

Henry Hallen came to the unsuspecting Wallace one day and said with inscrutable blandness, "Wallace, I wish you'd have dinner with me today over at the Woodcock Inn."

Mr. Brimmer nearly lurched into the wastebasket. To be invited to dinner with Henry Hallen was not so great in itself, though it was greater than it would have been a few years back, when they shared Saturday-night baked beans together at Marm Atkinson's boarding house. But at the Woodcock! Few Noren villagers ever set foot inside the Woodcock. It was a fashionable hostelry where city folks paid exorbitant prices to pleasure their love of the countryside. Henry Hallen, a bachelor, had been eating dinner there lately, and this fact had been discussed seriously among the office help.

"Why—why, of course, certainly, thank you," replied Mr. Brimmer.

During the excellent meal, just as Mr. Brimmer was picking up for the sixth time the slippery tablecloth they had given him for a napkin, Henry Hallen leaned forward and said earnestly, "Wallace, owing to some plans which my Chicago office and myself have been arranging, I am going to dispense with your services."

The victim stared at the satrap without comprehending. Of course he knew what dispensing with a thing meant. It meant getting along without it. Translated in the Noren language, it meant that he was fired. But—after a dinner at the Woodcock! After he had been thinking, as he ate, that Henry Hallen had taken a brisk fancy to him and might have a flattering offer to make! This time, when the starched napkin dropped out of Wallace Brimmer's neck it was not picked up. Mr. Hallen looked serious but composed. He had never discharged an old playmate before, and now that he had tried it he rather liked the sensation.

Within a month three other old employes of Slare & Basker—not operatives, but office men—had been invited out to dinner at the Woodcock Inn, and had returned to the stone mill with sluggish steps, a brave smile, but something leaden in the heart. It was Frank Hastings, the latest victim, who named the process.

When he returned from the fatal dinner he achieved a sorry grin and stammered, "Well, folks, I—I been to the barbecue."

They didn't use the word "barbecue" when Henry Hallen was about. Nobody called him Henry any more. Everybody in the office nodded to the manager respectfully, but without warmth, when they met him on the street—rather hoping that he wouldn't read what they had in their minds. When the boss was positively known to be some distance from the mill, whispering bees broke out in the corners. Much was said, but chiefly was the question asked, "Who's going to the next barbecue?"

It was observed at the barber shop that Mr. Hallen had begun to speak of Slare & Basker's as "my mill." And nobody had the courage to deny it.

People who weren't dependent directly on the mill for a livelihood said, "Why, I knew Henry Hallen when ——" Adding, "The darned fool's got a swelled head. That's what ails him."

III

FRANK BURBINE came to Noren in the early part of May. A young, breezy-looking, light-check-suited person with a black suitcase that seemed to be better than cowhide was closely observed to alight from the shuttle train which connected Noren with the outside world. A young man of this description may be a spoiled darling, come to recuperate from his winter's dancing at the Woodcock Inn; or he may be selling fake oil-well stock. But this young man had a wardrobe trunk in the baggage car, and oil-stock salesmen in Vermont do not carry those. So it was assumed that he was a jitney passenger for the Woodcock.

Instead, this young man asked diffidently of Whalen, the jitney driver, "Can you recommend me to any good boarding house where the food is good and don't come too high?"

"I guess you mean Marm Atkinson's," replied Whalen with another look at the wardrobe trunk.

"Do I? All right. Marm Atkinson sounds good to me. I'll go over there any time you're ready."

On the way to Marm's, Joe Whalen asked carelessly, as though it didn't make any difference except the difference between conversation and silence, "What are ye selling?"

"Nothing. I'm going to work at Slare & Basker's."

"The hell you are!" replied Joe.

"Is it that kind of a place?" asked the stranger, laughing.

"No; I mean—you—look ——"

"Well, you can't judge by looks. I've got a college education, and the valedictorian at commencement exercises told us that the world was our oyster, or something like that. But you can only eat oysters in months that have an r in them, and we graduated in June. That let the whole push of us out. Have a cigarette?"

"No," replied Joe. "Have a chew?"

"No; but I acknowledge the compliment."

Burbine was lucky enough to become one of Marm Atkinson's regulars. Marm looked him over hawkily and decided that though he was a separate species he didn't look like a young man who would scorn her plain victuals or get her establishment into disrepute; and that evening she introduced him to the rest of the boarders—"Mr. Finch, Mr. Burbine; Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Burbine; Mr. Grey, Mr. Burbine; Miss Cross, Mr. Burbine; Miss Cresswell, Mr. Burbine. Mr. Burbine is going to work over at the mill."

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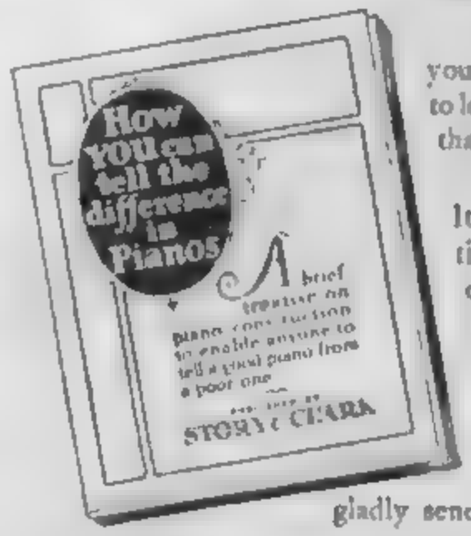
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"Oh, yes, I know," said Miss Cresswell. "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Burbine. I am Mr. Hallen's secretary."

"Then you must have written the letter I got. It was mighty nice typewriting."

"It's a nice typewriter—the machine, I mean," replied Miss Cresswell modestly.

"You needn't have qualified the remark," said Burbine quickly.

As she was not a user of cosmetics, the pink flush came quickly to the surface of the young woman's cheeks.

After supper the boarders gathered in two groups. One group consisted of Burbine and Mary Cresswell and the other consisted of the rest of them.

"If you want to know what I think," said Miss Cross, a school-teacher in the village, "I'll tell you that I think Mary Cresswell was very forward with that young man. It wasn't ladylike."

"But it was only decent to let him know that she was Hallen's secretary," suggested Mr. Finch.

"It wasn't what she said; it was the way she said it," replied Miss Cross crisply.

The other group, consisting of Mary Cresswell and Frank Burbine, were getting on very well. In times agone the talk on such occasions used to swing around the weather. But in these more modern days there is a livelier and more intimate touch. People talk about the moving pictures. Noren, it seems, had a picture show in the town hall every Saturday night.

"Did you ever try to write a scenario?" asked Burbine about nine o'clock.

"Don't you ever tell a soul, Mr. Burbine," was the confidential answer. "I've written dozens of them. But the mean old picture people always send them back. And I just know some of them are better than what we see. Did you ever write one?"

"I've got at least twenty in my trunk," confessed Burbine. "Those picture people don't want good stuff. I don't mean that I've written anything wonderful, but if it isn't better than ——"

You can figure out how this conversation went. You've heard it a number of times.

It became necessary for Miss Cresswell to show, with becoming timidity, one of her scenarios to Mr. Burbine; and Mr. Burbine could do no less than get one of his from his trunk; and the upshot of it was that Miss Cresswell agreed with Mr. Burbine that if merit counted for anything, they both would have been on the screen long ago. Not that they aimed to be writers; of course not. But it was fine to work at these things, evenings, and if any money should come of it, of course, it wouldn't be refused.

This sort of bond doesn't tend to keep two young persons apart, if they feel, in addition, anything magnetic or aural one toward the other. Time came, that night, when Miss Cresswell stood at the door that led upstairs and said good night—and accidentally framed herself in that doorway so that she looked like a lovely picture, done by a New England painter of long ago.

"Good night," responded Burbine cheerily, and betook himself to the front porch, where he stood and looked at the surroundings, flooded with moonshine, for a long time.

When Frank Burbine presented himself before Henry Hallen next morning he had shed something of his foreign look. The suit he wore was more like the subdued clothes affected by the manager. But what Burbine could not efface was that something in his speech, in his manner, and even in his face, which said clearly that he was not of Noren, and not of anything like Noren. Hallen looked over his new employe and couldn't decide whether he favored him or not. It was good for his ego that he could hire a man from the big outside world; on the other hand, Mr. Hallen had a native dislike and suspicion of strangers. He shook hands fishily—or, say, with the heartiness of a wet newspaper—and made a bad job of his attempt to be lofty and superior, because the young man seemed naturally impervious to any such impression.

It seemed that the New York factors of Slare & Basker—McLachan & Frisch—had written to Henry Hallen and asked him if he couldn't find a place for a very nice young fellow who wanted to get out into the country, or thought he did. It would be a great favor, and so on. There was no obligation to keep him on if he didn't make good, and so on. Yours, and so on.

A few days before this letter came Mr Hallen had held a barbecue at the Woodcock Inn, as a result of which the stock-room clerk had been awarded the atmosphere. The letter, being timely, got results. The manager wrote, by the hand of Mary Cresswell, that he could place the aforesaid young man of the letter of the thirtieth ult.

Thus, Frank Burbine went to work in the stock room. He was taught the intricacies of this job by the satrap himself, who stressed the importance of it in terms which Burbine had never before heard applied to anything less than a national crisis. It seemed, from Mr. Hallen's description, that the stock-room clerk would bear a very heavy burden, and that if he slipped up, even for a second, Slare & Basker might as well give up the struggle right there. The salary was twenty dollars a week.

"Until I became really manager," remarked Mr. Hallen, "this job never paid more than ten." Which was true. But the implication was sophistic.

The following three months developed the fact that, as a stock-room clerk, Frank Burbine was the best scenario writer in Noren. Moreover, he seemed to realize it himself. Of course, the job didn't make any extraordinary demands on his intellectual forces. But it did require a sort of systematized effort, which Burbine didn't have time to give it. Except for the friendliness of the rest of the office force, the young man wouldn't have lasted three weeks. But, contrary to form, they liked him. The Noren crowd, who should have hated his insteps, on paper, confessed that he was one of the quietest and decentest fellows who had ever come to town. They didn't always understand him when he spoke, because he spoke a different dialect from theirs, but they did like his resonant and persuasive voice, and they liked a certain impetuous whole-soulness in his manner, which was so unlike theirs. So for a long time they covered him up. If necessary, they did for themselves what he should have done for them.

Mr. Burbine had a bad habit of never being in the stock room when he was wanted. He strolled through the factory at every opportunity, and he talked with the help, and he watched the looms, and he investigated the water sluice, and he sat on a box in the packing room; and sometimes it was reported that he even sneaked out the back entrance of the office and went for a walk in the outskirts of the village. But this was not commonly believed. It was too awful for credit.

What everybody knew, however, better than Burbine himself, was that he and Mary Cresswell were as thick as thieves, in the delicate phrase of the North Country. Miss Cross, at Marm Atkinson's, had long since folded her hands and given Miss Cresswell up as a lost child. It was not because anyone had observed any displays of affection on the part of the pair. Curiously enough, there was something reserved in their manner toward each other. They seemed to be a little afraid of each other. But that, as the experienced Mr. Finch, who had buried two wives, remarked, "only makes it more binding."

Together, Frank Burbine and Mary wrote scenarios—as true to life as the wax figures in Bettis' Clothing Emporium—and sent them out, and got them back, and felt sorry for the public because of what it had missed. Together they talked of their childhood and their relatives and the funny things they had known of, and life and books and war and bobbed hair and a million other items of interest on which they nearly always had the same opinion. But there was one thing that was never said.

I don't mean love. Whether they loved each other was of no importance whatever at this moment. They were happy together, whether in the comfortable sitting room at Marm Atkinson's or in the uncomfortable pew of the Congregational church, to which Burbine suffered himself to be led like a sacrificed lamb; or whether they were just walking along some winding lumber road that led up to the weathered stumps where stately spruces had once reared their heads.

No, it was something else; something which the girl—she seemed usually like a girl—often held wistfully on the lips, ready to speak, and then put back affrightedly. It was as though she were afraid that it would spoil the good time they were having.

But the initial confidence, or question, or whatever it was, was made unnecessary by a more immediate one. It was this way:

One evening when Burbine came down from his room to supper he met Mary Cresswell midway on the stairs. She spoke to him with a little nervous catch in her voice. *(Continued on Page 109)*

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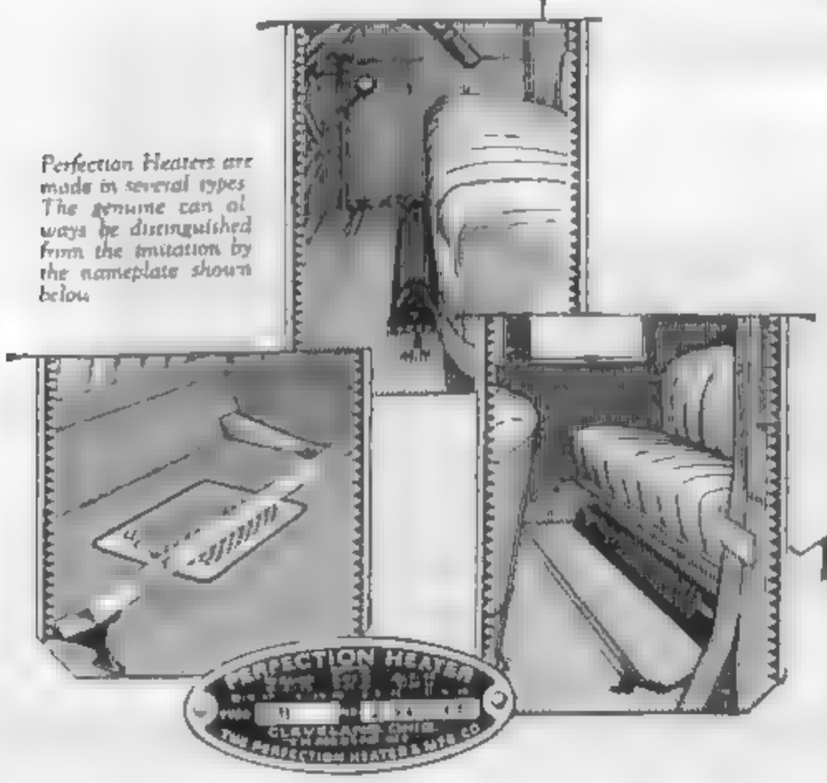

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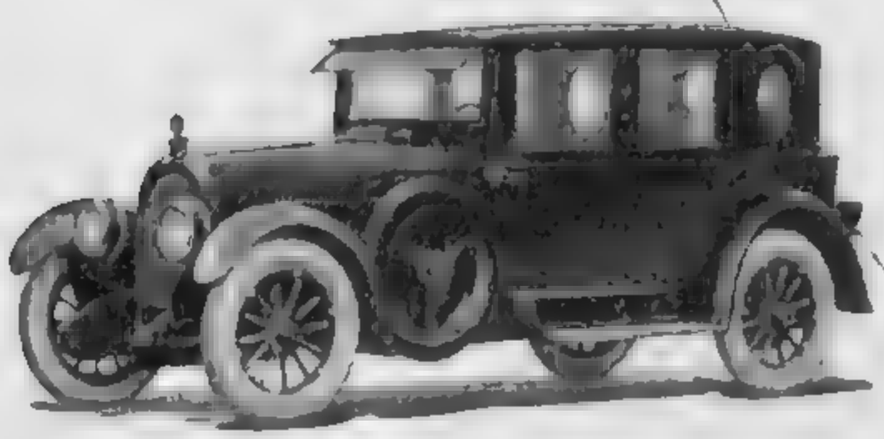

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(Continued from Page 106)

"I'm not going to supper," she said. "I don't feel like eating. But—I wonder if we could take a little walk after you've finished; somewhere away from these folks, because there's something I want to tell you."

"Why, as to that," replied the young man, "I don't feel so hungry myself. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll walk out to the lake and have a row before it gets dark. We can stop at Clare's and get some candy and popcorn or something like that. Is it a go?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I'll be down directly."

Three-quarters of an hour afterward they were in a rowboat on Noren Lake, and Burbine, talking as gayly as ever, was dipping the oars deep and putting all his powerful muscles into the strokes. Mary Cresswell sat in the stern, looking down at the water and returning only brief replies.

Finally Burbine, rested, tardily became aware that his gayety was untimely, and asked: "What's the matter? I forgot. It seems so good to be out here with just you that I just let myself go. It was thoughtless of me and I'm sorry. You were going to tell me something. There's nothing serious happened, I hope."

She looked at him a moment before she answered.

"I oughtn't say what I'm going to," came the hesitating words, "because I've no right to. I've never been disloyal to Mr. Hallen, and I don't want to be now. And yet—I must tell you. I can't have it come to you as—it has to others."

"I don't understand. Something about the office?"

There was another brief silence.

Then she said abruptly, "Haven't you ever heard them speak about barbecues in the office? You must have."

"Oh, yes; I know that joke. There haven't been any lately, though—not since I came. I thought ——"

"I don't know whether Mr. Hallen means to be cruel or not," she went on. "Sometimes I think he doesn't realize just how mean it is. It was bad enough with the others, but I I just can't have it happen to you. I'd rather I'd rather do anything."

"Great Scott!" came from Burbine. "You don't mean that he's going to fire me! Is that it? Well, don't let that bother you a bit, Mary. It's awfully white of you to tell me ——"

"I shouldn't tell you! It's wrong—all wrong of me! It's being disloyal to my employer, to the firm. I don't know what to think of myself. But I couldn't bear to think that—that ——"

Her voice failed, and all Burbine heard was a stifled sob.

"Wait a minute!" cried Burbine. "I'm going to row to shore, little girl. I'm afraid if I tried to discuss it here I'd tip the boat over. Don't you mind a bit. I don't. But, say, I appreciate it!"

While he was talking he was sending the boat skimming shoreward. She raised her head abruptly when the nose of the craft bumped the bank.

"I don't say you deserve not to be fired," she said with a shake of the head. "You know as well as I do, Frank Burbine, that you don't attend to your work. You're a loafer—so there! I'm ashamed of you—the way you've loafed around the office. I don't blame Mr. Hallen a bit. But it's such a mean way to tell you—the way he does it. It's so cruel and unnecessary. . . . Oh, I'm so miserable!"

"I have been loafing, in a way," assented Burbine. Then a great light shone in upon him. "Is that what you've been almost telling me, these weeks, when you sometimes started to say something and stopped? Were you going to tell me I ought to buckle down to work, or something like that?"

Mary nodded.

"I didn't dare. After all, it wasn't my business. And it seemed—out of place."

"Mary," said Burbine, moving over to the next seat and taking one of her hands, "you are one fine girl. I can't tell you all I'm thinking about you. You're dead right about my loafing. I haven't attended to the stock-room work. And Hallen is right—sure right to let me go. From his point of view I must be the worst lemon he ever picked. But the barbecue is going to be mine—Burbine's barbecue!"

"What do you mean, Frank?" She tightened her fingers about his.

"I mean that whether you had told me anything or not—I was just getting ready to hold a barbecue of my own. I can beat Hallen's all hollow. Mary, when it comes to a barbecue, I'm there! Let's not say another word about it. Let's talk about well, something pleasant."

IV

BURBINE soldiered around the stock room next morning, waiting for his fate. Besides Hallen and Mary Cresswell, Burbine was the only living soul who knew what was going to happen; and yet, from the greetings and the glances received on his arrival at the office, it was almost as though the thing had been placarded a week beforehand. There is a queer subterranean way in which a coming event of this kind is felt by an office force. Without a word having been said of it, the Slare & Basker employes knew that another barbecue was imminent; and it was a pretty easy guess who the victim was going to be.

The young man was not kept long in suspense. About half past nine Henry Hallen appeared in the doorway, rubbed his chin reflectively and then walked slowly over to Burbine's desk. Burbine was actively engaged in drawing cubes, triangles and cylindrical objects on a sheet of paper. Mr. Hallen's eye noted this idling activity, and he beamed upon the employe with redoubled purpose.

"Good morning, Burbine," he said. "I just dropped in to see if you wouldn't have dinner with me at the Woodcock Inn about half past twelve." The manager hesitated a moment and then added, "They have pretty good food over there, you know."

"Why, I'd be delighted," replied Burbine with innocent enthusiasm. "Thank you very much, Mr. Hallen. Shall I meet you in your office?"

"Oh, no! Just meet me in the lobby of the hotel," was the reply.

Hallen went out. When he had gone Burbine closed the door quietly, turned the key in the lock, went back to his chair and began to laugh softly.

"It's a shame to do it!" he gurgled half aloud.

At half past twelve Mr. Hallen entered the Woodcock Inn and found Burbine seated comfortably in a wicker chair, reading a magazine. One of Burbine's legs was hanging over the edge of the chair, and he was smoking a cigarette; and if there was any combination in the world capable of enraging a man of old-fashioned correctness, it was this one. But Hallen's countenance gave no clew to his thoughts.

"Ah, all ready, Burbine? Shall we go in?"

They went into the dining room and sat down. They finished their celery and soup in silence.

Then Manager Hallen coughed stagily behind his hand and said evenly, "Burbine, owing to some plans which my Chicago office and myself have been arranging, I'm going to dispense with your services."

Burbine gasped. It was a pretty good gasp, considering that it was sheer dramatics.

"You—you don't mean it!" he struggled out.

"I'm sorry to have to do it. But I'm going to be frank with you, Burbine. I gave you a chance here because McLachan & Frisch asked it. I've been keeping an eye on you, though you might not think it; and it's my duty to tell you that you are absolutely no good. You're not even a chair warmer. You don't stay in your office long enough to heat up your chair. I don't pretend to say what you might be good for, but so far as this plant is concerned, you're getting money under false pretenses. No hard feelings, you understand. I'm talking simply as manager. Nothing personal."

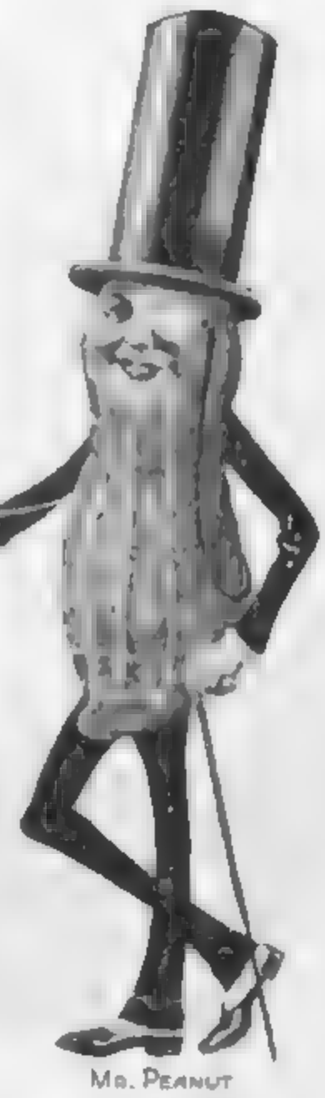
"Fired!" murmured Burbine dolefully, as though speaking to himself.

Now that the ax had fallen, Mr. Hallen waxed more kindly.

"Oh, well, you're young yet," he went on. "There are lots of things you could do. You've got a good appearance and I guess you take well with the womenfolks. They say there's money in peddling aluminum ware, or there's insurance. If you don't mind people slamming doors at you, that's always a chance. But so far as Slare & Basker is concerned, you're not worth a nickel. You strike me as a fellow that's been babied and pampered by his folks. However, that's your business. . . . Will you have fish or an omelet? They make a good Spanish omelet here."

Burbine began to laugh heartily. As it didn't seem quite the place for a laugh, Hallen regarded the young man in amazement.

The Nickel Lunch ©



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"What's funny about it?" he asked.

"Oh, it just reminded me of what my uncle, J. L. Starr, said to me the first time I tried to get down to work. But he thinks better of me now ——"

"Your uncle, J. L. Starr?" repeated Hallen. "You ——"

"Yes, I mean the president of the Three-City Export Company, of Chicago. He's my uncle. Of course, he doesn't go around bragging about it. But he thinks better of me than he did the first year I was out of college."

"Your—uncle—J. L. Starr!" reiterated Hallen. "I ——"

"I wouldn't want you to get any wrong impression of the reason I'm here, Mr. Hallen," went on Burbine. "I was a little sensitive about it at first. But this letter explains, I think."

The young man took a long plain envelope from his pocket and extracted the sheet of paper it contained. He passed it over to Henry Hallen. The manager swooped at it and read:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
THREE-CITY EXPORT COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Frankie: Your last letter, on the conditions at Noren, was interesting and informing. I'm glad to see that you have learned how to state a proposition concisely and clearly. Mr. Peebles says it's the first real light we've had on the subject.

As for your feeling that you're in the position of a spy or informer there, at the mill, forget that, my boy. I told you distinctly when you left Chicago that we were not interested in reports on any individuals, and you needn't feel that way at all. What we wanted was what you've given us in your last letter—a good report on the spirit of the employes, the way the raw and finished materials are handled, the history and background of the organization and the chances for making a change that will let us equip the old mill to go on a standardized-production basis. You didn't tell us enough about the machinery, its condition, and so on. Peebles is strong for your idea of making the plant over into one that can handle shoddy in large quantities for cheap overcoat material. The thing in favor of this idea is the nearness to good sources of shoddy material.

If you need any money beyond your salary, Peebles will send you a money order. That will be better than a company check.

Once again, Frankie, don't feel that you are in any sense spying on anyone. That was never in our minds when we sent you on. We don't care a hoot about what any individual in the plant does. We've simply got to make the plant go or close it down. If we decide to do the latter, how would the old employes there feel about moving farther West?

Yours affectionately, J. L.

Henry Hallen read the letter through methodically, glanced again at the superscription and the signature, and laid it down on the table. Then he attacked the omelet which had just been placed before him. Meat followed the omelet, a dessert followed the meat, and coffee came last. The two men ate in silence.

Both men were obviously doing a great deal of thinking. What Frank Burbine was thinking was that it was dollars to doughnuts that at the end of the meal Mr. Henry Hallen would look across the table, smile benignly and say, "Now, I'll tell you, young man—I knew it all the time. Why, my boy, when I got that letter from McLachan & Frisch I could read between the lines! I knew a young fellow like you, with a good education and a citified manner, wouldn't be coming up to a place like Noren unless there was something behind it. I've been watching you, and I could see that you were here for a purpose. But I thought the time had come when I'd better force your hand a little so that we could thresh the whole business out together. I just wanted to sting you into putting the cards on the table—see?"

Instead of this, or anything similar to this, Henry Hallen suddenly looked across the table, his gray eyes clouded in mist, laid a trembling hand on the arm of the young man before him and uttered one word in a sort of anguished cry:

"Shoddy!"

Burbine sat up quickly. The word was as unexpected as the manner, and the manner was that of a man who is just strong enough to walk up to the hangman's noose and put his neck into it.

"They—they wouldn't do that!" went on Hallen.

"Wouldn't do what? Why wouldn't they?" asked Burbine, on the alert for a subterfuge of some sort, and yet feeling in his heart that he was now looking into the very soul of a poor, brown-toned, shiny-trousered monster of sincerity.

"They wouldn't make a shoddy mill—of our mill! Why, Burbine, they don't realize! They—they can't realize! Why, this is—this is Slare & Basker! You see, don't you? Why, for going on a century we've been turning out the finest goods made in this country—by heavens, in the world! They don't make anything better in Scotland. There was a visitor from Scotland here once, and he said so. Shoddy!"

Burbine said: "Well, now, when it comes to that, Mr. Hallen, shoddy has its use. There's nothing to be ashamed of in turning out shoddy cloth for overcoat material. It does shed its fur, but it's warm, and a lot of people who can't afford long-wool stuff are kept mighty warm and comfortable with shoddy overcoats. You know that! I can't see ——"

"You can't see!" repeated Hallen. "Good Lord, Burbine, you've got to see! You haven't been here long, but you must have noticed how all the people who work here, or ever worked here, talk about our goods. Go over and talk with the postmaster, Sammy Phillips. He's got a quarter of a million dollars, left him by his aunt, and he don't need to be biased. But he used to be a weaver out yonder, and he'd knock the man down who said that Slare & Basker wasn't the greatest—the best ——"

Hallen stopped short. He stared at Burbine glassily and repeated, "Shoddy!"

Burbine hitched uneasily in his chair. He began to feel that he had fallen out the doorway of the world into some strange universe where beings had different emotions altogether. At the same time he began to feel that shoddy, however desirable, was something that couldn't be produced in Noren, in the Slare & Basker plant, for reasons as yet occult.

"Look, Burbine," said Hallen, abruptly pointing a lean forefinger. "You haven't any reason to like me, I guess. I said some nasty things to you. I'm not trying to get your sympathy for myself. I'm an old dog, and I s'pose I can't learn new tricks. I can see that my time has about come here anyway. But I've got a contract with your people that doesn't run out for almost two years. I never knew what they wanted a contract for, but it's signed and sealed anyway. I'll give that contract to you, Burbine, or I'll tear it up before your eyes, if you'll give me your word that you'll go back to Chicago and get them to change their minds about—about the shoddy business."

"But the shoddy idea was my own idea," replied Burbine.

Hallen rose without a word.

"I'm going to the office," he said.

But Burbine couldn't forget, during the next hour, that look which Hallen gave him. It was not anger, it was not reprobation, it was nothing that any one word can describe. It was as though the world had dropped from beneath Hallen's feet and he was a man going down.

V

FRANK BURBINE sat in the lobby of the Woodcock Inn for another hour, trying to focus down the queer turn affairs had taken. He was forced to confess that Burbine's barbecue, from which he had intended to get a lot of harmless amusement, was not what the dramatic critics call a laughing success. He had expected the Noren satrap to wilt, to crawl under cover, and to explain and expostulate. Instead, this strange shiny-trousered potentate had utterly forgotten his own interest, and had simply gone rabid at the idea of shoddy.

"They're a queer bunch—these New Englanders!" Burbine soliloquized.

But how queer a bunch they were Frank Burbine was just on his way to discover. When he got back to the office of the mill he went to Hallen's room. There was a good deal to talk about, now that his real position was known to the manager.

When Burbine entered, Hallen was going through his desk drawers, sorting out papers. Burbine looked across at the table where Mary Cresswell should be sitting—and saw a vacant chair and a typewriter that was still covered with its oilcloth.

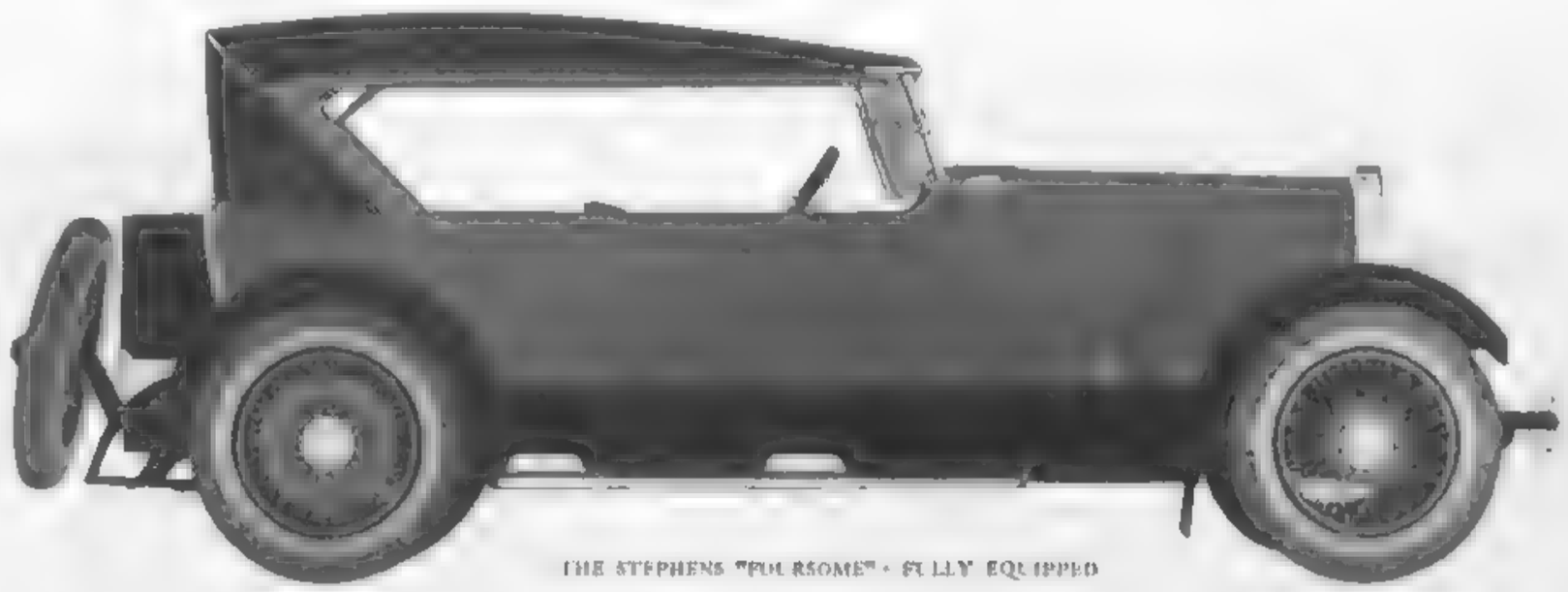
"Isn't Miss Cresswell here today, Mr. Hallen?" asked Burbine.

Hallen didn't look up, even. But he replied, "Oh, she resigned by telephone this morning. She hasn't been down."

"Resigned!" Burbine almost shouted. "Why?"

"If I knew I'd tell you. I don't know. She didn't tell me."

(Continued on Page 113)



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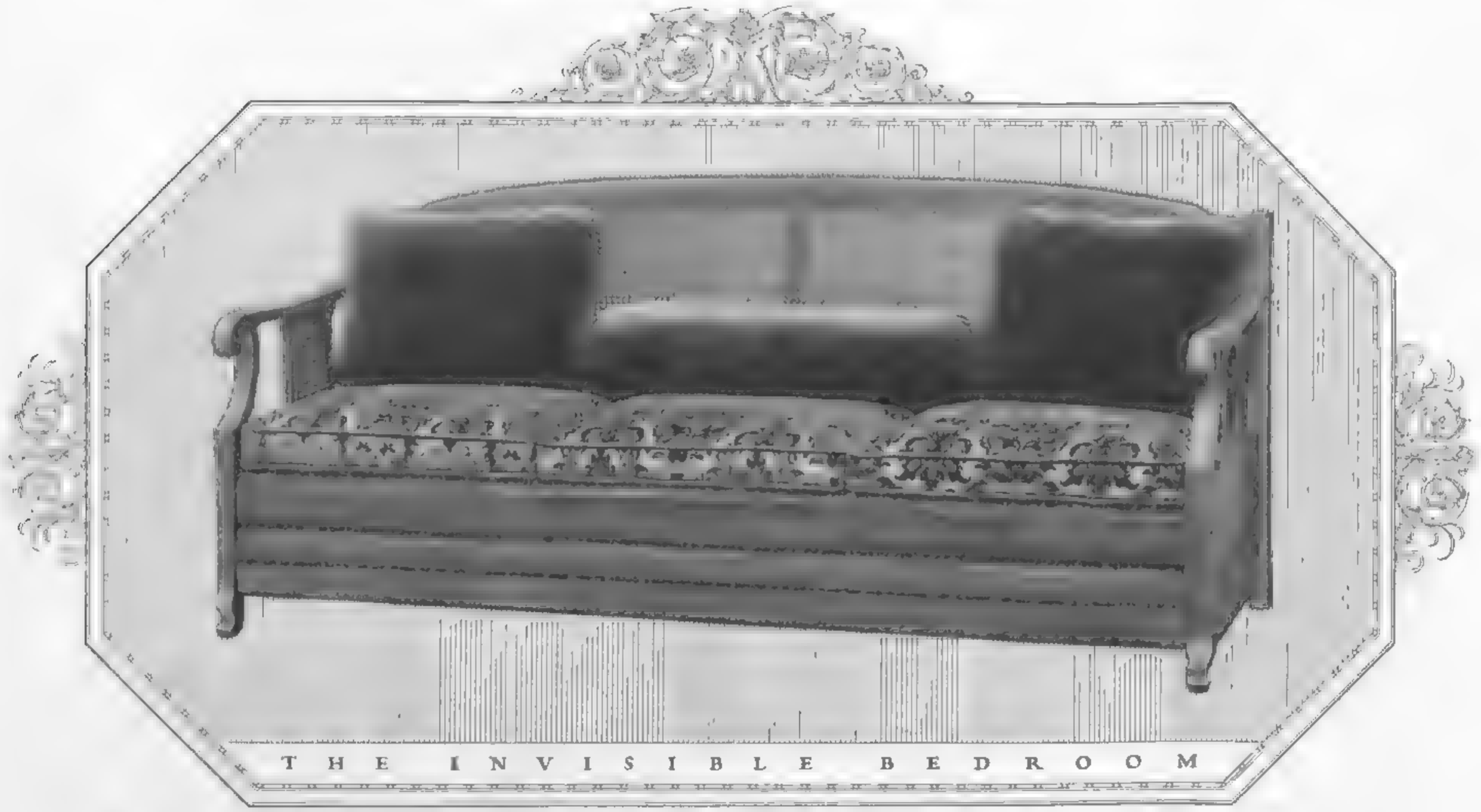

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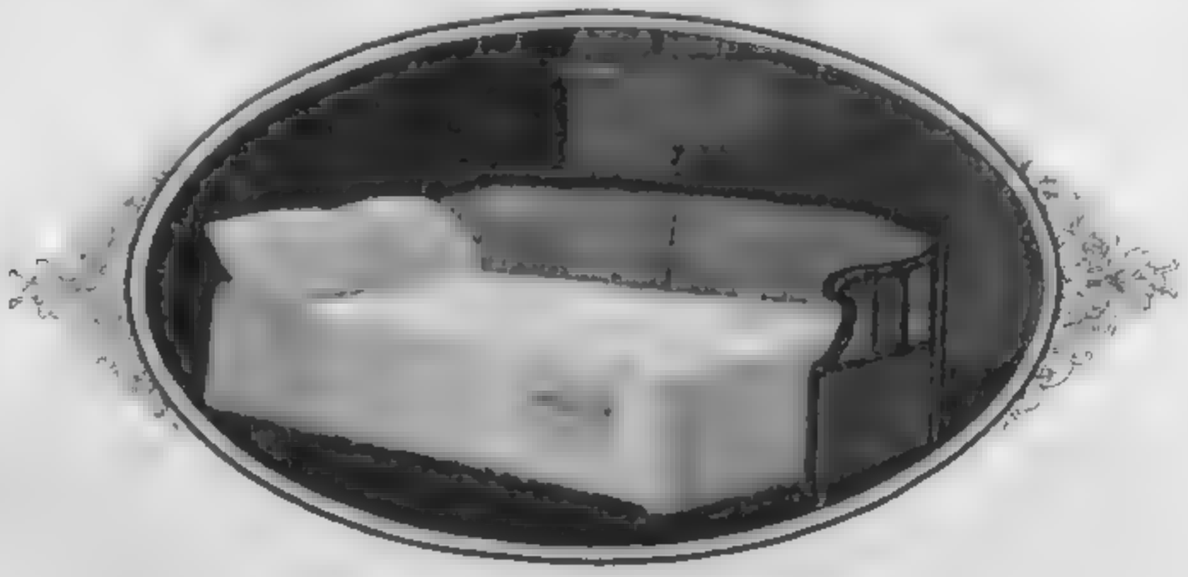


(Continued from Page 110.

There are some things that are important, and then there are other things that are more important. This was one of the latter. Burbine turned and strode from the office and made quick time toward Marm Atkinson's. He expected to hear that Miss Cresswell was ill in bed, or something even more alarming. Instead, she was sitting on the porch crocheting and looking extremely and charmingly comfortable. Furthermore, her face showed that peculiar expression of relief which one has after getting a bad job over.

"Mary!" cried Burbine. "What on earth have you quit for? Hallen says you've resigned!"

"Yes, I'm through," she answered. "It seems rather nice to sit here when the rest of them are in the office. Of course," she added roguishly, "you don't feel that way, because you're never in the office anyway. You ——"

"But why? I'm an interested party, you know. Why?"

"Can't you imagine? What a queer fellow you are! Do you think I could stay there in Mr. Hallen's office after telling you what I did? After telling my boss' business to his help? Of course I had to quit! But it's all right. Don't you feel a bit to blame. It was all my own choice."

She rocked to and fro as though it were all a matter of course.

Burbine sat down on the steps at her feet.

"Well, I'll be dod-gasted!" he said. "I'm beginning to see something. It's leaking in on me. I'm a body of Illinois land entirely surrounded by the New England conscience! I'm an unmoral island, I am. I feel as though I were an unprincipled varmint. That's what you call 'em, isn't it varmints?"

Mary laughed.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said. "But I always like to hear you talk. Have you been fired yet?"

"Yes—and no. That's what I came over here for. Hallen's fired me, and now he's going to fire himself. You've resigned; I'm going back to Chicago for a while—and—say, this is making history, isn't it?"

"Mr. Hallen has fired himself? What do you mean?"

"He hasn't quite. But he's promised to. I begin to see him now, Mary. Another New England conscience. The old moth-eaten walrus! But he's got merit, though, even though he hasn't got the usual amount of blood in his veins. . . . Will you come over to the office with me for a while? It's important."

She shook her head.

"I've resigned."

"Oh, rot! I mean—never mind if you have. You're needed. There are some letters to get off—important ones."

"Well, that shouldn't worry us. We're both on vacation."

Burbine jumped up and seized both her hands.

"Mary!" he cried. "I want you to come over and help me. I don't want to stop to explain, but it's all right. You'll see when you take the letters. I'm in a new position over there. Will you come to help me?"

"Are you sure it's all right, Frank? You wouldn't joke about a thing like this, I know. All right, I'll go."

They came into Hallen's office together. Henry Hallen looked up and nodded to Miss Cresswell.

Then as she hesitated whether to uncover her typewriter Hallen rose, with a folded paper in his hand, and said:

"Here's the contract, Mr. Burbine. Will you look it over?"

"No, I don't need to," was the answer.

Hallen himself deliberately tore the folded paper through and through and dropped it into the wastebasket. His eyes were red. His thin lips trembled, making his flowing mustaches vibrate in a way that might have been comic, but was not.

Then Hallen took a square sample of beautiful woolen cloth from his desk and laid it in Burbine's hand.

"That's a piece from a carriage robe we made for General Grant," he said. "Feel of it! It's a lovely article, isn't it? Here's another that was from a piece Jenny Lind had us make up for her when she toured the country. We thought a good deal of that order. At least, Mr. Slare did. I was a boy then. In that cabinet over there are letters, testimonials that go back a good many years. I suppose some of the stamps on them are valuable, because some were written in the days when they just sealed the paper and had no envelopes. I hope—if you and Mr. Starr are not interested in them, and might not want to keep them—I hope you'll let me have them rather than—than burn them—or anything. Nobody who ever laid finger to a piece of goods in this mill, Mr. Burbine, knew how to do bad work.

"There's something about the water of Old Stony, too, which washes the material better than most water. Perhaps there's something in the air, or perhaps it's in the hearts of the country people who have learned their trade from generation to generation; but anyway, ask your people to close the mill, won't you—shut it up for good—if they can't see their way clear to let it go on making Slare & Basker goods?"

Burbine turned to Mary Cresswell.

"Will you take a letter?" he asked softly. The girl sat down and opened her notebook.

"Mr. Hallen," said Burbine, "I want you to hear this letter, and if you take any exceptions to the way I phrase it just tell me so, won't you? Ready, Mary—I mean Miss Cresswell? All right:

"*Dear Uncle J. L.:* Since I wrote you last some things have happened here which give me a new angle on this plant. I'm glad you liked my last letter, but I think you can throw it away. It was based on a good deal of ignorance of the situation. These Noren people are the darnedest queerest lot of birds you ever saw. They are Americans, I suppose, but they ought to intermarry with us Middle West folks more than they do. We ought to be better acquainted.

"It has just dawned on me that in looking around for something this Slare & Basker plant can do I've been missing what was right before my eyes. This plant can make a whirlwind of a success doing what it has always done, which is to turn out the highest quality of goods for people who have the taste and can pay the price. And there are enough of those people in the United States to keep this place busy every minute in the year.

"You might ask, 'Well, why hasn't it made good on that basis?' The answer is because nobody ever gave it a chance. This plant was famous at a time when advertising was by word of mouth, and the sales end is a million years behind the times. A little money spent in advertising these wonderful woolens would make the world take notice. These Noren people are so old-fashioned they don't know how to cheat. They're the narrowest, most pig-headed, backward, kindest, lovablest, decentest people you ever met. I'm just beginning to understand them.

"If you like my suggestion, or think there's anything to it, why not wire Manager Hallen to come to Chicago and spend a few months there, getting acquainted with civilization and culture; and let me stay here and keep the home fires burning until you get ready to do justice to these wonderful products of honest-to-goodness craftsmen?

"I'll send a long, full account tomorrow. If there's any doubt about it, please don't do anything till I have a chance to make you see what a wonderful bet we've been missing.

"Sign it 'Frankie,'" added Burbine. "The Lord knows I hate that 'Frankie,' but it pleases my uncle. He likes to keep me in the kindergarten class so I won't touch the company for a raise."

"Do you mean it, Mr. Burbine?" gasped Henry Hallen. "You'll send the letter?"

For a moment Burbine thought the dried-up satrap was going to spat his hands together like a pleased infant.

"I sure mean it," said Burbine. "And between you and me, it doesn't say much for my brains that I didn't see this thing before. I got side-tracked with that shoddy business."

"Excuse me?" asked Mary Cresswell. "There was just one thing I didn't catch. It was in the first paragraph, right after 'They are Americans, I suppose ——'"

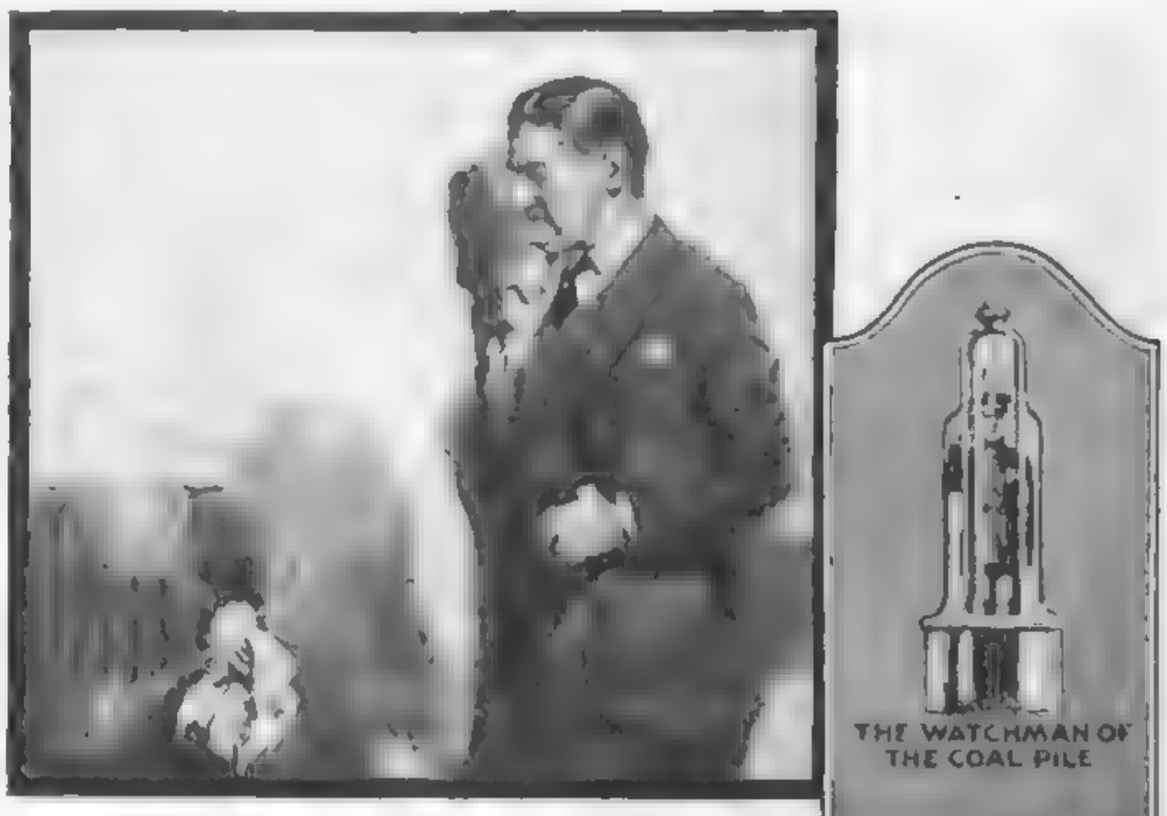
Burbine took thought.

"'They are Americans, I suppose, but they ought to—ought to ——" He stopped and grinned sheepishly. "No, cut that out, please. That's a private matter, between myself and—someone else," he said.

Somebody gurgled. It was almost a snicker. Burbine looked in the direction whence the sound came and saw Henry Hallen, beaming like a schoolboy, trying to affect a stony countenance.

But there it was! Satrap Hallen had almost laughed! It was as though Buddha had unclasped his thumbs and guffawed. The startling innovation caused Burbine to walk briskly over to the chair where Mary Cresswell was stitting and whisper something of vast importance in her ear.

Through the windows came the rattle of the looms from the factory beyond the office walls, where plodding Noren folks were still making the old-fashioned wares of Slare & Basker.



A good thing it did leak!

IF THE air valve on that radiator hadn't leaked, he might have gone on wondering, winter after winter, why his coal bills were so high and his steam heat so poor.

But, because it did leak and ruined the wall, he decided that it was time to try Hoffman Valves. And *then* he made the discovery that—

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Can be applied one day and the car used the next.
Satinette Enamel
The immaculate enduring white enamel of distinction.

THE BRIDE OF BOREAS

(Continued from Page 14)

since you went I've been hunting through them for some notes for a poem I want to do. I can't find them. Did you throw anything out?"

"Of course I didn't. I just moved the papers to one side. If the notes were there they're still there. I'll find them for you." She rose and crossed swiftly to the desk. "What do they look like?"

"A sheet of yellow paper," he responded gloomily, and his great somber eyes followed the nervous movements of her hands as she searched.

"Ah, here it is!" She laid a yellow sheet before him.

But he only shook his head, and in a sepulchral voice said, "Not it."

"Then it never was here," she affirmed. "When did you make the notes?"

"While we were motoring—that day we stopped the car and walked in the white-birch grove."

"Have you looked in your pockets?"

"Why should I? It was on this desk." Then as she moved to the bedroom he demanded, "What are you going in there for?"

She did not answer, but he heard the click of the curtain rings at his closet door, and a moment later saw her re-enter, a piece of yellow paper in her extended hand.

"Here it is. It was in your pocket." In a colorless tone she read:

"Slender virgins of the wood ——"

And to her own amazement heard herself adding, "If you'd got dressed this morning you would have found it yourself."

At that he looked up.

"Now, once for all, Hilda, let's get this thing settled," he said. "You can buy all the chintzes and silks and coffeepots you want, but for God's sake never again touch my papers! You can't imagine the horror it gives me to have people pawing them over. It makes me feel as if I had no privacy. My papers are part of me—part of my life. No woman could possibly understand!"

Staring at him, she opened her mouth as if to speak, then, turning, rushed through the portières. Noel got up and followed. Through the bathroom door he heard muffled sounds of sobbing.

"Hilda!"

No answer. He called again and again, then tried the door; but it was locked.

"Hilda! What on earth's the matter? Come out! Come out!" He rattled the door and pounded on it with his fists. "Come out! You're driving me mad!"

But many minutes passed before Hilda reappeared, and though evidently she had washed her face, and though no tears were visible, her eyes, with the dark, semicircles under them, had a sunken look. Noel caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Hilda, what on earth ——!" He pressed her head down to his shoulder, patted her, kissed her hair.

Then, as he heard her gulp, he continued to implore, redoubling his affectionate demonstrations. "Oh, for pity's sake, don't start up again!"

He led her to the other room, seated himself and drew her to him; and when, after a time, he felt that she was calmer began to reason with her.

"Really, dear," he said, stroking her hair, "you must learn not to be supersensitive. It would be awful, wouldn't it, if you were to go on like this whenever I asked you to do me a little favor?"

VII

HE WAS very gentle with her in the days that followed. Most of the time she sat quietly, making curtains and cushions, while he worked upon a group of three poems describing scenes on their journey to New York. A Woodland Trilogy, he called it. Now and then he would look up and read her a line or two, and she would exclaim at its beauty; and sometimes, in order that the thread of his thought should not be broken, she went out and bought food, which she cooked over the gas stove. The mere being there to minister to him while he was in the throes of composition gave her a sweet sense of importance, making her feel that she was participating, albeit in a humble way, in the creation of literary history.

"These are in some ways the finest things I've ever done," he told her when the poems were finished. "There's a quality in certain of the lines that I never got before, and it's because of you."

He brought from the closet shelf a small typewriter, upon which he transcribed the poems; and after he had rushed away with them to a magazine office, Hilda put by her sewing to experiment with the little machine, which it was her intention to learn to operate in order to save Noel the petty mechanical task.

He came back exuberant.

"I got thirty-six dollars for it," he told her, "and I made them give me the cash. I've asked some people in after dinner. We'll have a party."

"Many?"

"I don't know how many—quite a few. I told several of them to pass the word along. Just make some sandwiches and buy plenty of oranges. I've got six bottles of gin coming."

"I'll go out and get the things now," she said, rising. "You'd better let me have ten dollars. We haven't enough glasses."

"I can let you have a fiver," he said. "I just told you I'd bought six bottles of gin."

"All right," she answered, and putting the bill in her purse went out.

The party gave Hilda a new experience. She had never known people like these. They drank many cocktails, smoked many cigarettes and talked with great volubility; there was much badinage and horseplay, and some of the jests she heard made her feel that she was in a society brilliant and emancipated. She hoped that none of them detected that she was unaccustomed to such conversation.

Though technically the hostess, she felt herself relegated to the position of spectator; not because her guests failed in friendliness to her but because they were so accustomed to each other that they blandly took the party out of her hands and ran it themselves—which she did not in the least resent, since it made things easier for her, giving her leisure to observe and to enjoy.

How astonished Maysville would be if it could look in upon this scene!

As to the precise identity of the persons present, she was confused. She knew in a general way that they were artistic people, but there were only two or three of them whose names she had caught. Eisner she remembered, and she knew that the young man with the guitar and the amusing songs was Ronald Boyd, the poster artist. Noel had told her in advance about the songs Boyd wrote, and she was delighted when he sang the one he called the Greenwich Village National Anthem, with the refrain Noel had previously quoted to her:

She's a pretty little model,
With an empty little noddle,
And she talks a lot of twaddle,
But I love her just the same.

Also she knew that the dark, full-figured, middle-aged and—as it seemed to her—too vivacious woman, with the very red lips, was Bessie Wilkinson, who was said to have narrowly escaped being eaten by cannibals in the Fiji Islands, where she had gone to get material for a book.

When requested by someone to do her Fiji dance, Bessie hastily swallowed another cocktail, put her lighted cigarette upon the edge of the mantelpiece, took the center of the room and began.

The dance was vigorous and was accompanied by native squealings, and though it did not precisely shock Hilda, it embarrassed her, making her wish to look away.

Glancing about the room, she saw Noel seated on the floor, a pillow at his back, leaning against a radiator. Kneeling beside him was a slender blond girl wearing an elaborately beaded evening gown and long green earrings. They seemed to be interested and amused with each other. Noel leaned over and whispered to one of the green earrings, and Hilda could tell by his mischievous smile that he had said something saucy. Playfully the girl slapped him, whereupon he caught her by the wrist and they had a little tussle.

Was this, Hilda wondered, one of those pretty idiots he had spoken of as stimulating? Certainly something had stimulated him; he was in high spirits all evening—at his best, magnetic, charming. Who could resist those eyes and that smile?

"I know he loves me," she assured herself; but that thought was immediately followed by another, "He loves me—so if I ever lose him it will be my own fault. I must redouble my efforts."

Later, when Noel had drifted away from the exotic little blonde, Hilda turned to Bessie Wilkinson, who now was seated beside her, and asked who the girl was.

"Oh, that's Nilla Payne," replied the other. "She designs costumes—did those wonderful Egyptian grotesques for the Box-Stall Players." Then, as if she read something of the thought behind the question, she continued, "That's right, my dear—look out for that attractive husband of yours. A man with eyes like that can get away with murder."

Between the men and the women of this group there was much casual familiarity. As the guests departed, some time between one and two in the morning, three of the women, including Bessie and Nilla, kissed Noel good night.

"Do they always do that?" Hilda asked him when they were at last alone.

"Mostly always," he informed her. "We're old friends."

"Do you like to kiss them? I should think kissing that little blonde with the green earrings would be like kissing a statuette."

He looked interested as he replied, "You would think so, wouldn't you? I would have thought so myself, just to look at her. But she fools you. She's got a mighty nice little kiss—just the least bit prehensile."

"Noel! The idea of analyzing in that way! It's disgusting!"

"No, it isn't. I'm an artist, Hilda, and observation and truth-telling are an artist's stock in trade. You ask me—I tell you." His gesture expressed finality.

"It has always been a dream of mine," he went on, "to have a wife to whom I could tell my innermost thoughts—everything. Most men can't tell their wives a tenth of what they think, because the mind of the average woman isn't big enough to handle man-size ideas." He threw his arm around her. "But that isn't the kind of wife I've married, is it? No! With you I'm always going to be frank. Surely you wouldn't wish it otherwise?"

"Oh, no," she said—and wondered.

VIII

THEY spent the summer in New York, breaking it now and then with motor runs to shore or hills. The city and Noel's friends were still novelties to her, and she enjoyed it all; and best, his work had been going well; another book of poems was almost ready for the press; it was to be dedicated to her, and Hilda had a pleasant consciousness that in these poems she had her silent share.

She knew Noel better now, she felt; yet often, because of his volatility, she wondered if anyone could really understand him. To her mind one of the most puzzling things about him was his attitude toward money. Such little money as he earned he threw recklessly about, indulging in picturesque extravagances. If the rent was due, and he had only enough to pay it, she more than once saw him spend all he had on silk shirts, or books, or a few expensive meals. She might have thought that luxury was all-important to him but for the fact that when he was without money the lack of it seemed to cause him no concern; he would go to an eighty-cent table d'hôte and would apparently be as content there as anywhere else.

It did not, however, take Hilda long to see that the financing of the family was automatically devolving upon her; but proud of him, and believing in his future, she assumed the obligation as a privilege.

Noel's first sign of dissatisfaction with their mode of life was revealed one day in the late summer, when they had been to tea with Kathleen Comly, whose comparatively spacious apartment occupied the entire second floor of a remodeled dwelling house in Twelfth Street. Not only was Mrs. Comly's living room large and gracefully proportioned but it was tastefully decorated and furnished, chiefly in old mahogany, making an attractive background for an attractive woman.

"After that place," said Noel as they reached home, "how cramped this little coop of ours seems!"

"We've been mighty happy here," said she.

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Oh, yes," he replied not too enthusiastically; "but of course I'm writing under difficulties. I'm sure you understand that."

"Difficulties?"

"Yes." He threw his hat and cane on the couch and, as she picked them up and carried them to the closet, went on, "I mean, trying to write with someone else always puttering around the room."

"I take the utmost pains to be quiet when you're working."

"Oh, I know," he replied quickly. "I don't mean to blame you. It's just a condition. But I was thinking how much more I could get done if my surroundings were favorable if I had a study to myself."

A few days after this, when he came in from an afternoon walk, he found Hilda sitting in a chair by the window, sewing.

"I typed those verses for you," she said, indicating some papers on his blotting pad.

He nodded, saying, "I've just seen Edwards. He says the galley proofs of my book will be ready this week. This book is going to do a lot for me, Hilda. It's a much solider performance than A City Symphony."

"Yes, much. Sit down a minute, dear. I have something to tell you—something I hope is going to make you very happy."

He turned, a startled look upon his face, and sharply scrutinized the fine white material in her lap.

"What is it?"

"I've found a larger apartment for us," she announced.

"What for? What's wrong?"

"Wrong?" she repeated. "Haven't you been telling me you wanted a study?"

"That's the only reason?"

"Of course. What else ——"

But there she was interrupted by a roar of mirth. Dropping into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and rocked with laughter.

"Lordy, Lordy!" he gasped as he began to recover. "You scared the life out of me!" And as she still looked blank, he went on, "The way you broke it to me—and that sewing in your lap—don't you see what I thought? Doesn't the young wife always have sewing in her lap when she shyly announces to her husband that a dear little stranger is coming?" In his relief he snatched her out of her chair and danced her, laughing and protesting, about the room.

"My sewing! My sewing!" she exclaimed as they trampled on it.

Letting her go, he snatched the sheer garment from the floor and waved it around his head.

"Where is the new apartment? Where is it? Let's go and see it right away!"

As the apartment was a duplicate of Kathleen Comly's, on the floor above, Hilda knew that he would like it.

"There's one thing you must understand, though," she told him when, half an hour later, they stood in the room that was to be his study. "This place is expensive. The rent is thirty-two hundred, and it's going to take about all my income to keep us going: but if you increase your output we'll make out all right."

"Oh, that'll be easy," he answered confidently. "A room like this, properly fixed up, will be an inspiration to me. I'll have bookshelves built all around the walls, and we'll have a wonderful time going to auctions, picking up nice old mahogany for the living room and dining room."

"We can't afford a lot of new stuff all at once," Hilda said. "We'll get the most necessary things and do the rest gradually."

"Oh, you'll find it won't cost so much as you think. We'll get Kathleen to help us. Her apartment is perfect and she is very clever at picking up bargains."

"I shan't need help," said Hilda a little stiffly.

"Of course you don't. It just occurred to me that Kathleen might have some valuable suggestions. That was a lovely dress she had on the other day at tea. She has delightful taste."

"Dresses like that cost money," she said.

"Funny about her," he went on reflectively. "You wouldn't call her exactly beautiful, but—what is it, anyway? She's interesting-looking—looks as if she'd suffered."

Hilda was gazing speculatively at the windows.

"We can't put our chintz curtains in here," she said regretfully. "These window frames are higher. It's a pity—they're perfectly good. Probably, though, we can use the material for covering chairs and cushions."

"Oh, no," said he. "I'm sick of that chintz. I always hated big birds."

IX

"NOW," said Hilda as she and Noel surveyed the living room of their new apartment one evening after dinner a month later, "I begin to feel really settled here. The two new lamps make all the difference, don't they?"

"Oh, there's a lot to be done yet," he returned, making a sweeping survey of the room. "For instance, that corner—it shrieks for a settee; a rather delicate piece with straight legs and a curved back, I should think."

"Yes, there are lots of things that would be nice," she said, "but we must let my bank account recuperate first. Everything has cost so much more than we expected."

He did not seem to hear her, for he only said, "I hate bare bookshelves."

"Bring some books from your study, then," she suggested.

But Noel shook his head.

"No," he objected, "the books in there I like to have by me when I'm working. I don't want to do everything right away, but I do wish we could get the place looking a little better before your aunt comes to visit."

"It would help if you got down to work again," she ventured.

"Funny!" he said with a little laugh she had come to know. "You don't seem to realize that a man can't simply sit down and write poetry anywhere. Don't you understand, Hilda, that conditions have to be right? I think I've done pretty well to correct proof on my new book during this upheaval."

"Yes, but I settled your study first, and you said ——"

"I never said I could go to work the instant the furniture was in the room. It isn't only that the room must be settled—I must *feel* settled. Just now my head's like a memorandum book, full of things I want to get."

"But the money, dear! I told you I got notice from the bank this morning that my account is overdrawn. I've spent the whole afternoon going through my check book trying to find the mistake. It's maddening. I was wondering if you wouldn't sit down this evening and help me with it."

He looked at her astonished, then laughed.

"I should say not! Arithmetic? Me? Don't be ridiculous!"

As he turned away the ashes fell from his cigarette to the rug. But she had given up speaking of that.

He wandered off, gazing speculatively about in a way that told her he was thinking of new things to buy; and she, returning heavy-hearted to the desk, was about to resume her struggle with finance when the telephone rang.

Though the lady did not give her name, Hilda recognized the voice asking for Noel.

"I'll call him, Mrs. Comly," she said distinctly; and while Noel was talking, her interest in her check book was not sufficient to prevent her gathering the purport of the conversation.

"She wants me to run up a minute," he told her as he hung up the receiver. "She has a piece of old Chinese embroidery she thinks will look well above the mantelpiece—until we get a mirror. I won't be long."

When, a little after eleven, he returned, Hilda looked up with a tired but triumphant smile, exclaiming, "I've found the error; I've balanced it. But I've got two hundred and eighty dollars less than I thought I had."

"That's good," he answered absentmindedly. He was unrolling the embroidery. "Look at this."

"Good?" she echoed, turning in her chair.

"Yes—good it's no worse." He held up the Chinese strip. "This is going to look fine, isn't it, dear?"

She seemed to be looking at the strip.

"Noel," she began after a pause, "doesn't it strike you as a little odd that Mrs. Comly telephones always to you—that she gives things like that to you, and that it's you she's always asking to drop up there?"

"Odd? In what way?"

"Well, you're married, you know. And she's a grass widow, and ——"

"Please don't say grass widow, Hilda," he broke in. "It's an unpleasant term, and she's a fine, sensitive woman—has a lovely feeling for poetry. I'm sorry for her. Her husband seems to have been a brute never showed her the slightest consideration."

"And she's been telling you all about it tonight, has she? Sorry for herself, is she?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" He looked at her indignantly. "What's the matter with women, anyway? So merciless to one another! Really, I'm surprised at you, Hilda! Can't you scrape up a little ordinary human sympathy for a woman who has had her life made a mess of through no fault of her own?"

"So she says." Hilda looked him in the eye.

"My God!" cried Noel, throwing the embroidery to the floor. He strode to the door of his new study; then, turning, gazed at her accusingly. "It may interest you to know," he said, "that when I came in just now a poem was singing through my mind. I was going to tack up that embroidery and then sit down and write it." He paused. "Well, it's gone. Gone! You've murdered my poem!" He stalked into the study and closed the door behind him, nor had he emerged when, presently, after Hilda had tacked up the Chinese embroidery, she went to bed.

■

THE feeling of timidity with which the murderess emerged next morning to face her accuser across the breakfast table was tempered by the consoling thought that for the next two weeks there would be a third person at the table. Her Aunt Harriet was coming from Maysville and was due late in the afternoon.

Perhaps because of the impending visit, perhaps because he found in his morning mail an unexpected letter from a brother poet in England, praising his work, perhaps because of his natural volatility, Noel seemed entirely to have forgotten the storm of the night before. He read the poet's letter aloud to her, putting rich emphasis upon the words of praise.

"And mind you, Hilda," he said, "this comes from the greatest lyric poet in England. It is the most important recognition I have ever received—my accolade. You can't imagine what it means to me. Some day I must dedicate a book to Higbie."

He spent the morning writing and rewriting a letter of thanks. After lunch he dressed and went out, and he returned only in time to drive Hilda to the station to meet Mrs. Berry.

At dinner that night Hilda was proud of him. When strangers were present he was always at his best, and she was vastly entertained as she watched the rapid change in her aunt's attitude toward him. In her letters to Hilda she had always spoken of him as "your husband" or as "Mr. Ives," but by the middle of the evening he was calling her Auntie and she was calling him Noel. Hilda had often remarked that people liked to call him by his first name and that they quickly reached the point of doing so; and though this was in part due, she thought, to the beauty of the name itself, she believed it was more due to his magnetism and his friendliness. He never antagonized strangers, though he often antagonized old friends.

In his cordiality to new acquaintances there was no artifice. His interests in things and people were sudden and violent. He had fallen in love with Hilda's automobile, and now he fell in love with her aunt.

Mrs. Berry, too, was absolutely genuine; but had she been a Machiavelli she could not have devised a plan to endear herself to him more rapidly than by asking him to read his poems aloud.

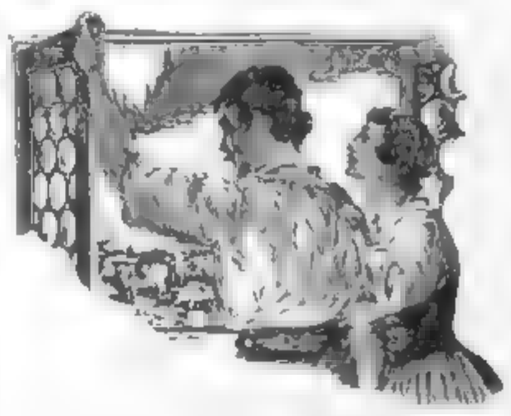
And he could read superbly. When he read Shelley, Swinburne or Rossetti, his voice seemed to add new glories to the lines; but to hear him at his best was to hear him read from the works of Noel Pemberton Ives.

Hilda was touched at his apparent devotion to her aunt; he even neglected his work to make things pleasant for her. Besides going with them to concerts and the theater, he took Mrs. Berry to see the Queensboro Bridge at sunset, and to the Bronx Zoo and the Aquarium.

It was at the latter place that Mrs. Berry experienced what was perhaps the greatest thrill her visit gave her; for there, before her very eyes, on the back of a long envelope, Noel wrote an entire poem to a little fish. Moreover, he dedicated the

Only his family believed in him

DANIEL PETER toiled away in his kitchen so long that the little Swiss village began to laugh and joke about it. Only his family stuck to him—believed in him. When, his money about gone, he would have given up, their encouragement held him to his work.



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THEN consider that every strain point is strongly reinforced and is *guaranteed* to hold fast. That the flat, non-irritating seams are *guaranteed* not to break. That the fine quality buttons are *guaranteed* to stay put. That the buttonholes are *guaranteed* to keep their shape.

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Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

poem to her; and when, that evening, they returned to the apartment he typed it out for her and signed it. But Mrs. Berry preferred the envelope, with its swift pencilings and its corrections, because that revealed exactly how the thing was done. She wanted to show it in Maysville. And it may be added parenthetically that on the day she reached home she took the treasured envelope to Mr. Gowdy's stationery store and had it passe-partouted, together with Noel's latest photograph, inscribed to her.

"My nephew," she would say.

With her trunk packed, her bag in the hall, and a little time to spare before leaving for the train, she sat in Hilda's room.

"Well, darling," she said, "I sincerely hope you appreciate the wonderful life you are leading here. It makes me think of the Brownings—you know how happy they were. To be the wife of a man of genius is one of the greatest privileges a woman can have. Look after him, Hilda—always be an inspiration to him. Think what Wordsworth's wife was to him! You remember his—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

"Yes, I remember," Hilda said, and smiled faintly.

XI

A THREAT of snow was in the sky that afternoon and a cold wind was blowing. Hilda, who had worn a light coat, was chilly as she and Noel drove back from the station, so she got out at the house, leaving him to continue alone to the garage.

At dinnertime, two hours later, he had not returned, but a few minutes after she had sat down he came in.

"What kept you, dear?"

"I looked in on Kathleen," he told her. "I haven't been near her in a long time, you know, and I didn't want her to feel hurt." And as he took his place at table he went on, "I'm glad I did stop to see her too. She's been awfully down-hearted, poor little thing!"

"What about?"

"Oh," he answered, "I guess she feels that her life's pretty empty—and her alimony didn't come. She had a driftwood fire going—lovely. Let us have a fire after dinner."

They did have one, but when he had sat by it with Hilda for a little while he rose and began to walk restlessly up and down the room.

"We must get some driftwood," he remarked. And a little later, "What we need in the hall is a grandfather's clock—one of those nice old fellows showing the phases of the moon. And how that corner shrieks for a settee! I don't see how you can stand it."

"I can stand a good deal," she said.

Presently, saying he wanted to note down an idea for a poem, he went to his study, and she did not see him again that night.

In his mail next morning was a request for an autograph.

"This kind of thing means something," he said, tossing the letter to Hilda across the table. "And Edwards writes that Surcease has gone to the bindery. I'll have copies in a few days. The edition is to be two thousand this time. They printed only fifteen hundred of A City Symphony, you know."

Her own mail, more voluminous than his, was of less agreeable character. It was the first of December, and as if the bills were not enough, there came a letter announcing that the Maysville and Hammondton Electric Railway Company, in which she was a bondholder, had gone into the hands of a receiver, and that the interest due in January could not be met.

Her breakfast ceased to attract her after the reading of this communication, but she let Noel finish his before she told him.

"It simply means," she said, "that my income is reduced one thousand dollars."

"H'm," he answered, "that's too bad."

"Isn't it! And just near Christmas! I wouldn't have had the courage to rent this apartment if I'd known."

"I suppose not." He took a turn upon the rug. "I'm going to take the car this afternoon if you're not using it. Kathleen wants to look at some old furniture. It's in a rather bad neighborhood and she's afraid to go alone."

"I wasn't going to use it," Hilda said.

"Thanks, dear." He kissed her on the cheek.

In the middle of the afternoon he went out, and a short time later, when Hilda, lying on her bed, was pondering her financial problems, and trying not to think of Kathleen Comly, the maid brought in a card.

It was Donald Cooper's.

As she dressed, hurrying, she thought about Donald. It did not seem possible that she had ever been engaged to him, yet less than a year had passed since she broke her engagement. If she had waited six months to marry Noel, as at first she had planned to do, they would now have been married only a little while. Or even—she might not have married him at all.

Poor Donald! She had not seen him since that night last spring when with averted face he left her house. Their meeting now, with that memory between them, would be a little bit embarrassing, she thought—but not so embarrassing as it would be were he a different type of man. Donald would try to make things easy for her. In her haste to see him she found time, as she dressed, for an amused reflection on the strangeness of the pleasure she was feeling at knowing he was here.

As she entered the room he rose, and with one hand involuntarily smoothed down his hair in back, where the removal of his hat had disarranged it, and Hilda smiled at the familiar gesture, thinking to herself, "We have no mirror in the hall yet."

She gave him both her hands, pouring questions at him—"When did you arrive? How long are you going to stay? Tell me about everything you've been doing."

In her eagerness she had not time to be embarrassed, but every now and then, while they were exchanging news, she felt him glance at her appraisingly.

"I'm afraid I don't look very well today," she said a little bit defensively. "Aunt Harriet has been visiting us—we've been keeping late hours. And we're just getting settled in this apartment. And, of course, I've been meeting all Noel's friends, and that has kept me on the go too."

"Yes, of course. Isn't he at home? I had hoped to meet him."

"I'm so sorry," she said. "He has gone out for a little while, but you must stay until he gets back."

He asked about her, and she told of the forthcoming book of poems—"Dedicated to me," she said proudly—of the praise Noel was receiving, of her hopes for him, of the people they knew, and their gayeties.

"It all sounds ideal," said Donald. "I'm so glad life is giving you so much." And with profound conviction he added, "One thing I'm sure of: Wherever you go, no matter how clever the people are, you can hold your own. If people shouldn't get on with you and admire you, that would just mean they were the wrong kind of people."

Hilda blushed, so pleasant did that earnest assurance sound in her ears, and suddenly she became aware of a strong nostalgia for the pleasant tree-shaded streets of the town where she and Donald had grown up together.

"New York is nice," she said, "but the other day when we were motoring up in Westchester I got a whiff of burning autumn leaves and it made me homesick. What fun we used to have on those picnics! And do you remember that Halloween night when we toasted marshmallows around the bonfire and had a barn dance afterwards?"

"Here! You mustn't talk up Maysville too much," he warned her, smiling, "or you'll interfere with my career. The company wants me to come down to New York and take charge of the general Eastern agency, and I'm trying to learn to like the darn place."

"Oh, I hope you will! Noel and I will do everything we can to make things pleasant for you, and"—she laughed—"if you're very good I'll let you come sometimes and help me balance my bank book. That ought to make you feel at home."

"Fine!" he said.

"It's lucky for you you didn't get here a couple of weeks ago," she told him. "I spent a whole day looking for an overdraft."

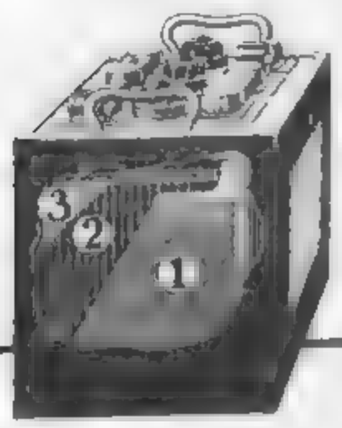
Then, feeling that perhaps she ought to make him understand why Noel had not helped her, she explained, "Poets don't shine at arithmetic, you know."

"Did it balance?" he asked.

"I don't know if you'd call it balancing—I found out where I was two hundred and eighty dollars short."

He smiled.

(Continued on Page 120)



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(Continued from Page 118)

"New York's an expensive town, I guess."

"Yes, and I got some news from Maysville this morning that made me pretty blue. Did you know the electric road had gone into the hands of a receiver?"

"You still have those bonds?" he asked quickly.

"I've always had them. Dad bought them when the company was organized."

"I know. But the road's been in bad shape for months. I thought surely you ——"

"How could I know?"

"Don't you watch your investments?"

"When I was out there," she said, "I used to go into the bank and ask Mr. Clark about things, but since I've come here ——"

"You ought to have a Mr. Clark in New York."

Hilda sighed.

"I wish you'd be my Mr. Clark, then."

"If you really mean that," Donald said, "just give me a list of your securities and I'll go over them with some friends of mine in Wall Street and make sure everything is all right."

"I'll be awfully grateful if you will."

She rose and moved to her desk, where Donald joined her, and for some time they sat there while he listed her securities.

As he put the paper in his pocket he remarked, as if changing the subject, "This is a nice apartment."

"I wouldn't have taken it if I had known about those bonds," she said. And again feeling that she must explain, she hastened to add, "You see, Noel is a genius, and his income is uncertain. He doesn't understand these things, and it is my job to shield him as much as I can from material annoyances, so he'll be free to make the most of his gifts."

He nodded; then asked, "Do you still run an automobile?"

"Yes; I've been worrying about that."

"It's one way to cut down," he said.

XII

DONALD was about to leave, and Hilda was standing with him in the hall, when Noel returned. Opening the door with his latchkey, he stepped quickly in, and hardly noticing Hilda and her companion, spoke to someone outside.

"Careful, now! Don't bump it," he warned, and a moment later there entered two men, carrying a large piece of furniture. Hilda gasped.

"Why, what is it?"

Then, perceiving that the piece of furniture was a settee, and realizing suddenly what was happening, and that it was something not now to be discussed, she introduced Donald to her husband.

Noel was extremely cordial; she could always rely upon him to put his best foot forward with a stranger; but now, in addition to that amiable instinct of his, she felt that he was genuinely glad of the presence of a third person.

"There!" he exclaimed, admiring the settee when the men had departed. "The instant I saw it I knew it was just the piece for this room. And it's a tremendous bargain—a case of grabbing it at once or losing it altogether."

She swallowed and was silent.

"An exceptionally fine piece of Hepplewhite," Noel hurried on. "Look at those slender legs! Look at the curve of that back! Why, it's like a beautiful slipper, or a violin! And that silk is the original covering. Shame it's worn out. It'll have to be reupholstered, of course—damask, I should say, shouldn't you, Mr. Cooper?"

"Damask?" repeated Donald, puzzled. "You mean like tablecloths? I'd prefer it the way it is."

There was a pause. Donald looked at his watch.

"I'm sorry to go just as you come in," he said, "but I'm late for an engagement."

Suddenly Noel seemed to have become gloomy. "Maybe I'll see you some other time," he said, helping the visitor into his overcoat.

"Surely you will," Hilda put in. "Donald's going to move to New York." And to Donald, "Do run in again before you leave."

As the door closed she turned, walked back to the living room, and seating herself looked up at her husband, who had followed her.

"Noel," she said in an even voice, "as nearly as I can get at it, life looks to you the way somebody else's flower garden looks to a little child who is sure that all the flowers were put there just for him."

"I suppose that's the bird you were engaged to?" said he.

"It is," she returned succinctly, and resumed her theme. "I told you a little while ago I'd had to borrow money to cover an overdraft. I told you we couldn't afford a settee. I told you ——"

"But that's all arranged for," he broke in. "We needn't pay for two months."

"Only this morning," she continued, without noticing the interruption, "I told you I had lost a lot of income—that we'd have to be frightfully careful. Yet here's the settee, just the same. It's as if I had never said a word."

"Oh, don't let's talk about it!" he exclaimed, throwing up his arms impatiently. "I'll write poems and pay for it." He turned away.

"But don't you see," she argued with a kind of steely patience, "that it isn't going to help at all if you write poems—and buy things? It's the butcher who ought to get the money."

"That's an inspiring thought!" he returned with his familiar little laugh. "Poems about pigs' knuckles, I suppose?"

"If you'd stop running around buying things," she said, apparently unmoved, "you could make your poetry pay."

"Poetry pay!" he sneered. "Why, to charge a man with making poetry pay is more insulting than to accuse him of marrying for money!"

"I know you didn't marry me for money, Noel," she said, "but the results are exactly the same as if you had."

Belligerently he leaned forward.

"Let me tell you this," he cried: "I haven't the soul of a tradesman, or a fellow who works in a chain company, like this Donald of yours! I don't care that for money—yours or anybody else's!" He snapped his fingers.

Hilda gave a cold laugh.

"Oh, you're ridiculous!" she said. "My mistake was that I ever took you seriously."

For an instant he glared at her, then, turning abruptly, he left the room, and a moment later she heard the front door slam behind him.

Hilda rose and went to the hall closet. His hat, coat and muffler were not there. That might mean that he had not gone to Kathleen Comly. She wondered where he had gone. Continuing down the hall, she paused at the kitchen to tell the maid that Mr. Ives would not be in for dinner, and that all she wanted was tea and toast, in her room.

At two o'clock she was still awake, worrying, and at the same time chiding herself for worrying; but she could not help it. Where was he?

Something more than an hour later she heard him come in and go to his room. The first faint signs of daylight were showing at the window when she fell asleep.

XIII

WHEN, about noon next day, she came out of her room, dazed and dull, he was gone again.

She took a light breakfast, dressed, got her car and drove out to Inspiration Point, where she sat for a time looking up the Hudson; then she turned and made her way downtown again, and after putting the car up went to the garage office; and when, half an hour later, she started back to her apartment, it was with a bill in full from the garage, receipted; the garage proprietor's check for four hundred dollars and the information that second hand cars weren't bringing much just now.

Reaching home, she went nervously to the kitchen and gave notice to the maid, who, however, took it well enough, assuring Hilda she would be sorry to leave, because she had never worked for such a nice gentleman.

Late in the afternoon Noel came in, and as he passed through the living room to his study, spoke to her stiffly. Presently the telephone rang and she was pleased to hear Donald's voice. It was the only voice in New York she would have cared to hear. He had spent the morning, he told her, going over her investment list with his friends in Wall Street, and had several changes to recommend.

"What I want to do," he said, "is to see you safely out of everything in the least speculative. A woman hasn't any business to be in some of these things you're in."

Noel, hearing the telephone ring, had come from his study.

"Who is it?" he interrupted.

She told him. Then, into the instrument, "What was the last thing you said?"

Donald repeated the remark.

"Well, how will I get them to you?" she asked. "Can the broker send ——"

"What does he want?" demanded Noel.

Hilda put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Noel, please," she said. "I can't hear, and it's important."

He turned and walked noisily up and down the room, and the moment she hung up the receiver repeated his last question.

"It's some advice about my business affairs," she said.

"Did you ask him for it?"

"Yes."

"H'm!" he muttered.

With Noel, next morning, it was as if nothing had happened; but these swift changes in him, which a few months ago she found astonishing, no longer impressed her. She knew what he was going to do—at least to the extent of knowing that he might do anything.

"I suppose," she thought, "that I may understand I've been forgiven."

"My new book is due today," he informed her brightly. "I'm having them send me extra copies to inscribe for friends."

"That's nice." And after a pause, "I'm going to ask Donald Cooper up to dinner Friday night. If you want any parties, give them this month. Tillie's leaving after Christmas."

"What for? I thought she liked us."

"I can't afford to keep a maid."

"You mean to say you've let her go?" he demanded. "Why, that's perfectly ridiculous! Haven't I just got a book out? And I'm getting down to work again."

"If you make enough money," she told him, "we'll get another maid. All I know is, as things are now, I can't swing it."

Angrily he rose from the table.

"More of these damned domestic upheavals!" he exclaimed. "Always something to throw me off my work!"

When a little later an errand boy came with the package of books, she sent him to Noel in the study. A week earlier she, too, would have gone to the study, as eager as Noel himself to see his new volume, but now she sat down in the living room with the morning paper which he had left on the breakfast table. At noon he emerged, carrying copies of the book, wrapped for mailing.

"I'm going to the post office," he said. "Here's yours"—as his arms were full he let it fall into her lap—"and I'll stop and give Kathleen hers on the way out."

Like A City Symphony, Surcease was a slender volume, printed on handmade paper, prettily bound in buff. Hilda opened it at random, glanced at a few pages, then turned to the dedication.

Only that morning at breakfast she had reflected that Noel could never again surprise her, but now, as she looked at the book, she found she was mistaken. The dedication to herself, which he had written and shown her in October, was not there; instead, the book was dedicated to the British poet, Higbie, whom he had never met.

And it was at the moment of Hilda's making this discovery that there died in her, as definitely as a man dies when his heart has given its final beat, the last poor remnants of her love.

She turned to the first poem, Surcease, which gave the book its name, and reread it with a sort of curiosity. It had, in spots, a quality fine and philosophical. How could anyone like Noel write such a poem?

She expected him home to lunch, but he did not come, and it was late in the afternoon, and dark, when he arrived. The moment she saw him she knew that he was in a rage. Flinging his hat and overcoat upon the new settee, he confronted her.

"So," he said savagely, "you've sold the car—without consulting me!"

She nodded.

"Why didn't you speak to me about it first?"

"You wouldn't listen."

"Rot! You never tried to speak to me about it! Hilda, you have subjected me to an unendurable humiliation! Kathleen had asked me to take her up to the Hispanic Museum, and I promised I would, and when we went to the garage to get it—imagine! 'Your wife sold the car yesterday,' he said—and he looked at Kathleen and laughed!"

"And did you take her to the Hispanic Museum?"

(Continued on Page 123)

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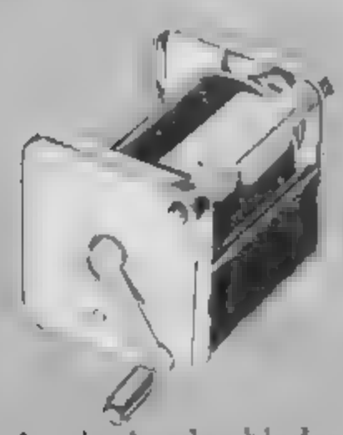

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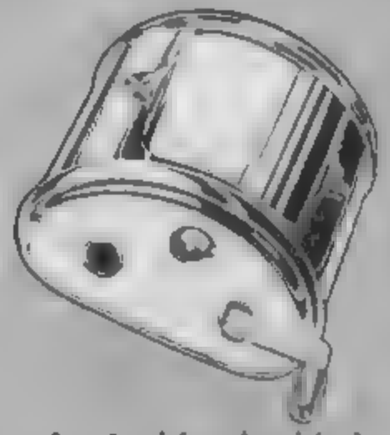

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(Continued from Page 120)

She spoke so calmly that Noel accepted the question in good faith.

"Take her?" he repeated angrily. "How was I to take her?"

"Why didn't you write a poem," she asked, "and hire a hack?"

He stood there for a moment, staring at her as if stupefied; then, without a word, he turned and left the room and the apartment.

"He has gone downstairs again," she thought indifferently, observing that this time he had left his hat and coat on the settee.

A little later, as she sat alone at dinner, she reflected on the strangeness of her life. Until she was married she had never known loneliness, yet now she wondered if a person alone upon a mountain top or in the desert could feel more forsaken, more desolate, than she. It was not that she missed Noel, for she was relieved that he was absent, and the thought of his returning was oppressive to her. Yet she was lonely—vaguely and terribly lonely—filled with a feeling that life was nothing but a hideous echoing emptiness.

After going to bed she read a book, but about midnight, feeling cold, and disturbed by the incessant rattling of her windows, she got up, went to the curiously silent kitchen and made herself a cup of chocolate.

"He's still down there with her," she thought, "and it's very late, and I don't know what is going on, and I don't care."

She went back to her bed and fell asleep.

XIV

IN THE morning she heard him coughing in the next room, and when at noon he failed to get up she went to his door.

"I don't want any breakfast," he said; "I feel ill."

He looked ill, and as he kept on coughing, she telephoned for the doctor.

"How long has this cold been coming on?" the doctor asked her gravely, after having made his examination.

"It started just this morning."

"How did he catch it?"

"He went out last night, and I'm afraid he wasn't warmly dressed. Wait—I'll ask him."

And when she did so—"I walked up through the park," said Noel sullenly. "Alone."

"Without a hat or coat?"

He nodded.

She returned to the hall.

"That's it," she told the doctor.

"Keep him quiet and watch his temperature," he ordered as he went out. "Don't let him get up. If there's any change, telephone me."

Several times during the night Hilda looked in at her husband, and always he seemed to be asleep. In the early hours of the morning she dozed off, but was awakened by a sound in the hall. Opening her eyes she saw that the light was on.

"Noel!" she cried, leaping from her bed. "I told you the doctor said you were not to get up!"

His answer terrified her. Throwing his arms wide, he declaimed, "Behold me! Boreas, the cold North Wind!"

He was in pajamas and his feet were bare.

"Noel! What's the matter?" As she took him by the shoulder she could feel the burning heat of his body through the thin silk.

But his answer now was slightly reassuring. He smiled as if sleepy and said, "Oh, nothing. I couldn't sleep. I wanted to write. I guess I was dreaming."

She rushed him to bed, put a hot-water bottle at his feet and telephoned the doctor; and for the next two days and nights she took entire care of him. Apparently unaware of the strain she was under, he made incessant demands upon her, but on the morning of the third day the doctor intervened.

"You're all worn out," he said. "I'm going to send for a couple of nurses."

But though Hilda agreed to a night nurse, she insisted upon continuing to take the day shift.

"You're taking splendid care of him," the physician told her, "but I don't want you for a patient."

And when that night, after the nurse arrived, he made his second call, he stopped at Hilda's door, and finding her lying sleepless on her bed, kept awake by her exhaustion, gave her a sedative.

Next morning she took up her task with renewed courage, and when that afternoon Donald telephoned, and learned from her of Noel's illness, he came immediately to the house. In the days that followed his visits were as regular as those of the doctor; and almost as inevitably as the doctor arrived carrying his case, Donald would arrive carrying some delicacy either for Noel or for Hilda. He had a way of coming in at mealtimes and sitting with her while she ate, and on these occasions she was gratefully aware of his efforts not only to tempt her appetite but to divert her mind.

But even her meals were seldom free from interruption. As Noel's voice was weak, she had supplied him a bell with which to summon her in her brief periods of absence, and the bell was never long idle. When, sitting in the dining room, she heard it, she would rise immediately and start down the hall; but she was seldom able to reach his room before the bell rang a second time.

The doctor always spoke encouragingly of Noel's condition, and Donald, too, preserved an indefatigable optimism, but when, after two weeks, Noel seemed to her to be visibly failing, she became suspicious and took to questioning the nurse.

"Oh, your husband'll be fine as silk in another couple of weeks, I'm sure," the older woman said. But a few days later her tone was less sanguine.

"There's no use denying he's a very sick man," she admitted. "'Course he's young, though—that's in his favor."

She felt that this time the nurse had spoken honestly, and her alarm grew as she began to realize that Donald and the doctor held frequent conferences, which would terminate abruptly when she entered the living room. Both men were poor dissemblers, and to Hilda there was something almost amusing in the sudden garrulousness with which they would greet her. Garrulousness was so foreign to them both.

She did not sleep well and was afraid to resort too frequently to sedatives. When Noel coughed in the next room, or the nurse moved about, she would wake up and listen, frightened.

"I'll have only coffee and toast," she said to Tillie one morning when, tired and aching from a restless night, she came in to breakfast.

Tillie brought the coffee and toast, and as she set them down announced that she would like to leave that afternoon.

"It won't make no difference to you," she informed Hilda. "I'm leavin' so soon anyway. That trained nurse, she messes up my kitchen something dreadful."

Hilda was too tired for tears, and in any case tears would have been wasted on Tillie.

But the kind of treatment Tillie needed, whatever it was, Donald provided; for on hearing the story he went immediately to the kitchen, and when, after an extraordinarily brief visit there, he came back he announced that Tillie would be glad to stay as long as she was needed.

Now and then, as Hilda sat by Noel's bed, she would attempt to rouse him from his gloomy lethargy.

"Some lovely letters about your new book," she said one day, "and several nice reviews."

"About time!" he muttered.

"Would you like to hear some of the things they say?"

Shaking his head, he wrinkled his nose scornfully.

"Critics—pooh! They talk down to you."

She tried another topic.

"Kathleen Comly often telephones. Would you like to see her?"

He turned his head and closed his eyes.

"Send her away. She makes me sick."

In one of her Aunt Harriet's frequent letters of inquiry for Noel she asked if Surcease had yet been published, and Hilda, realizing that Noel must have failed to send the promised book, went for a copy to the study, making her first visit to the little room in several weeks.

As she took up the book her eye caught some words scribbled in her husband's careless writing on a sheet of paper that lay upon the blotting pad:

Behold me! Boreas, the cold North Wind!

She glanced down the page, with its notations of uncompleted thoughts and rhythms, and could gather something of what evidently was a contemplated poem.

Boreas the North Wind seemed to be arguing that he was not cruel, as men averred, but was merciful, numbing the pain of those who suffered, drawing over them a snowy coverlet, sheathing them in a protective armor of ice.

One fragment read, "—— my icy arms embrace ——"

And another "—— my passionate caress is freighted with a frigid tenderness ——"

At the bottom of the page was the key to the idea—another broken couplet with which he had evidently intended to end the poem: "—— ye who weep: my lips are bitter, but their kiss spells sleep."

Now she understood what had been in his mind when he spoke to her that night in the hall. Half delirious, he had been thinking of this poem, and against the doctor's order had got up in the night to make these notes: "Behold me! Boreas ——"

As she read again the opening line, she sensed a kinship between Noel and the North Wind of which he wrote, a driving force, turbulent, relentless.

The lines lingered with her, calling up a picture of Noel, hatless and coatless, struggling against the cold night wind. Such folly! His life in danger! What had made him do that insane thing? She could not help remembering that it was something she had said: "Write a poem and hire a hack." How could she have said such a thing! It was bad-tempered, vulgar. She had tried to be patient, but she should have been more patient still. Could anyone say his illness was her fault?

That night the doctor ceased to dissemble, telling her frankly that her husband's condition was precarious and that the crisis was but a few hours distant; and Hilda, leaving the two men in the living room, went immediately to Noel and took her place by his bed, her heart filled with pity for him, her mind a welter of self-extenuation and self-reproach.

After a time he opened his eyes.

"They can't fool me," he said in a weak voice.

She tried to interject a protest, but he went on.

"Keats died young." He spoke with such evident effort that she was afraid to interrupt. "You've tried to understand me. You haven't been half bad." He closed his eyes and was silent for a while; then without opening them, whispered: "That bronze tablet."

She remembered what he had said that day: "Here he lived with Hilda, his inspiration," and there came to her with an almost suffocating poignance a thousand memories of those first few weeks, when they were happy.

With one hand she tenderly smoothed the hair back from his forehead, and was bending over to kiss him, when again he opened his eyes, and the expression of them now was so changed that it startled and arrested her. The drowsy look had gone out of them; they were keen, alive, critical. She had learned to be afraid of that expression.

"My dear," he whispered, as involuntarily she drew back, "your neck is too thin." And he sank into a slumber from which he never awakened.

XV

"IT'S disgraceful!" protested Mrs. Berry, after having listened to her niece's declaration.

She was in her sitting room, upstairs, where Hilda had found her, and one of the rockers of her chair was squeaking steadily as she swayed nervously back and forth.

"Here you are a widow of only a few months," she went on, "and you aren't in mourning, and you yourself admit you've gained ten pounds since you came back to Maysville, and now to cap the climax you come and tell me a thing like this!"

"I'll never be happy without him, auntie."

"And Donald!" went on Mrs. Berry. "I'm surprised at him! He ought to be ashamed of himself—already courting you so openly, in this little town. I don't see how you can do such a thing! Doesn't your conscience trouble you?"

"Not one little bit," said Hilda.

Mrs. Berry gave a hopeless sigh.

"It's more than I can understand," she said, "how a girl who has been the wife of a fascinating man of genius could be so callous as to get engaged again in this short time—and to an ordinary, commonplace business man; a man she's known all her life!" She threw up her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, what's the use of talking!"

"Auntie dear," said Hilda, "I don't want you to think I don't appreciate your advice, but I'm in love, and that's something nobody can regulate."

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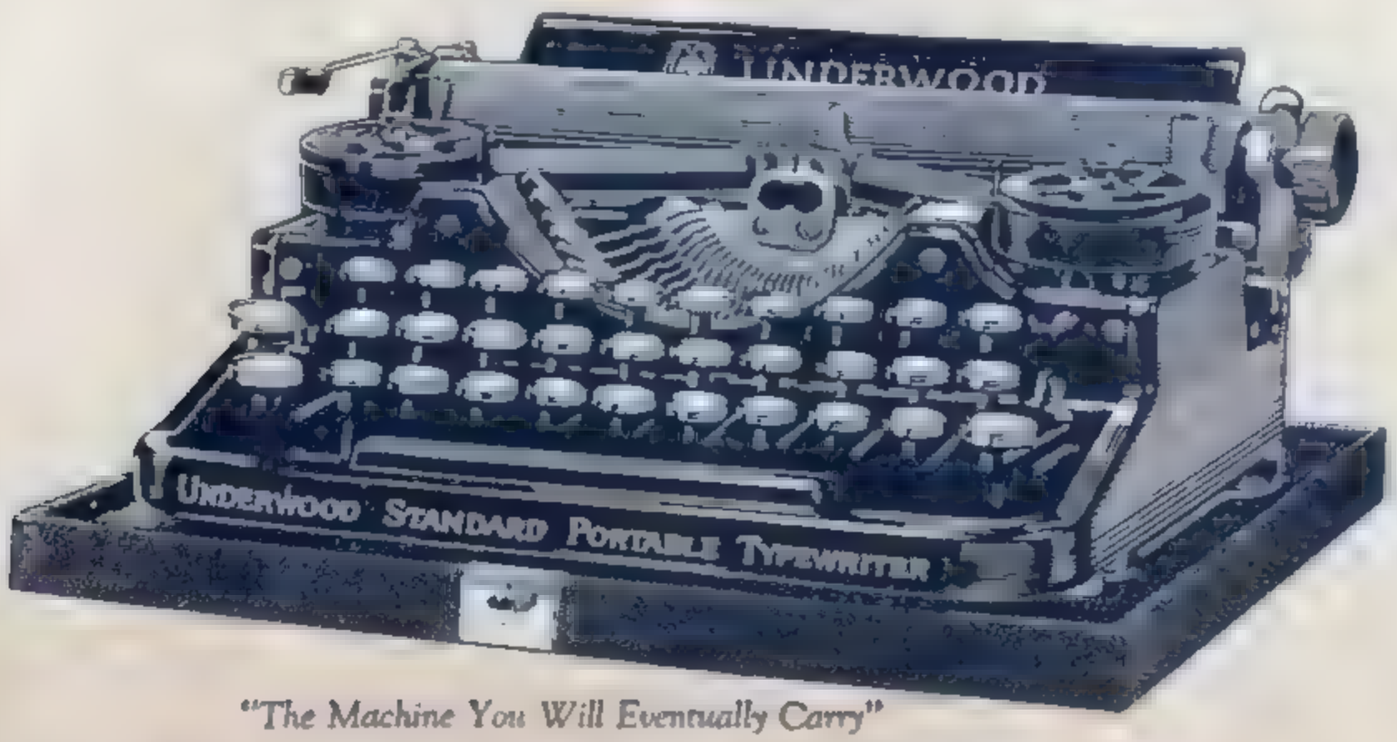

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MAKING THEM BELIEVE IT

(Continued from Page 8

this man, as with many others, the gray morning after brings the reaction of sobriety to men and women who walk on their own mental legs.

When I was abroad not long ago Lloyd George asked me whom I considered the best American orators. I said I could not answer until I knew whether he meant those who gave a good artistic performance or those who used speech to carry cool conviction to the minds of men. I had really ducked the question in Yankee fashion by asking another question. If I had been pressed hard I would have found it difficult to name a single man I would cross the street to hear from either point of view, provided, in the case of a man like Root, I could read the speech instead of listening to it.

Not only do I believe that the silver tongue has been overvalued in American politics; I believe, moreover, that it has suffered a steady decline in quality. It was fine to hear Dolliver, of Iowa, especially in debate. Beveridge has seen moments when he was close to real immortality in speech making. But even those recent days have gone.

In any case, from the point of view of good political management, which ought to value nothing but the making of votes, I would always choose a man or a candidate who kept an audience silent to one who kept an audience noisy. It took me some years to learn this, because the hullabaloo of politics deceives more minds than any element in politics. I did not quickly learn how dangerous is the campaigner who can hold a crowd silent. A silent crowd is a listening crowd. A silent crowd is never cold or uninterested. When a crowd is cold and mildly antagonistic it makes a burble like the wind in trees. A noisy crowd is merely having a good time. It is among the dead-silent crowd that votes are made.

I remember that when the Progressive Party had brought into prominent candidacies several successful men who had never been in politics before, among them appeared two unconscious campaign geniuses. Neither had ever made a speech in his life. One of them went around his state speaking ten times a day in the open air, and adding extra indoor speeches every evening, until he had spoken within a month between three and four hundred times. He was no orator. His voice was good. His appearance was good—a strong, lean face and an honest sincerity sticking out in awkward angles all over him. The crowds who listened always began by regarding him curiously.

The Dubious Value of Oratory

Then someone would always say, "This guy is a frost."

Then those who had been there longest would turn to those who had come up behind and say, "Hush! Listen!"

In the end men usually failing to applaud and walking away would say, "That's a real feller! He's right!"

He was deadly. I never saw such a vote maker. I never saw a case where an after-election analysis showed such a clear example of a successful speech-making trail.

A good political adviser of a candidate would have many elements to consider if he had to map out the speaking engagements of his man. I say "political adviser" rather than "candidate," because candidates, even when they have a dislike of personal campaigning, invariably believe that personal campaigning is the greatest contribution of all to any hope of victory. As a campaign goes forward the candidate yields more and more easily to speech dates. He has addressed crowds perhaps which have been recruited by local managements from the wildest enthusiasts in the rank and file of the party. Halls have been packed with men and women who are all for the candidate, no matter what he says. They are there to cheer and carry on scandalously and laugh at his bad jokes. The audience is 100 per cent claque.

The candidate, no matter who he is or how long he has been in politics, forgets all this. After experiences with such audiences he begins to talk to his wife as he dresses in the morning about the pleasure of swaying crowds. He acquires a certain intoxication. He will speak anywhere unless one stops him. I never saw a candidate, even those I have known who were the centers of national campaigns, who did not sooner or later, in the course of those hectic weeks, arrive at a conscious or unconscious belief that it was his silver tongue which had become the most irresistible lure in the possession of the great party of Jefferson or that of McKinley.

In one national campaign I saw nearly three-quarters of a million people, and usually I was in company with the candidate for President. I do not say that what he said had no importance; it had vast importance, because after he had said it to a few thousands it went on the wires to morning newspapers which took it to the eyes, but not the ears, of many millions. I do not say that his presence before that audience was of no consequence; it was of vast consequence, because the men and women of audiences received an impression of the man, and it was good, and started a word-of-mouth approval of him which traveled far and made votes long after no one cared what he had said.

The point I am making is that if a doctor had come on the stage and said that the candidate had been eating shad and had a bone in his larynx and could not say a word, but that he wanted to smile and bow and hand the manuscript of his speech to the reporters, the work to be done would perhaps have been as well done as if the candidate had spoken for three hours.

The Sailors at Marion

Candidates before a campaign will sometimes agree with this point, and those who are not elected will agree afterward; but no candidate in the heat of a campaign will agree with it. Even Roosevelt used to forget at times the relative values of the distribution of his thought by newspapers through the printed word and the distribution of his thought by his own voice.

I know a newspaper reporter who was at Marion, Ohio, during most of the Harding front-porch campaign. He has told me that those in the headquarters next door—secretaries, stenographers, experts and even publicity men—were all elated and jubilant whenever a huge crowd had ended a pilgrimage on the Harding front lawn and were shouting their heads off at every paragraph the senator uttered.

"But," said he, "I remember one morning when six or eight sailors from a marine band who had been stalled in Marion because of some railroad wreck came up to see Harding. The candidate spoke to them from the front porch and from his heart, and while he spoke a stenographer took the words down. Harding was talking about the manners and the ethics which should be those of a candidate for great office, and the grave responsibilities and duties a man would have if his candidacy were successful. The whole thing only made about a quarter of a column when printed.

"One of the sailors was so moved that he brushed his woolen cuff across his eyes, but only a dozen pairs of ears heard it, whereas probably several dozen million eyes read it. It was short. It was exactly the right thing for the front pages of the whole American morning press. Harding probably remembers the oceans of faces in Baltimore or the roars of Cincinnati, and he has probably forgotten his words to the sailors; but I believe it was the most effective speech of the campaign."

I remember the case of a candidate for governor who, in the latter days of a hard election fight, went up the state. He had ceased to prepare his speeches beforehand, and his tour was so fast that the papers in the big cities did not wish to send reporters to follow him. On his return he was astonished to learn from all his friends and from hundreds of letters that his speeches had been printed far and wide. He was showered with congratulations. He looked at some of these speeches.

"But I never said that at Hooker's Center!" he protested. "I never said those precise words anywhere."

"Oh, no," said the old newspaper man who had been engaged to handle publicity. "I know what you stand for and I have been feeding out speeches along your line of thoughts every night of the week. The day you had a cold and couldn't speak at Nelsonville Junction I nearly had heart disease because I had given out the mimeographed text with an account of its reception. But nobody cared."

This was painful disillusionment to the candidate, but it represents something of the true comparative values of speeches that are heard by the few with speeches which are read by the many.

By painful experience, and even greater pain in observation, I have learned that a few good speeches, considering hearers as well as readers, are better than many bad ones.

The moment Harding made up his mind to stick as closely as possible to the front porch he had tucked under his arm a whole collection of advantages over his opponent. Not the least of these, and I speak of it first, was that he did not have to make unprepared utterances or wear his good sense, his restraint and his own estimate of values into pathetic frazzles by being kept everlastingly trying to silver-tongue new corporals' guards of listeners. When he was going to speak to a group the next morning he could hand the press correspondents a written speech to put on the wire the night before. Under these conditions there is no chance for the slips and breaks made by any man who is tired through talking.

Grandfather's old warning that "any man who talks too much will sooner or later say something that ain't so" still holds good. If anyone has ever heard a really good political speech which was not prepared by advance writing, or at least by advance thinking, he has uncovered a miracle.

No one knows this better or ought to have learned the lesson more thoroughly than Taft and Hughes and Cox. Each one of these was pushed or wheedled into attempting the folly of presidential politics—the swing around the circle, the big campaign tour. Roosevelt, who could do it as no other man, and hated it less than any other, told me once that he doubted its efficiency. As to speech making, he had been converted, he said, "from the BB-shot class to the bullet class, and would in time hope to fire a few eighteen-inch missiles rather than use an atomizer from the back platform of a train."

The Candidate's Rough Road

Having been the guest or associate from time to time of three presidential trains, I know something of the humors and fiascoes of presidential touring.

No good friend, apparently, ever goes to the victim and tells him the truth. No one says: "Look here! How many speeches have you? If you leave New York tomorrow, have you enough speeches to take you west of Terre Haute? What will you be saying when you get to Winona, and for the love of goodness, what will you have to say when you arrive in Denver?"

No one says to the victim: "You know, of course, that we go through Eau Claire, Wisconsin, after a hard day, at 12:45 A.M. You think you will be asleep. Well, the truth is that the marching club of Eau Claire will have ended its parade at the station at midnight with two thousand crazy partisans waiting to see you come out in your pajamas, if you dare. They won't take no. They will telegraph your train that they are waiting. Will you dare to sleep through it? What will your tour managers do? They will tell the engineer to stop at Eau Claire. Then they will knock on your door and say that you must get dressed again. Too bad—but necessary! Otherwise no one can answer for the Wisconsin electoral votes. You will get up, rub your eyes and try to remember which the League of Nations is or where is the high tariff; and after you have done with the red fire, someone will tell you at 1:30 A.M. that the train stops at 5 A.M. at Peanut, the home of Senator Smidge, whose election is necessary to save the country and the party majority in the Upper House, and a word from you will save the situation."

Where is the friend who tells the victim that when he arrives at Wheeling, West Virginia, or Los Angeles, California, that he will find his own party in that particular state split into two factions, and that the whole plot to get the presidential candidate there is to use him to fry the fat of one faction, with the sure result that he loses the friendship of the other? I have seen Roosevelt thus misused; Taft knows the experience; Hughes innocently stepped into the trap in California; and during the whole

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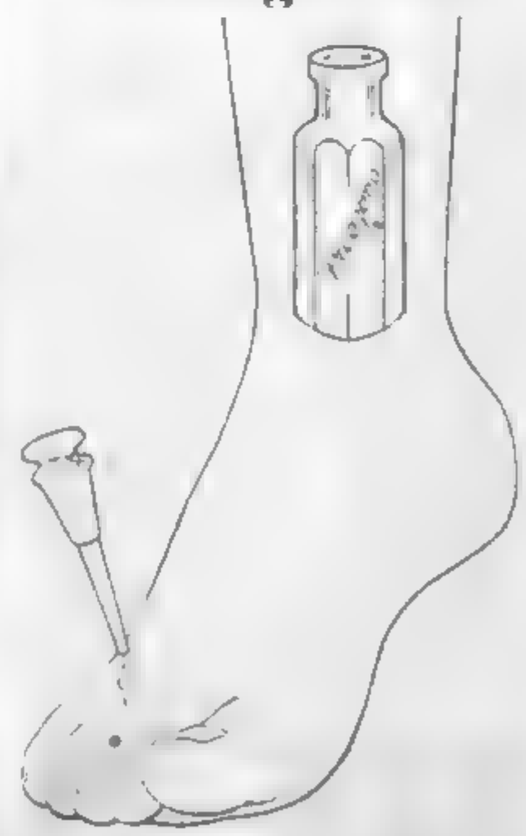

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1920 campaign there was a series of attempts to hoodwink Harding into being a cat's-paw in local party factional rivalries. It is the unescapable penalty of the grand tour; the innocent and guileless candidate is the butt of the local conspirators.

The pressure to go and keep going is tremendous. In San Francisco or Buffalo a rich man has organized a vast parade. He asserts he had been promised that the candidate will be delivered. No one can find the man who made the promise, but here come the telegrams of insistence. A campaign contribution is at stake. It is represented that California or New York State is trembling in the balance. It takes a candidate with backbone and nerve to say no.

If he does not say no, he will stipulate that he will go, but will make no other speeches at tank stations. But at tank towns a crowd has assembled. It is luncheon and the candidate has a mouthful of salad. Cheers. More cheers. Someone has climbed up and sees the candidate eating.

"There he is!"

Well, he must go out on the back platform and say a word, demmit! He has nothing to say. Speeches prepared a few weeks ago are stale. He thinks of them with nausea. He is tired, but he believes he should be vigorous. Be vigorous! Hit from the shoulder!

So he goes out.

"My friends and fellow citizens ——" And suddenly he hears himself talking to a crowd consisting two-fifths of little boys who have come down for campaign buttons. The press correspondents, some of them hostile, are listening. The candidate is tired. But vigor! More vigor! So he calls Senator Lodge the tail of the anti-League devil, or says it is time for mankind to give heed to the fact that honesty is not the best policy, or admits that he is now persuaded that a certain foreign power must be watched. Before the train moves on, all his sensational miscues are on the telegraph wires and the damage is done, and all the profit is with the boys who have scrambled for the celluloid buttons.

Red Fire and Pale Poppies

Whenever the train stops at a station before the station where the candidate is booked for a stop and a luncheon and a speech, a delegation gets on. They have come to welcome the next President. He is taking a nap. They glower. They insist that he must be told a very confidential thing in regard to a local situation. He comes out. One member of the delegation wants to whisper to him. It is a story of how faithfully that delegate has supported the party—until now without a reward. The candidate learns from another man that there are two women in the town—both social climbers apparently. One or the other must entertain him at luncheon. Which? Oh, golly Moses! Why didn't the candidate stick to law or the Chautauqua circuit?

In brief, the presidential tour is madness—stark, staring, insane confusion. The time will come perhaps when the people of the country will be educated up to the point where a mere refusal of a candidate to enter such a certain folly will recommend him as one superior in wisdom to the good men and true who campaign themselves silly over the brass rail of the back platform.

I do not wish to deprive any man of the fun of going on such a tour—provided he is not the candidate. I know of nothing quite so fascinating, quite so full of humor and variety and change and harvest for those who like to study human nature. I was thinking only of the welfare of the candidate who has set out on an attempt to use the silver tongue to make them believe it. Those who go with him and those to whom he comes in his process of swinging around the circle have an excellent entertainment indeed.

If one keeps at it for several days on end the detailed impressions become dulled. A crowd at a station cheers farewell, the train is off, the berth is the same berth, the breakfast is the same breakfast; all stations where the train stops look like the stations where it stopped yesterday; the man with the bronzed, wrinkled face who waves his fist and roars "Three times three for the nex' Pres'dent Unined Stays" is the same one as the seventeen others who did it yesterday. The clickety-click of the reporters' typewriters continues. The candidate is out there bent over the brass rail. His voice comes drifting into the interior of a car where nobody cares a tinker's dam what he is saying. Cigar smoke, cinders and perspiration!

And then at night, like a repeated dream, the train shed of a station. The welcoming committee with badges, automobiles—everybody gets into the wrong one after fighting down the lane opened by the police through a swaying crowd which thrusts out its hands. The fronts of closed buildings of the business or wholesale district with their windows reflecting red fire, the same hotel, the same rooms, the same prohibitionist bootlegger, a table decorated with flowers where a dinner to the candidate is run off like a motion picture of gastronomy gone mad. More automobiles, more red fire, the back door of the city hall, a band, a sudden glare of light, the field of faces waving like pale poppies, the anxious chairman with his tremendous speech of introduction. Then the effort.

A crowd at the station cheering farewell. The train is off, the berth is the same berth—what was that place? Cincinnati or St. Louis?

"Must be St. Louis, because this is October twenty-second."

"Yes, it's St. Louis. I met a friend of mine there who always keeps informed. He says he has been motoring across the next state and there's nothing to it. He says we win in a walk."

A drowsy voice from the corner behind the glow of a cigar, "Oh, I know that bird. He said the same thing to Taft."

Squelching the Hecklers

The presidential special always carries at least one friend of the great man who lets it be known that he can deliver the candidate for a speaking date. He is the one who sends the telegram ahead to Council Bluffs promising that the candidate will say a few words there on his way from Burlington to Omaha. Does anyone suppose the candidate is ever credited with his kindness? Never! It is always the friend who says to the Council Bluffers, "Well, boys, you saw what I did for you!"

Then there is the heckler—the man who asks supposedly vexing questions from the gallery. I cannot remember of ever hearing a heckler who was not a fanatic or a hired man. Nine times out of ten, when a heckler's voice interrupts a political speech, make up your mind that it is the voice of a paid agent of the opposition. And also make up your mind that the speaker who is interrupted has every advantage in the situation, and that usually even a stupid speaker can curl up even a brilliant heckler. In the first place, the rarest political gathering in the world is an audience which is not overwhelmingly on the speaker's side. Furthermore, interruption always appears to be discourteous, and the man who makes it, no matter how tall he may be or how much he jumps up on his chair, is so insignificant that he appears to bear the mien of one who has fired a shot like a sneaking assassin and now has half hidden himself in the mass.

Count upon any audience in the world to yell "Put him out!"

"No!" says the speaker. "Let us have fair play!"

At once he is the very shape and color of nobility.

"The gentleman has asked me why I signed the Coogan Bill. Well, I did it for him. Yes, I did it for you all!"

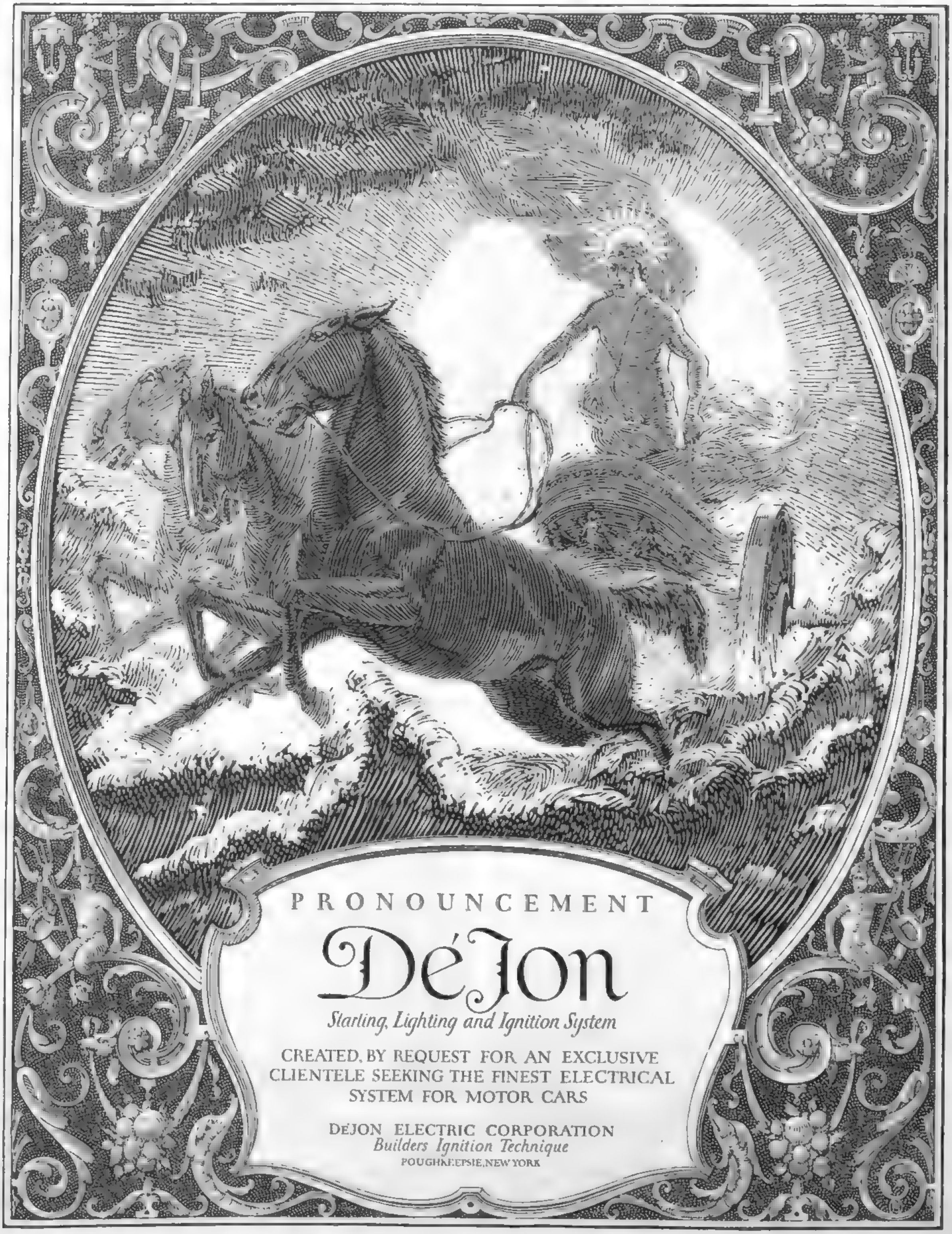
The crowd goes into boiling gladness and swims around in a sea of triumph.

It is too easy.

The heckler usually furnishes a bright man with a glorious opportunity and inspires a stupid speaker to become hot and brilliant. The heckler, though the opposition may not know it, is usually the opposition's involuntary votive offering to the success of the meeting.

I remember once that a certain candidate for President had come to a town where he was to leave the train and speak in a hall. The crowd at the station was so great that to leave the platform was impossible. The candidate had mounted a baggage truck and had tried to make thirty thousand hear two of his opening paragraphs. He had paused for new breath. A hundred feet away a man with a ministerial beard, an Adam's apple of prominence, a dyspeptic face, dressed in black, six feet four tall, with a voice which indicated a smug and irreproachable life, and which in its elocutionary power could not be equaled, spoke accusingly. His voice echoed against

(Continued on Page 129)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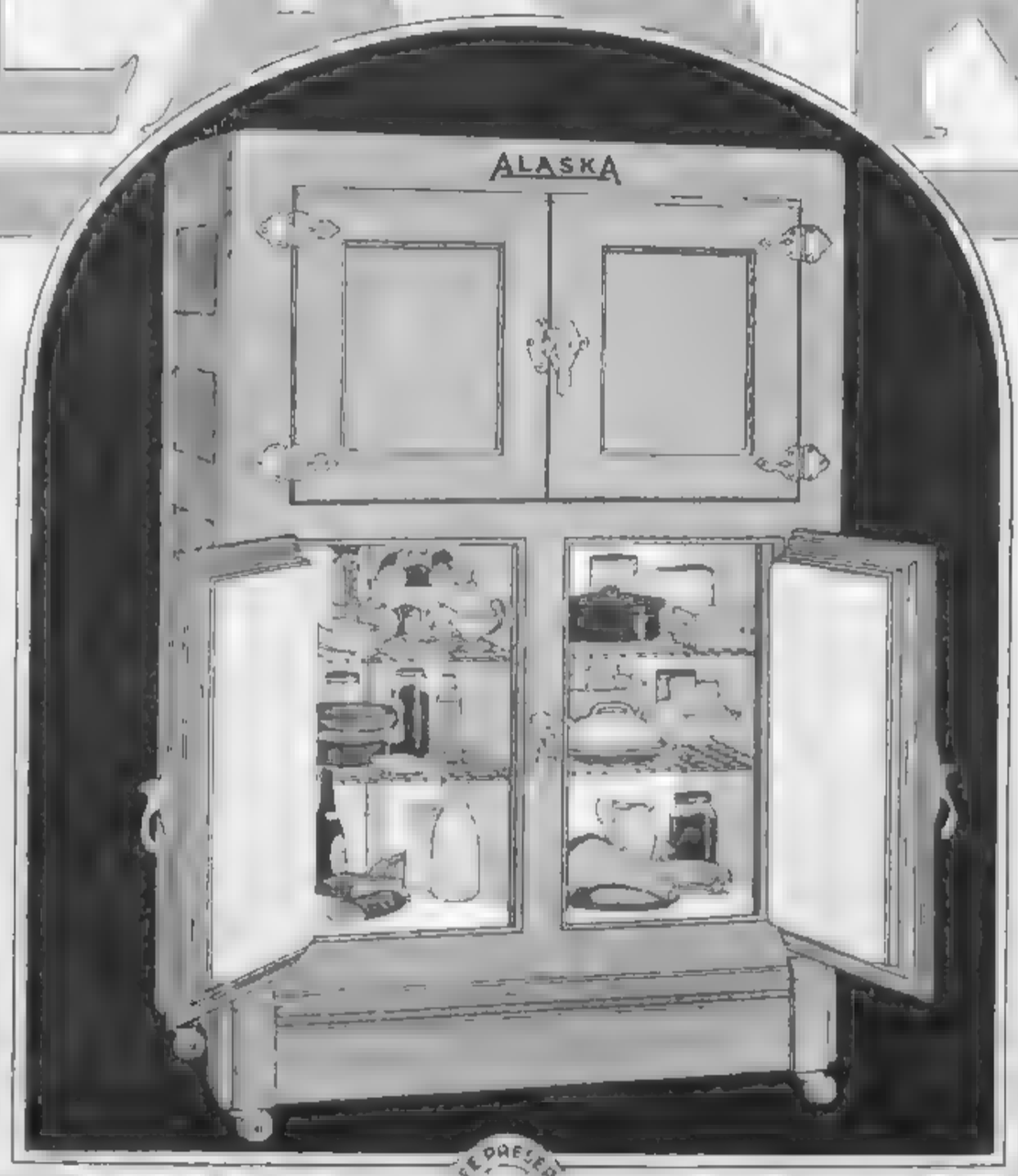

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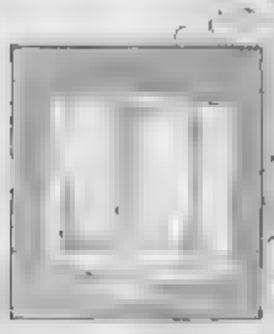
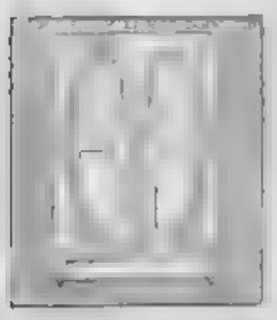
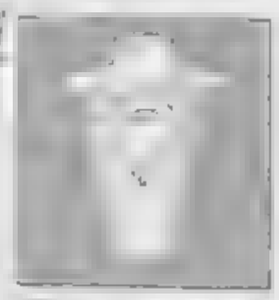


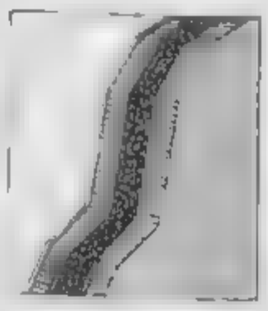
Many Alaskas are built to hold 100, 75 or 50 lb cakes of artificial ice without waste in cutting. Think of this saving on your ice bills.



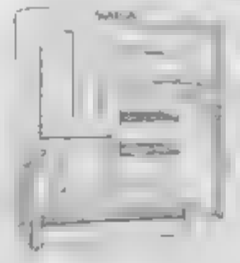
The patented Alaska Circulation causes the warm air to pass over a much larger surface of ice than is usual, cooling the air more quickly and thoroughly.



The patented Alaska cold-conserving drain trap prevents the entrance of heat by means of a water seal



Cubed cork, the remarkable air filled insulating material, bars heat from the Alaska. Note the seven insulating walls



To Dealers:

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CO. MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 126)

all the building fronts around the great station square.

"What about the Panama Canal scandal?"

The candidate probably never saw the man. He never directed a glance toward him.

Without an instant of hesitation he thrust a finger at this sanctified giant and answered, "You go home to your poor wife, you drunken beast!"

When the Progressive convention assembled in Chicago in 1912 it was like thousands of minds of a single thought and single hearts which beat as the thousands. There was only one jarring note. It came from a Prohibitionist. He had found a favorable place in the balcony of the Coliseum. He was lean and cadaverous, and his nose was not only metaphorically but literally blue. As each speaker came forth and began his effort, this prohibitionist, who, like others, had tried to force a dry plank into the platform, leaned far out and raised a dismal whine:

"What abaout the liqu-or ques-s-s-tion?"

This wailing complaint was like a skeleton at a feast of unanimity. All the speakers had pretended to pay no attention to this heckler, until Henry Allen, since then governor of Kansas, came down from his hotel and appeared, as I remember it, to second the nomination of Roosevelt. He, therefore, had no forewarning when this melancholy heckler with the peevish mortuary voice whined out:

"What abaout the liqu-or ques-s-s-tion?"

Allen answered him without a moment's hesitation and silenced his battery for good. He replied, "If you're dry, don't complain here. Meet me in the Congress bar."

If I am not mistaken, it was an Attorney General of the United States who was speaking in Boston when a heckler came down the aisle and bawled out, "Why haven't you prosecuted the trust octopuses?"

The answer sent the heckler staggering back up the aisle.

"Be careful of your plurals when you're in Boston. It's octopi, my friend. Remember you're in the pie belt."

The Crowd Did the Rest

Another field of excellent fun when one is touring with the political candidate is the presiding officer and his introduction of "the man who." During the last campaign a certain mayor of a large city, who felt that Harding's presence would give the mayor the speech-making opportunity of a lifetime, prepared his introducing oration with more pains than he will ever take to prepare himself for immortality. He wrote and rewrote his effort. He tried it on his wife. He rehearsed every word of it, addressing himself in his own garden to the late dahlias.

When the evening came the good mayor was as confident in meeting his opportunity as a Dempsey facing the sparring champion of a kindergarten for the blind. It was a masterful endeavor. The audience from cold became tepid; from tepid, warm; finally it was at white heat of enthusiasm. The mayor had captured a real prospect of shading down the candidate for the presidency. In a blaze of glory he arrived at his finish.

"There," he shouted, "I present a man who needs no introduction—Marion G. Warren, of Harding, Ohio!"

The truth of the matter, as any political strategist ought to know, is that a presiding and introducing chairman is a nuisance. The chances are ten to one that this functionary will either try, as the mayor tried, to make himself a competing figure; or will gulp and utter a kind of apologetic, inadequate introduction of startling, though refreshing, brevity; or will wax sweet and saccharine with old phrases of absurd praise.

The most effective introduction I ever saw was in the Arena in Boston. It came about because two men claimed the honor of introducing Roosevelt. Then a genius of politics said:

"Why have any introduction? They have been having prize fights in the Arena. Move the platform, ropes and all, up to the end of the Arena where there is a center door. Drape that with American flags. Have a band. When T. R. comes push him through the flags onto the platform. The crowd will do the rest." It did!

On big tours a good observer will be able to sense on all occasions, as if the matter were rather one of instinct than observation, two important keynotes of any big political meeting. One of them is the pitch of the speaker's voice. This is a real art and accomplished men never fail in it. But the truly accomplished silver tongues are few in number.

I was present when a young United States senator spoke in the Hippodrome in New York on an occasion which promised much for his party and for his reputation. The crowd was so great that those seeking entrance extended down Forty-fourth and Forty-third streets almost to Fifth Avenue. The police reserves were called out. It promised to be a memorable political evening for the senator. But when he came forward on the Hippodrome stage he pitched his voice too high. He had good things to say and his body was alive with the vitality of gesture. He exuded force. Power dripped from his elbows and his closed fists were noble.

But his voice squeaked, back-fired and stalled. It conveyed basso thoughts in supersoprano. The audience began to feel, as audiences will, a kind of vicarious humiliation. Each pair of eyes began to look frightened from sympathy with his frightened eyes. He could not get his voice down. It cracked. Like a fly on a windowpane, it fell down, but by some devilish impulse it began its ascent again to high impossible places.

The senator and his hearers all felt as those feel who eat bread with sand in it. The evening, so far as the senator was concerned, was a total loss without insurance.

Weary Audiences

Halls vary in size, warmth and sense of intimacy. There are halls where no power on earth can make the man in the last row glad that he has come; but there are vast tabernacles—I remember one of Billy Sunday's—where a political speaker with some skill feels that he can reach to the far corners with a whisper of friendship and intimacy and understanding.

The other fact that anyone with experience can sense is the state of feeling of an audience. A political speaker may work his way against a sterile soil or a bad one may turn sour a cultivated ground; but when one has entered many a colosseum or arena or tabernacle or temple or opera house one learns to know at once the state of an audience.

I have seen audiences which, waiting for a big speaker—the attraction of the evening—have been so whipped to enthusiasm before his appearance that all their powers to listen and all their capacity to feel have been jaded.

They cheer madly when the great man enters. But they treat his entrance as if it were the finale of the evening, and when he tries to go on with them to a climax he makes his ascent alone and wonders what is the matter with his magnetism; or more often, why the people of this place have blood of reptilian temperature. They have given him a welcome till they are hoarse and his back is sore with bowing; but now, at the end, he and they are both weary. The truth is that they were worked up—and out. The next day they remember most vividly only that mediocre hired quartet of barber-chord singers who filled in the wait.

As I have indicated, the audience which is silent rather than noisy, because they are drinking in and swallowing and digesting, is the best vote-making audience in the world of American politics. Few speakers and almost no political managers ever correctly estimate such an audience. Next to that audience comes the crowd that goes its maddest when the principal speaker has said his last word and reaches for his handkerchief and backs away dripping.

By and large, the big political audiences addressed by those who want to "make them believe it" are partisan audiences. They go to listen to the man they will vote for in any case, and whatever he says they are firmly determined beforehand will give them occasion to thrill and holler. Their favorite's jokes will be to them always news; and his sentiments, no matter how base, they will lift into the realm of idealism and nobility; and the little white gloves will wave their lacy handkerchiefs; and the gruff voices of old men will grow hoarse with cheering; and the man who comes up to shake hands and tell the candidate he was for him "in the days when" will wonder secretly if he will be appointed in the next cabinet.

Any kind of Bridle Path you wish

Try a Mountain Top Appetite

Not Like Any Summer

that you've ever spent

HERE is real difference, real change, real relaxation, new interest, new fun, new healthfulness, for the coming summer.

All in Southern California—a place that you, perhaps, have thought to be too warm for that season of the year. And yet summer is preferred by Californians to the winter months. Note the U. S. Weather Bureau's figures—a forty-four-year record—(average mean temperatures taken in a great central city in this section):

44 Junes, 66 degrees.
44 Julys, 70 degrees
44 Augusts, 71 degrees
44 Septembers, 69 degrees.

And summer is the rainless season. Mark that this makes each day available *all* day for all you want to do, and there are a thousand things in this strange land to do and see.

Patriarchs of the Forest—the Oldest Living Things

And all within a radius of two hundred miles from a great central city, with 4,000 miles of world-famous motor roads reaching out from it in all directions.

A desert like Sahara, turquoise lakes on mountain tops, stupendous views over rich valleys, rocky scenic grandeurs, the center of the moving picture industry, which came here because of the same variety that makes this country so interesting to travelers—great sea shore resorts, famous golf courses, old Spanish missions, brilliant hotel dining rooms and dances, or quiet mountain retreats where one may merely rest, or go trout fishing—this is the unique section of your country you should see.

It absorbs you, revitalizes, renews your interest and spirit, and rebuilds torn nerves in a remarkably short time. A great playground, it has the playground atmosphere in which troubles vanish over night.

Truly a summer here is unlike any that you've ever spent; for in varied possibilities in sports, sight-seeing, or in methods and kinds of *pure rest* that you can take, there is no other land within your United States that is similar in any way.

Change is the essence of a good vacation. Completely new environment is magic medicine. Golf is *more fun*, likewise tennis, swimming, and all other pastimes take on zest in the midst of such change.

Do the things here that you can do in other places and *enjoy* them more. And do a thousand things, if you have time, that you can't do anywhere *but* here. That is Southern California, and it's at its best in summer. Plan the trip now. The railroad journey through the Great West is teeming with historic interest. You have the finest limited trains, the most comfortable travel in the world.

Any railroad ticket agent will gladly furnish further information. Or mail coupon below and get our "Southern California Book."

Let next summer be a *different* one—the best you've ever had.

All-Year Club of Southern California

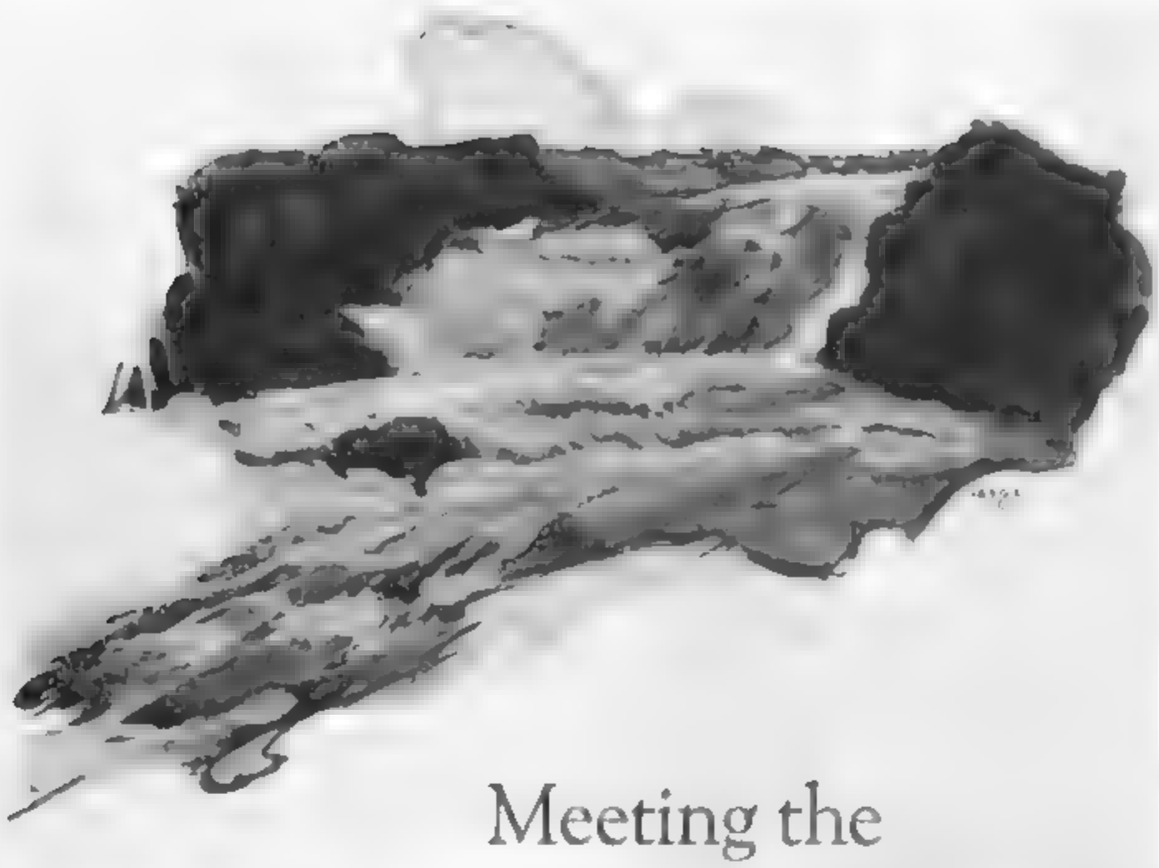
Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. M-801, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer and year around vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name

Address



Meeting the "irresistible" force of water

NOT merely to produce a water-tight enclosure, but one that will *stay* water-tight, is the problem which has made the building of grave vaults so difficult.

Man-made seals will not stay water-tight. Mechanical devices deteriorate. Only the diving bell principle—an immutable law of Nature—has proved permanent in its protection.

The Clark Grave Vault, with a heavy twelve gauge Keystone copper-bearing steel hood which automatically locks to a base of the same material, utilizes this immutable law, and affords absolute and permanent protection. The steel hood is doubly welded into one solid piece. It is air-tight. No water can get in. Truly a vault for the ages!

Every school child is familiar with the experiment of lowering an inverted glass into a basin of water. The water can not enter the glass, because the air within keeps the water out. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

Leading funeral directors recognize the Clark Grave Vault as the standard of protection, and urge its use. They know ordinary brick, concrete and stone vaults can not overcome the "irresistible" force of water, but permit seepage and act merely as containers.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.,
Columbus, Ohio

All this assembly of persons who will vote favorably in any case has its uses. It creates the picture of enthusiasm for the candidate among the people, or at least within the party. It gives the newspapers something to report when they print the speech. But it deceives the candidate to a humiliating degree. He always thinks he has swayed an audience. I have had long experience with candidates, local and presidential. I can never convince them that last week Jimmy Cox or Jimmy Somebody-Else has not had a meeting exactly as regardless in the same hall. To them it appears out of keeping with their dignity to admit any such thing.

Big political audiences gathered for a presidential candidate are only super-rallies. And rallies may be necessary, but they are a delusion and a snare to any party which has a real desire to estimate by other and better measures its own strength.

I have many times packed a hall. It is not a great art of which I am proud. I confess this freely. I know a few rare, clever men who have had the direction of bringing five or seven thousand people together, and the matter is very simple. It is not advertising, as many old hands believe. It is not the attraction offered, as hero worshipers may think. It is done by printing impressive tickets.

If you wish to collect twelve thousand persons to fill a hall holding four thousand two hundred and three with the approval of the fire commissioners, print twenty thousand tickets and make each one bear a stub reading "Not good for admission after eight P.M." What happens after distribution is had through churches, labor unions, political clubs, and so on? Exactly this: Those who do not intend to go use the tickets to do a favor to their friends.

"Look here, Bill, old man," says Jack. "Do you and the missus want to hear James B. Swoggs next Thursday night? I have two fine seats. They are yours if you promise to go."

He talks about it as if each ticket had cost him four dollars.

Not only is the ticket method a means of creating a sense of personal privilege among twenty thousand persons, of whom only four thousand two hundred and three can get into the hall, but it results also in getting into the audience of the rally a crowd who may vote the other way unless the speaker makes them believe it.

The Trouble With Rallies

I have never known of a destruction of a nicely printed ticket; it is always passed on until it reaches a man who will hope to go to the meeting. And inasmuch as more than nine thousand of the twenty thousand who have tickets, and actually come, always come after eight o'clock, the disappointed cannot complain, because each ticket is invalidated after that hour.

There is nothing better than having an angry mob outside a packed hall trying to get in and always blaming the police.

The mere political rally which does not attract outsiders, which does not attract the silent, noncommittal, inexpressive, independent man or woman, is not a vote maker.

I knew a man of good humor and sense who managed state campaigns of the Progressives in 1912 and 1913. Having sense, he used to laugh about the Progressive rallies. They always had halls packed to the cross streets outside.

"The only trouble is this," said the manager: "I am now fairly familiar with rallies in the three principal cities in our state. They are always held in the same halls, and when Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, or Gifford Pinchot or Albert J. Beveridge or Hiram Johnson is exclaiming about what a wonderful audience it is, I know that it is the same old audience. I can even pick out the woman with roses on her hat who prefers to come at 7:30 to sit in a seat in the balcony next the first gilt pillar on the right, and I know the old white-haired man in the first ten rows who always clears his throat when the speaker does."

That is the trouble with rallies. As against the written word and hard work in organization, the fanfare of the spoken word, the town, the rally, the speeches are a deceptive field of activity and often a delusion of political success and victory. These are a necessary evil. They are necessary because they are parts of a good effort to stir party enthusiasm to action, to exhibit the candidate whenever this is not at the expense of his speaking efficiency or his dignity, and because, if done shrewdly, they yield a harvest of newspaper publicity which may bring to millions of eyes words and impressions which have reached only hundreds of ears.

After all, the problem of political management is to reach the man or woman who, even when he or she is a member of the rank and file of voters, is not active in politics, and to reach him or her with a conviction that the party has a platform with meaning and the candidate personal strength and character.

The worst possible way to accomplish this end is to start the candidate on a mad tour which will expose him to involvement in local factions or allow him to be delivered for appearance by those who will take the credit rather than he, or, more important, will exhaust him and drive him to driveling and keep him hanging over the brass rail of back platforms trying to cook up ideas when his preparation and supply of ideas have been outrun by the demand created by a hectic program of speeches. The most profound indictment for lack of sense in our American science of political management, if such a science has any existence, lies in the absurd pressure such as has been brought to bear under my own observation in the cases of Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Cox and Harding.

Self-Appointed Instructors

As for oratory in itself as a political factor, depend upon it that it is overvalued by political managers. While public opinion has been making strides in its preference to read rather than to hear, to see rather than to listen, the art of oratory has languished. When Lloyd George asked me to name the orators of America I had to pause, but in that pause I considered the difference between the orations of Burke and Pitt, and even of Gladstone, and the modern vaudeville performance of an English political speech.

There is a factor concerning speech, however, which few political strategists ever weigh. It is the word-of-mouth campaign. It is not oratory. To use the old phrase, "It is not arguing with you; it is telling you." It is not oratory; it has no place in political tours or political rallies. It is carried on in the noon hour in the factory and around the stove in the country store, on the fish wharf and at the country club. The political oracle is the trustee of this method of making them believe it.

Book publishers know well enough that it is not advertising that sells edition after edition of a successful book. They know that it is not the professional critic who causes the sale of a book. They know it is the amateur talker who sets himself up as a discriminating person in possession of superior judgment and information on the subject about which he expresses himself.

Good political strategists would give heed to the presence of a similar and tremendously important and often decisive factor in political success. This factor is the unknown man who, without pay, sets himself up as a purveyor of the goods which really make them believe it.

Who has ever known a factory without the man who likes to tell 'em? Who has ever known a country town without its genius for obtaining a particular kind of information? Who has ever known a club without its member who smiles superciliously but invitingly and says that those who are on the inside must know that so and such are plain incontrovertible facts?

I believe that these fellows are often the determining factors in any political election. I believe it so thoroughly that in one state campaign I approved the printing of thousands of pounds of literature, knowing full well that I was addressing myself, not directly to the thousands of voters who would not read the stuff, but to the few hundred self-appointed instructors who would seize the information like hungry fish and swallow it and use it to impress those who agreed and confuse those who attempted controversy.

If political management is ever made a science and an art, oratory and the silver tongue may be considered a necessity; but, at the same time, the greater hope and the greater energy may be devoted to the direct stimulation of the word-of-mouth campaign, its inspiration, its guidance and the provisioning of it with proper ammunition.

Oratory will not win elections.

The proper kind and amount of talking will seldom fail.

The Name That Won First Prize

SEYMORITE

Succeeds "Silvore"

THE unanimous selection of the five judges, Seymorite has been chosen winner of the first prize in the contest for a name suitable to replace Silvore. Out of more than 9000 names submitted, this name was deemed most appropriate; and it is with much pleasure that we announce it as the winner of the $300 prize.

When asked if he would explain why Seymorite had been chosen, Mr. George H. Wilcox, President of the International Silver Co., as one of the judges, declared:

"One of the greatest assets any manufacturer can have is an outstanding reputation for the quality of his product. For many years the nickel silver manufactured by The Seymour Mfg. Co. has been recognized in the trade as being unsurpassed for the manufacture of flat and hollow ware. The word 'Seymour' has become synonymous with 'the best.' In choosing a trade-name for this product, therefore, it was the feeling of the judges that the word 'Seymour' should be used, if possible, to identify the product; and that the name itself should plainly mean Seymour metal. Seymorite, in the opinion of the judges, is an ideal word because it clearly fulfills those conditions."

Concerning Seymorite

So pronounced an eulogy, by so eminent a figure in the manufacturing world, is indeed gratifying. Considering that our object in adopting the word (and advertising the merits of) Silvore, and now in adopting Seymorite, was to make known to the buying public the distinctive value of this metal, such a statement is unquestionably significant.

The difference between such a metal as Seymorite (guaranteed to contain not less than 10% of nickel—a minimum which the trade insists upon as essential to the production of dependable silver plate ware) and the metal used in the manufacture of cheap imitations of the wares of reputable manufacturers is amazing in its opportunities to deceive.

Seymorite, we do believe, is a good, honest, happily descriptive name for a thoroughly trustworthy metal.

The Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE. Value $300—W. O. Ruggles, Assessor of Mohave County, Kingman, Arizona.

SECOND PRIZE. Total of two. Value each $200—Thomas Norton, Route No. 1, Cheshire Co., West Cornwall, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE. Total of three. Value each $100—M. L. Mook, 1806 No. Robinson St., Oklahoma City, Okla.; Victor L. Uhl, Cosey Beach Ave., East Haven, Conn.; O. E. Hermes, 158 W. Matson Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE. Total of five. Value each $50—Ralph W. Morse, O.D.S., 317 Capitol Nat. Bank Bldg., Lansing, Mich.; H. T. Mansfield, 169 Albany Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Agnes Silverman, 149 Guernsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. Woodruff, 1343 [illegible], Los Angeles, Calif.; Pauline Alexander, 47 Taber Ave., Brockton, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE. Total of five. Value each $30—Roy O. Rice, Hudson, S. D.; R. T. Hubbs, 348 W. Cherokee St., Brookhaven, Miss.; Peter F. Kelly, 400 E. Chestnut St., Hazleton, Pa.; E. F. Meyer, 365 Vine St., Woodstock, Ill.; G. T. Kinney, 1747 Avalon Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

SIXTH PRIZE. Total of ten. Value each $10—H. W. Mitchell, 602 N. Washington St., Rome, N. Y.; Frank Kretschman, 463 Gilpin St., Denver, Colo.; [illegible] R. F. D. No. 7, Basom, N. Y.; [illegible] 11 Kilmarnock St., Rochester, N. Y.; Earl W. Farnum, 2 Dean St., New York, N. Y.; [illegible] 40 St. N. W., Washington, D. C.; Ramon N. C[illegible] 610 South Shabbena St., Stockton, Calif.; [illegible] Angeles, Cal.; [illegible] Elizabeth Ave., Newark, N. J.; H. M. Rogers, care of S. A. L. Ry., Co., Orlando, Fla.

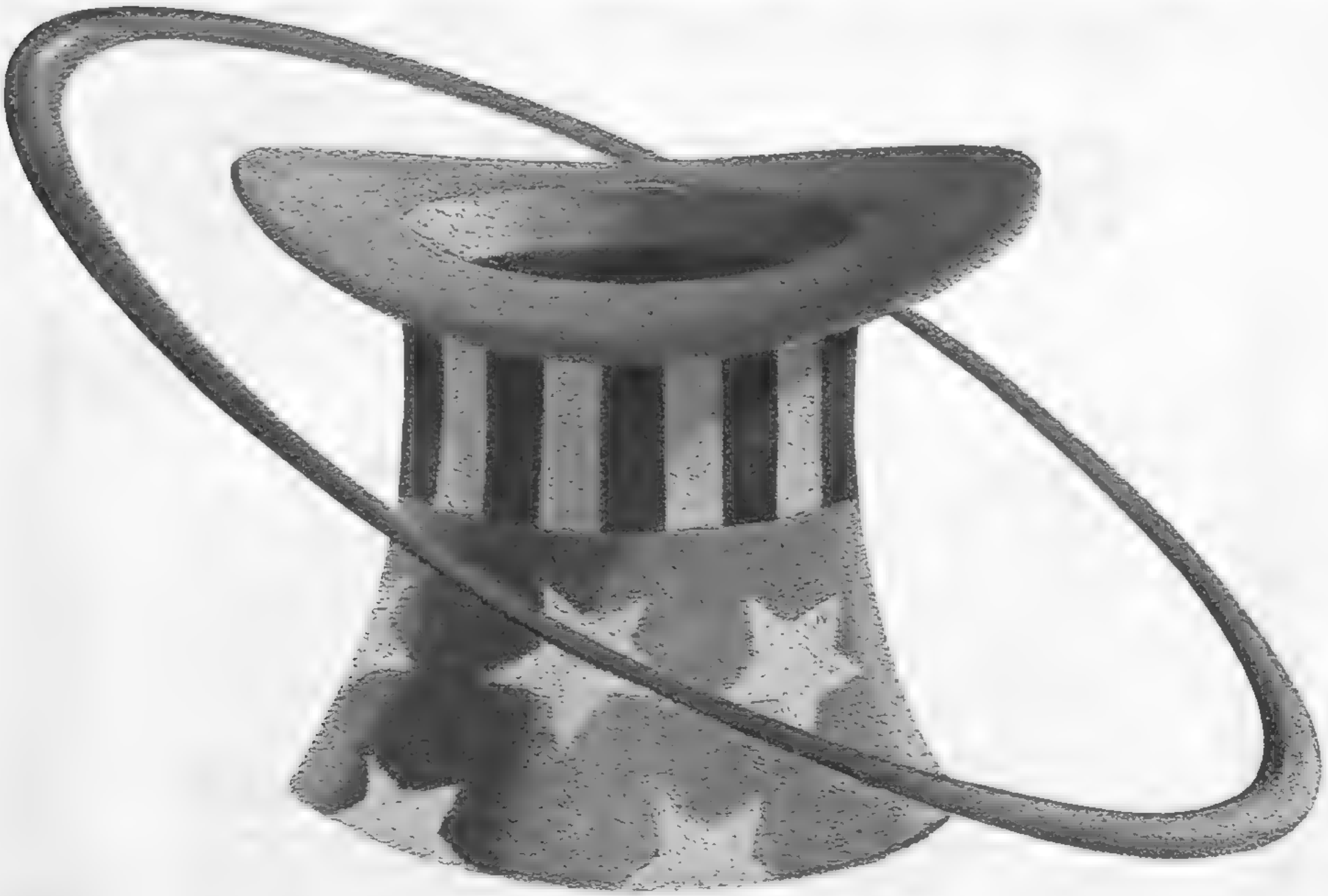
SEVENTH PRIZE. Total of ten. Value each $10—Merriam H. [illegible] Luther College, Decorah, Iowa; R. J. Brown, P. O. Box 83, Station A, [illegible] Co., Ala.; A. R. Houghton, [illegible] Ave. Station, Lakehurst, N. J.; Z. [illegible], 2402 Maple St., Omaha, Neb.; William Mitchell, 506 Sherman Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; [illegible] ick J. Morgan, 315 So. Titus Ave., Oneida, N. Y.; [illegible] R. Porter, 514 Dorman St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Paul Ro[illegible] 16[illegible] Washington St., Kansas City, Mo.; A. J. Ryan, Box 901, Savannah, Ga.; Matilda C. Streichler, 3120 Mapes Ave., Bronx, New York, N. Y.

EIGHTH PRIZE. Total of twenty. Value each $5—Lois A. Robbins, 588 Highland Ave., Malden, Mass.; Charles W. Phipps, 10 Morton St., Lawrence, Mass.; William Brown, 183 David St., New Bedford, Mass.; Mildred E. Gillies, 1817 David Pl., San Diego, Calif.; G. [illegible] South Parkway, Utica, N. Y.; [illegible] Hall, West Cornwall, Conn.; [illegible] Hughes, 26 Bonner Ave., Jamaica, Mass.; William W. [illegible] Fourth St., York, S. C.; M. B. [illegible] 3103 Eads Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; D. [illegible] Green, Ind.; [illegible] Ill.; J. A. Davis, Templeton, Calif.; Vincent P. [illegible] 542 Walker St., Newtonville, Mass.; Leroy F. Kittredge, 155 Park St., West Roxbury, Mass.; Will C. McGraw, 2360 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.; James W. Wylie, 603 So. 48th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Philip F. Murray, 712 Marine Tr[illegible], [illegible], N. Y.; C. W. [illegible] 516 So. Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.; W. R. Woolwine, [illegible], Mason, Ga.; [illegible] Valley R[illegible] Kennebunk, Maine; [illegible] Rock St., Attleborough, Mass.; [illegible] Ph, W. Palm Beach, Fla.; [illegible] Lynn, Mass.

NINTH PRIZE. Total of forty. V[illegible] $1.50—[illegible] J. Smith Lumber Co., Tampa, Fla.; Louis L. Ber[illegible] St., Lincoln Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.; [illegible], 605 W. 53rd St., Los Angeles, Calif.; G. R. Stern, R. 2, Hagaman, N. Y.; Alben G[illegible] Ave., Upper Darby, Pa.; Charles F. Grady, 139 S. Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph M. Hirsch, 1906 W. Norris St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Jeanette H. Holmes, 44 Elmore St., Newton Centre, Mass.; Edgar M. Jenkins, 3066 East 107th St., Cleveland, Ohio; Anna Kingham, Box 12, Gilmanton, N. H.; Alan Mason, 140 Georgia St., Buffalo, N. Y.; H. D. Newberry, 555 Mill St., New Lexington, Ohio; R. R. Reed, 815 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.; M. E. Strong, Duchess, Alberta, Can.; Ruth E. Taylor, 635 Main St., Grand Ledge, Mich.; Jos. B. Thurston, 616 West 116th St., New York, N. Y.; A. [illegible] 1[illegible] W. Mill St., Austin, Minn.; R. D. Paterson, [illegible] Pensacola, Fla.; [illegible] Mount Eaton, Ohio; James Dorrance, Box [illegible], Carpinteria, Calif.; [illegible] 821 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Philip J. [illegible], 50 W. [illegible] Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.; Alfred Halling, 88 Center St., Milwaukee, Wis.; G. W. Richards, 2562 N. Dover St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Louis Schaefer, 65 N. Elm St., Wallingford, Conn.; [illegible], Conn.; William W. White, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Thomas H. Kearns, 163 South St., Raynham, Mass.; J. Wesley Thurston, 215 Main St., Three Rivers, Mich.; F. O. [illegible] St., Columbus, Wis.; C. T. H. Kappel, 1076 Pender St., W. Vancouver, B. C., Can.; A. C. Charles, Darien, Conn.; Elizabeth [illegible] 60 St. [illegible] New Haven, Conn.; R. L. Hustis, 757 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Harry E. Hutchinson, 83 Jefferson Rd., Princeton, N. J.; [illegible] Jr., 346 E. Fourth St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.; [illegible] St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Frederick W. Reuke, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Percy H. Sparkes, 217 St. Paul St., St. Catharines, Ont., Can.; Elizabeth D. Preston, 725 North Tejon St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

TENTH PRIZE. Total of 100. Value each $1—The prize winners in this class have all been notified and have received their prizes.

THE SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Seymour, Connecticut



An Extremely Gratifying Year

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PASCAL'S MILL

(Continued from Page 5)

both his boys funny. Judah and Zonas. Jude helled around some when he was a kid; but he turned religious, after, and went away to be a preacher. I've heard my old man tell. But he come back after a while, and stayed at the mill from then on, 'bout the time his father died."

"Zonas a preacher too?"

Jim laughed. "Not hardly. He come into Twin Falls once or twice before I left. Found him some bootleg liquor somewhere, and laid around for a spell soaking it in. No, I guess he's just a bum."

Rob's quick imagination awoke. Such brothers must be uncongenial. "Shouldn't think Jude would have him around," he suggested.

"I suppose he kind of hates to kick him out maybe. I should think Zone would get him mad, at that. And Jude was always one to get mad easy too. But maybe Zone won't go." Jim pointed ahead, up the valley. "There's Twin Falls."

Rob saw a white church spire above the elms which grew along the river bank. Then the road rounded a curve and the tall trees seemed to part before them, and he perceived many well-kept white houses. Abruptly they were in the main street of the town. Three or four dusty cars were parked along the way; two or three teams. There was a hitching rail before the store where Jim stopped. Next door, a little back from the road, Rob perceived what must be a hotel. "Catlin House," said the sign along its front. The illuminated globe atop a gasoline pump stood before what had obviously once been a smithy; was now a garage. Jim had gone into the store, and Rob saw that it combined the functions of store and post office. Jim was getting his mail.

Rob climbed out of the car. When Jim emerged from the store Rob said, "I'll leave my stuff at the hotel here. What road do I take to get in to Pascal's?"

"Leave your suitcase," Jim suggested. "Then hop in the car. I can set you on it."

"I hate to keep you waiting."

"It won't take you a minute; and it's right on my way."

Rob went into the hotel and a competent woman with pale cheeks came to meet him. He said he was going into the country for the day on business, would return that night, would desire a room for the night if, as had begun to seem probable, he was too late for the afternoon train. "I'd like to leave my bag here," he explained.

Within the minute he had rejoined Jim Vaughn. Jim was talking with another man as Rob approached them; and when he and Jim were on their way Vaughn said, "Man just told me Zone's gone."

"From Pascal's?"

"Yeah. Jude was in town day or two ago to get some stuff. Said Zone had left."

Rob asked idly, "Wouldn't he come out this way?"

"Yeah, prob'ly. He prob'ly come out with Jude." They had left the main road, followed now a narrower thoroughfare of dirt. "I live down this way," Jim explained, and halted the car where a cart track turned aside. "This is your road. You can't miss it. There's a farm about half a mile on, and then nothing till you come to Pascal's."

"No forks?"

"Well, some old wood roads; but you'll see the tracks of Pascal's cart." They shook hands. Rob thanked the man. Jim said amiably, "That's all right." He refused an offer of payment.

Rob watched him out of sight, then turned into the track he had indicated. Wheels had cut two parallel furrows in the sod of the valley; feet of horses had worn another path, between these furrows. Fifty yards from the main road he had to pick his way on stepping stones across a shallow brook. Meadows opened out to right and left of him. The way sloped gently upward. Ahead, rising to a discouraging height, he perceived the wooded ridge that he must cross. He quickened his pace. It was not yet ten o'clock in the morning.

He was, for no particular reason, glad to know that Zone Pascal had gone on his evil way. The thought of such a man dwelling in the same house with the girl he had seen in the window was unaccountably distasteful to him. His mind dwelt on the matter. An ill-assorted pair, these brothers—the religious zealot and the drunken renegade.

's protector and guardian—and a sodden, hopeless, debauched tramp. Zone's stay at the mill must have been an unpleasant interlude in Dora's lonely life there; better no company than that of such a man. And Jude must have been sorely tried by such a visitation. Rob dressed Zone in ugly imaginings; he began to wonder at Jude's patience in letting him stay so long; began to wonder why Zone had gone at last. The man must have taken his slothful ease in such surroundings; he would have been slow to depart of his own accord. Perhaps Jude had, in fact, driven him away.

A scant half mile from where Jim Vaughn had left him Rob saw a farmhouse on the right-hand side of the narrow way he followed. His road turned into the farmyard and seemed to end there; a woman in a neat apron came to the kitchen door.

He took off his cap and asked, "This way to Pascal's?"

"Right out around the barn and up the hill," she replied. "You'll see the cart tracks."

"A fine day," he commented.

"It's fixing to rain," she told him. "The wind the way it is."

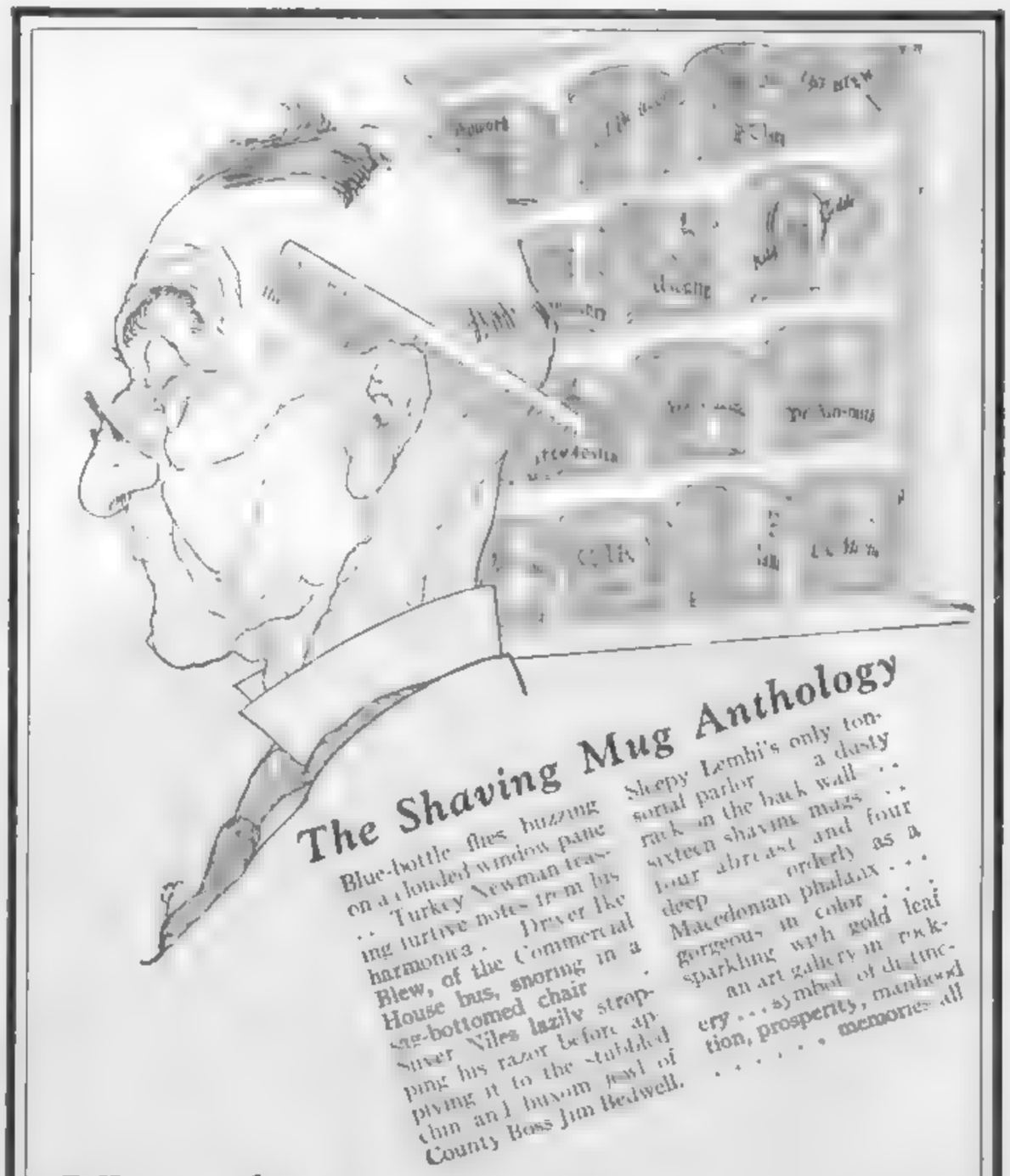
He perceived the unsatisfied curiosity in her eyes as he turned the corner of the barn; had a momentary impulse to stop and talk with her and tell her all about himself and what his errand was. How it would gratify her lonely, starved heart, so hungry for a share in the lives of those in the outer world! He smiled at his own impulse—and pushed on.

The road had vanished. In its place remained simply bruised grass stems, the scrape of a shod foot in soft earth here and there, the furrow left by iron wheels. He followed these marks up a somewhat stiffer ascent for a hundred yards, passed through pasture bars and plunged into the wood. The way led uncompromisingly upward, zigzagging only at the steepest places. Here and there rushing water after a heavy rain had rutted it; there were rocks under foot. He began to climb with some zeal, walking with quick steps; but within a hundred yards his breath failed, his heart began to pound. It was more arduous than climbing up stairs. Every step became an effort; to lift each foot to its new hold and to raise his body afterward became a matter of stern attention and self-command. He took off his cap and carried it in his hand

The growth about him was chiefly birch and hardwood; only here and there he saw young spruce and pine. The hills must have been lumbered, he thought, about twenty years before. Probably Pascal's mill had been busy during that lumbering. Or perhaps it was a grist mill. He decided this was improbable; there would be no grist to grind, in these hills. No, a sawmill, undoubtedly, and disused now since the lumber was gone. How did Jude Pascal support himself, then? In that passing glimpse from the train Rob had seen no sign of a clearing or anything that might suggest farming operations.

He stopped to rest on a moss-covered rock; lay flat on his back, breathing deeply till his heart ceased to pound; then once more pushed on. Halfway up the slope a wood road turned aside from the way he was following; the cart tracks decided his choice between the two ways. Once there were tracks in each of two forks of the road; but when he followed one for a little way at random, the other joined it again. Toward the crest of the ridge he came into a growth of young hemlock and pine in which no breath of air was stirring; and though the September morning was cool, sweat burst from him. At the top of the ridge, with a momentary glimpse of the hills across the valley ahead of him, he estimated that he had come at least three miles. For safety's sake, he called it two miles. As a matter of fact, it was only a little more than one.

While he rested here, his eyes wandering, he saw where someone had cut down an oak sapling a little way from the road. He went nearer to look at it, idly interested. The sapling had been cut with a knife; a sharp knife, by the markings. Near by lay the top of the little tree, and branches that had been trimmed away. Rob judged that the man with the sharp knife had fashioned for himself a staff perhaps four feet long. Strips of bark and thin shavings on the



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ground beside the cart track suggested that he had shaped one end of this staff to some appointed purpose. Rob's thoughts played with the small mystery as he resumed his tramp.

He went downhill, it seemed to him, interminably. "And I've got to come back up this," he reminded himself with a grim smile. "Well, I hope old Jude does carry me out in that cart of his. But we'd probably have to walk uphill to save the horse anyway." The sun had been in his face at the top of the ridge, but as he dropped into the valley he was in shadow of the great trees. Once he heard a twig crack in the branches over his head, and looked up in time to see a great blunt-headed owl glide away on soundless wing. "Flying this late in the morning!" he thought, surprised. "Probably it's never really midday down in here."

The forest about him was full of little sounds. The insistent scolding of red squirrels; the bark and whine of grays. The scurry of leaves under little feet, and now and then a swaying among the branches over his head. More than once a partridge flurried up from before him, usually perching on some low branch to watch his passage. At the foot of the steepest part of the way he saw, abruptly, water ahead, and a black duck rose, towering to clear the trees. Rob threw up his hands as though he held a gun, twitched his trigger finger. "Dead bird," he said under his breath.

The water ahead, he found, was the brook he had seen from the railroad. A train roared by, completely concealed by intervening trees; but he judged it could be no more than a hundred yards away. He saw that the brook here was stagnant; guessed this must be the upper end of the dead water that extended down to the mill. "Can't be more than a mile now," he told himself reassuringly. "I've certainly come nearly four." He had actually come a little more than two.

The cart track he followed was now scarce worthy of even that name. The wheel ruts were full of bowlders, some of them half as big as a barrel. The way dipped and climbed over ledges and low abutments of the main ridge. One moment he dropped down a steep descent, the next he climbed as steeply. Where there were no rocks underfoot there was mud, or even water. His feet were wet; he was mud halfway to the knees. The air had a heaviness about it that he found oppressive; it seemed to fog his lungs. There was a damp, moldy smell in his nostrils; and the vegetation beside his path was thick and tropical in its luxuriousness. By and by he looked at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes past eleven. He had been walking an hour and forty minutes.

The discovery startled him. "Four or five miles," he thought. "I ought to be there by now. Can't have missed the way. Of course that climb slowed me down." He tried to increase his speed, but he was tiring. His foot turned on a round rock that rolled beneath him, and a pang like flame shot through his ankle, so that he sat down abruptly and wondered if anything were broken. After an examination he decided it was merely a severe strain; but the anguish involved in walking made his further progress at first very slow.

He had noticed before this, in the mud and soft earth here and there along the way, footprints of a man. Sometimes these prints headed in one direction, sometimes in the other. "Jude walks both ways," he told himself. "No cart for him. Well, I'd as soon walk as ride in a cart on this road." He began to watch for the prints with some interest.

By and by a steep little climb brought him out upon a smooth ledge, broken by no markings at all. To his right this ledge ran down to the dead water of the brook; and he went down to the water side, thinking to take a drink. But the water was unattractive; it was dark and filled with rotting vegetation. A thin grass, bending languorously, grew within a few inches of the surface. This grass seemed to offer solid bottom, but when he thrust at it with a stick it yielded and the stick went down so far he was near losing his balance and tumbling in. He drew back with a shiver of distaste. An owl hooted somewhere in the woods behind him, with a curious choking sound; and he found himself looking to right and left almost furtively. Then a freight train, rolling down grade, thundered past him fifty yards away, and he laughed and was himself again.

As he turned to climb back to the road he saw in the brush at one side of the ledge an oaken stave, two or three feet long, which had been shaped to the uses of man. Any human handiwork in the wilderness is immediately conspicuous. He picked it up. One end had evidently been fitted to an iron socket of some kind; he could see rust marks, could see where the edge of the iron had cut the wood. The other end had been stripped of bark, and rounded; and by long usage in sweaty hands it had been polished to an even brown. The thing balanced well in his hand. He kept it, using it now and then as a cane in the steeper ways. It did not at once occur to him that the same man who had cut a new stave at the top of the ridge might have lost this one here.

He was beginning to be quite sure that he had missed his road, and his ankle was increasingly painful before at last he saw, through the trees ahead, the bulk of Pascal's Mill. A great house the hue of dusk, filled with the trickle of running water, and hidden deep in the gorge.

IV

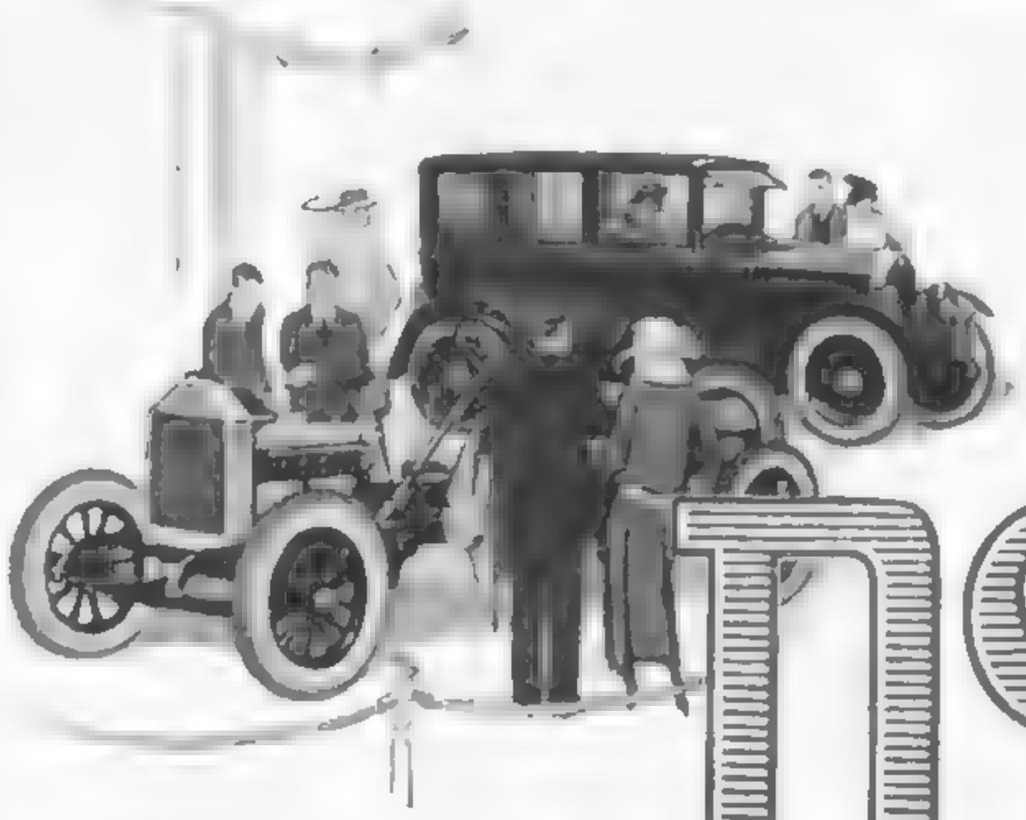
WHERE the cart track debouched from the shelter of the trees Rob stopped to examine the scene before him. As soon as he stood still mosquitoes swarmed about him, although it was September, and cool. He brushed at the pests abstractedly. They must breed here, he thought, by the millions in the summertime; the still waters of the pool that had once been a mill pond, that was now little more than a slough, must serve as a nursery for them. Screens? He glanced toward the house with the thought, and saw that there were no screens upon the windows or doors. No need of them this day, since doors and windows were all tightly closed.

The place depressed him unspeakably, from the moment his eyes rested upon it. There was a taint of mold and dampness in the very air; a breath, as it were, of the tomb. It seemed to him he could smell rotting wood in the air. The sun was well overhead, poured down full into the barnyard beside the house; yet even its direct rays seemed not to penetrate with their usual scouring warmth and cleanliness. He remembered what Jim Vaughn had said, that owls flew in this steep valley all day long; himself had seen an owl on the wing that morning. This seemed in some wise to epitomize the impression of the place upon his sensibility. Yet here lived that girl whom he had seen from the train. No wonder, he thought, that in the very leaning of her body there was expressed revolt at what her life was, longing for what it might become. His errand returned to his mind. "She'll be glad to get out of here," he thought.

He took a step forward, and saw the black waters of the pond. Domesticated ducks paddled along the oozy margins of the shore. He watched them tip heads down to feed and come to the surface again, bills streaming with rotting vegetation. A black turtle tilted forward and slid off a decomposing log on the brink of the water. The reptile entered the water with scarce a ripple. A small green frog scurried in desperate tripping leaps through the water grass along the shore. A low coop of old boards had been built here, as shelter for the ducks, he thought. A rude skiff, once white, now gray as the house itself, was pulled half out of water in the muck, not fully solidified, which represented the shore line. He saw that the skiff had one rowlock; that the other was replaced by two hardwood pins. There was water in the bottom of the boat, and it had a black hue, lying still as ink. He backed away from it.

The barnyard was represented by a space in which no trees grew. Bowlders, large and small, emerged from the muck in it. This muck faintly steamed in the sun. The cart track led across to the wide doors of the barn; he saw the cart itself, geared for one horse, drawn aside with its thills lifted and propped against the side of the barn. The great house itself lay on his right, two doors facing him. He was in doubt which one to approach. There was no sign of movement anywhere about; no one appeared to welcome or to question him. Pigs moved restlessly, squealing in low monotone, in a lean-to against the end of the barn. He heard the stamp of a horse inside; knew by the odor that came to his nostrils that there was a tie-up for cows somewhere within that gloomy interior. Against the wall of the barn that faced him,

(Continued on Page 137)



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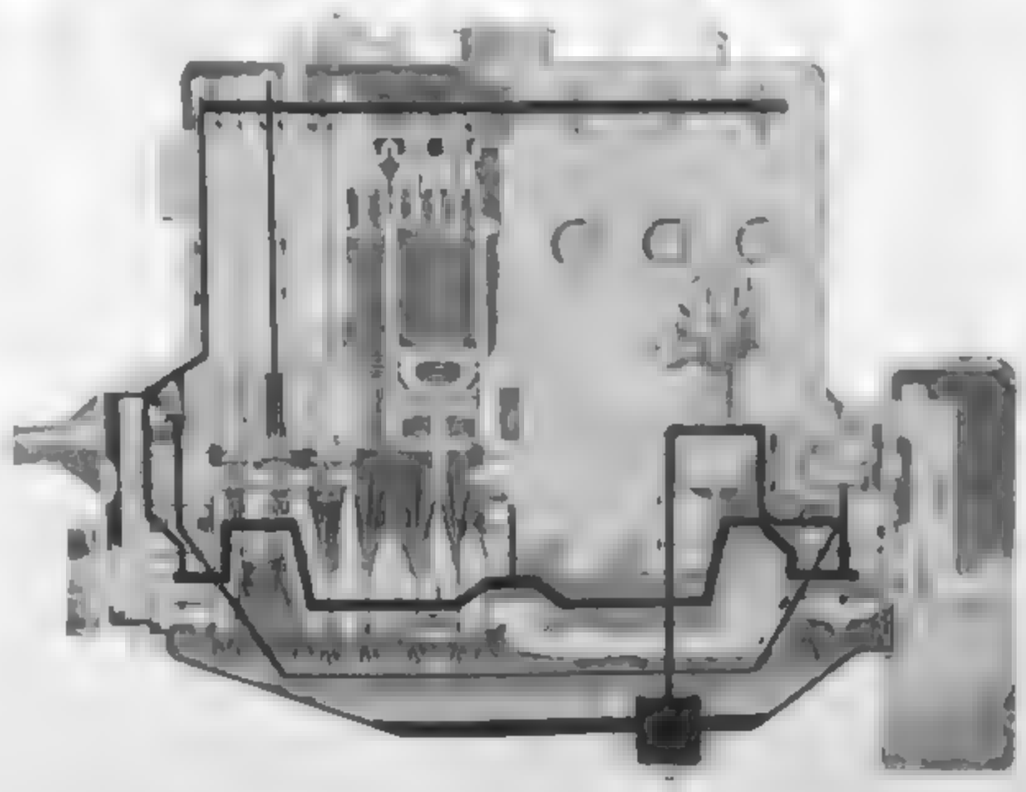

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(Continued from Page 134)

between the wide doors and the end, there was a boxlike cage, its front covered with chicken wire. His eyes passed it over idly at first glance; then a movement within drew his attention, and he went curiously forward and saw within the cage seven great owls. They perched high up under the sloping cover of the box and their wide unwinking yellow eyes stared down at him from that gloom. One clacked its bill at him; the tufts of feathers above their heads seemed to bristle. Their bold stare faintly disconcerted him; the reek of carrion about the cage drove him back. He turned almost with relief toward the house, which had till now repelled him. As he did so he perceived that there were sounds of movement within; sounds he had not heard before. He stepped to the door nearest the barn - he thought it must be the kitchen door—and knocked.

Dora Pascal opened it to him. She was, he perceived, beautiful. This did not surprise him; yet he had not thought of her as beautiful or otherwise. His glimpse from the train had given him no certain picture of her features; he had perceived only the yearning expressed in every line of her body as she watched the train go by. Her beauty now was not a thing that he took time to analyze; she satisfied and gratified the eyes, that was all. There was nothing discordant in the picture she made as she faced him there in the doorway. He liked her immensely, even at this first glimpse of her; he had a curious impulse to say "Why, you look like an awfully nice girl." He smiled a little at himself for this, and then saw in her eyes that his smile had frightened or perhaps angered her. She seemed to arm herself against him.

She had had an apron in her hands when she came to the door, and, having opened the door, proceeded to put it on. As she tied it behind her waist it was as though she girded herself for conflict with him. She thought he was laughing at her because her hair was braided in a pigtail down her back. She had slept poorly the night before, filled with nameless fears; her head ached bitterly; and this stranger came and laughed at her because she sought to ease this aching head of hers by leaving her hair in a braid. No wonder she armed herself against him. Yet he looked friendly; it was, she thought at once, not like him to laugh at people.

"Good morning," Rob said. Only a second or two had passed since she opened the door, yet many things had happened in those seconds.

"How do you do," she rejoined precisely.

"My name is Robert Druce," he explained. "I'm a lawyer, from Boston. You're Miss Dora Pascal?"

She nodded, not committing herself. Her apron was now adjusted, and she held the door with her right hand, as though she might shut it in his face.

"I've come to see you," he told her. "I've business —— I want to have a short talk with you." Her eyes looked past him into the barnyard. She seemed to hesitate, and Rob asked, "Is Mr. Pascal at home?"

"Somewhere, yes," she replied. "I haven't seen him since breakfast." Her eyes met Rob's for an instant with a curious hesitation, as though there were a word on the tip of her tongue which she refrained from uttering. "You didn't see him anywhere?"

"He may be in the barn," Rob suggested. "I'll go and see."

He crossed the barnyard, while she watched him from the open door. Within the gloomy interior he looked about, listened, called once or twice the man's name, but received no reply, then returned to where she waited, shaking his head.

"I just came downstairs to get dinner," she said abstractedly. "I don't know where he can be. Maybe up on the hill."

Rob's ankle, since he stopped walking, was stiffening. He called her attention to it.

"I twisted it a little, walking in," he explained. "A stone rolled under me. Do you mind if I wrap it in a cold cloth or something, and sit down to rest it up? I've got to go back out this afternoon."

Dora looked at him as though she were faintly suspicious of the truth of what he said; he smiled appealingly and added, "Honestly I did!"

A faint smile flickered in her eyes at that; she yielded somewhat. "Come in," she invited, and stepped aside. He followed her into the kitchen. She pointed to an old haircloth sofa against one wall. "Sit down there and lift it up," she told him. "I'll find some cloths."

He obeyed her, stripping off his shoe and stocking. The ankle was faintly discolored and swollen; it felt hard and puffy under his touch. He knew nothing of the proper treatment, but it felt hot to his fingers, and when she returned with strips of old linen and a basin of water he bound it with wet cloths. She made no offer to assist him; busied herself with firing the stove and getting together pots and pans and victuals in preparation for cooking.

Rob, glad to relax, watched her curiously. She rarely looked at him, seemed indifferent or unconscious of his presence. He perceived that this was careful reticence on her part, that she controlled herself rigidly; and after a little he began to sense an undercurrent of uneasiness in her movements, difficult to account for by any explanation he could imagine. He thought to startle her into conversation.

"You must live very happily and peacefully here, just you and your uncle," he suggested.

But there was such stark tragedy in her eyes when they turned to meet his that he was sorry for what he had done. For a moment she did not answer; then nodded. "Oh, yes," she assented, but he knew she lied, and was silent.

There were books upon shelves beside the sofa; books upon a table near one window. This was evidently the living room as well as the kitchen. He was able to decipher a title or two. Vanity Fair, Barnaby Rudge, the works of Shakspere in a single worn volume.

"You read a great deal?" he asked.

"Yes," Dora told him. "I like reading." She was peeling potatoes.

"Read books—or magazines?"

"Books," she explained, and with a gesture of the hand which held the knife she included those he saw. "These books."

"Read any modern stuff?"

She shook her head, not looking at him. "I read only what Uncle Jude has here."

"In the wintertime you must read a lot. Not much else to do, is there?"

"I like to watch the trains go by," she confessed.

He saw that she was blushing faintly, as though she had confessed a secret and forbidden romance. He was ashamed, as a man must be who surprises some woodland nymph at her orisons. He spoke of the books he liked to read, which he saw there. Her tongue loosened. She did not like Dickens, she said. He was surprised, and asked why.

"There aren't any such people as he writes about," she replied.

As they talked together she began to unfold, to blossom before his eyes; her first armor of reserve was lowered a little. She met him in friendliness, as most people found themselves meeting Rob Druce when he chose to be friendly. Little by little he got some impression of what her life was like, here in the old house. A lonely existence, seeing no one save her uncle. "But Uncle Zone was here for a while," she added, almost boastfully. Her pleasure was to walk into the woods, climb the ridge above the house, take trout from the brook or shoot a partridge with her uncle's rifle.

"I thought the brook was fished out," he suggested.

"The trout are coming back," she replied. "I take some fine ones in a great pool below, a little ways."

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I wish you'd show me. If I had more time. But I've got to get away in an hour or so."

She smiled a little. "With your ankle hurt so, Uncle Jude will make you stay the night," she assured him.

"Can't very well do that," he objected. "I left my bag in Twin Falls."

She did not press the subject, merely said "He'll want you to."

He watched her closely. "You must be fond of him," he suggested; and saw her eyes abruptly fill with tears. She nodded without answering; turning to try the potatoes, now boiling on the stove. "Sometimes I worry about him," she confessed. Before he could question her, however, she retracted that. "I don't really worry. I should not have said that to you." She crossed to the window and looked out. "He should be here soon," she said. "It is late for dinner now."

For a while he did not speak at all, wondering whether to broach his errand now.

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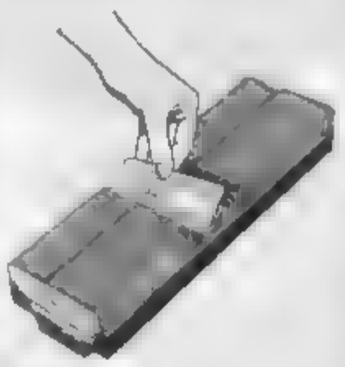
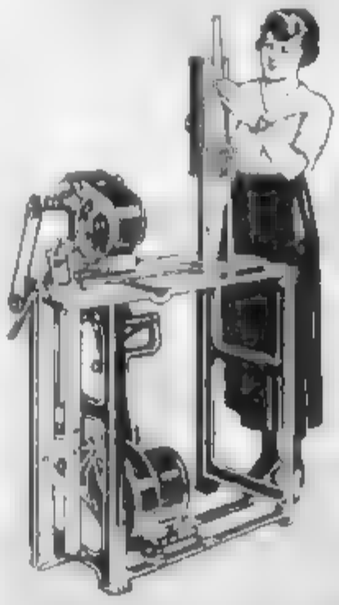
ELLIOTT one-piece, all-fibre Address Cards print a perfect facsimile of whatever you put on them—just as *rubber stamps* would do. But—*unlike* rubber stamps—they are not bulky, contain no rubber or metal, and can be quickly made in your own office. **Any ordinary typewriter is all you need to stencil a list of names and addresses into these remarkable cards.**

Here is a tray holding 250 Elliott Address Cards alphabetically classified and tab-indexed [illegible] use of extra "tab" device. All filing data are written direct on their fibre frames. They come in 8 different colors. Thus they provide a perfect visible Index of your mailing lists besides reproducing their [illegible] typewritten addresses, whenever you wish it, indefinitely.



Slide a tray of these Elliott Index-Address Cards into the hopper of an *Elliott Addressing Machine* (as shown below) and watch them *automatically* address your invoices, statements, bills of lading, shipping tags, labels, pay envelopes, advertising circulars, etc.—at a speed of 60 per minute!



An Elliott Addressing Machine doesn't cost much. In fact the price of one is wasted every month you continue using old-fashioned methods of name writing and listing. No matter what system you are now using, we can prove that it would pay you to install an "ELLIOTT"

A model to meet the individual requirements of every business, large or small—

Hand-Crank Addressers, $[illegible]

Foot-Lever Addressers, $175

Electric-Drive Addressers, $[illegible]

"The simple, flexible, versatile, trouble-proof system that has no limitations."

[*And do you know there is a NEW [illegible]," product? Our wonderful little [illegible] AUTOMATIC automatically seals 780 envelopes in ONE HOUR, and costs only $45*]

Send for Our Free Book "Mechanical Addressing"

THE ELLIOTT CO.

146 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

WHERE

You can SEE and BUY the ELLIOTT System and "Index Cards that Print their own Addresses"

(* means an Elliott Company Branch Office)

UNITED STATES

[illegible] Co. 29 Walton St.

[illegible] 615 South Wabash Ave.

[illegible] 756 Randolph St.

[illegible] 330 Building Ba

[illegible] 500 Lofts

[illegible] 317 Sou. Clinton St.

CANADA

Calgary, Alta. United Typewriter Co

Edmonton, Alta. United Typewriter

[illegible] Modern Office [illegible] Co.

FOREIGN

[illegible] England The Hayward Com

[illegible] Australia Stott & Underwood

Agencies also in 16 other foreign countries including Japan and China

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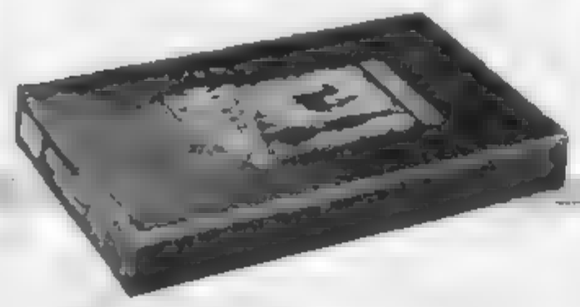
HOSIERY

ARROWHEAD Hosiery for children happily combines the three desirable essentials—*comfort*, *warmth* and *wear*. "Miss Manhattan", an Arrowhead style, is popular with Children and Mothers of Children. Made of best lustrous mercerized yarns, with heavily reinforced heels and toes. It's a dainty stocking—yet it is warm—and quite durable.

Ask your dealer for Arrowhead Hosiery for all the family.

"Miss Manhattan"—for Misses

Richmond Hosiery Mills, *Established 1896*
Chattanooga, Tennessee



BULLETIN

More Monarch Coffee was sold in December than in any other similar period in 30 years merchandising

R. M. & Co.

OUR HIGHEST QUALITY
TRADE MARK

MONARCH
NONE BETTER OBTAINABLE AT ANY PRICE
COFFEE

December's unprecedented sale of Monarch Coffee proves conclusively that the Regular Retail Grocer is secure in his position as the logical and most economical distributor of food products. For Monarch Coffee is sold by Regular Retail Grocers—*and no one else.*

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Chicago :: New York

At last he asked, "You remember when you came here?"

She nodded. "Oh, yes! I even remember my father and mother, saying good-by to me." Her voice was very brave and proud. "My father was ——" She checked herself, flushing faintly.

"Go on," Rob urged softly. "Tell me."

She shook her head. "You didn't come to hear about me."

Her reticence, he perceived, was a very real and genuine feeling; he did not seek to force her to speak, said only: "My father used to know your father and mother."

She had turned to him so swiftly he was startled; her eyes were so wide and hungry. "He did? He knew them?"

Rob nodded. "He told me about them yesterday. How fine your father was, and your mother too; and how they loved each other."

"Uncle Jude has told me so," she said raptly, eyes moist and fixed in thought. "Of course I remember being so sorry when they went away; weeping so bitterly. And of course I thought them fine and beautiful; because I loved them, as Uncle Jude did. But it is nice to know that others thought so too."

"Yes," Rob assured her.

"Uncle Jude says my father was a wonderful minister of God."

"Yes. With the fire in him!"

She turned away and was silent, busying herself about the stove. Presently she went to the window again and looked out into the farmyard. He perceived by the alertness in her posture that she had seen her uncle.

He rose and asked "Is he coming?"

Her hand, extended, stayed him; he came and stood by her side. "What is it?" he asked.

"He's going to feed his owls," she replied, almost whispering.

"I'll go out!"

Her fingers gripped his arm. She shook her head without speaking. It was not as though she wished to mystify him; his impression was rather that she was herself terribly disturbed, puzzled, baffled, half afraid; that she was glad to have him at her side. He watched her, did not at first look out of the window at all.

When he did so, it was to perceive the figure of Judah Pascal, kneeling before the box in which the owls were housed. The man had a chunk of meat upon a board on the ground; he cut off bits of this meat with a knife. Presently he rose, lifting the square of board, and impaled a bit of meat on the knife point and thrust it through the meshes of the chicken wire. There was a darting movement inside, a sudden flutter of great wings. Pascal's right side was turned toward them; they could not see clearly what he did. But after a moment they perceived that the owls did not take the meat so readily as at first. Rob felt the girl faintly trembling; he looked down at her and she was very pale. Something she feared.

Rob was profoundly puzzled. The scene in itself, though not a pretty one, had nothing in it that seemed to him alarming; yet the girl was alarmed. She seemed to wait for something she dreaded. He looked toward Pascal again.

The man was standing quite still before the cage of owls; yet in the very rigidity of his posture Rob abruptly perceived a seething and passionate anger.

The owls within the cage seemed also to sense this; they were uneasy, moving restlessly upon their perch, clacking their bills. The air seemed to tingle. Rob thought afterward that the owls seemed to know what was to come.

Judah Pascal reached toward where the netting was fastened, at one end of the cage, and pulled it loose. He thrust a hand into the box, drew forth, after a moment's fumbling, a great owl, which he held by the neck. Its wide wings buffeted him, smothered him; it whirled briefly in the air, the body flew off at a tangent. Pascal flung something from his hand and reached into the box again. The girl at Rob's side shrank away, drew back, was gone. Rob was not conscious of her going. Pascal, in cold ferocity, was killing the owls; wringing their necks as though they were so many hens. Wings surrounded him like a cloud. Outcries. The scene, in the high light of midday, had an unreality about it that was appalling. Rob felt himself cold and shaken and sick. It was incredible, outside all human likelihood, far outside all human experience. Something profoundly inexplicable, profoundly out of tone with the infinite harmony of the world. He had had heretofore a certain sympathy for Judah Pascal; he regarded him now with abhorrence and with fear. He saw the man fling another bloody head aside. A last owl fought to be free, struggled and beat and tore. Pascal ripped it apart in his hands, and flung the parts aside and stood, stilled after his fury of activity, his hands hanging at his sides. They were red.

The man turned abruptly and came toward the kitchen door. Rob saw that his shirt was torn; there was a bloody gash in his chest where a talon had sought to find a hold, another across his temple. A ghastly figure.

Then Judah Pascal saw Rob at the window; their eyes met. Thereafter Rob saw only the man's eyes. Wide; so wide that the lids seemed to form a circle. And yellow. And unwinking. Their steady and baleful stare was like the stare of one of the great preying owls. The man, Rob thought, appalled at the perception, was weirdly like an owl! He found himself yielding, drawing back from the window.

He heard the hand of Judah Pascal upon the outer latch of the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Iroquois Chasm, New York

Soon at following theatres

Albuquerque, N. M.	Lyric
Altoona, Pa.	Strand
Anderson, Ind.	Starland
Aurora, Ill	Rialto
Austin, Tex.	Queen
Bakersfield, Cal	California
Bay City, Mich.	Orpheum, Jan. 21-25
Berkeley, Cal	T. & D.
Bloomington, Ill.	Majestic
Boise, Ida.	Strand
Boone, Ia.	Rialto, Jan. 28-30
Bridgeport, Conn.	Poli Palace, Jan. 14-17
Burlington, Ia.	Palace
Burlington, Vt.	Majestic
Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Strand, Jan. 21-27
Champaign, Ill.	Rialto, Jan. 11-13
Charleston, S. C.	Garden
Charleston, W. Va	Virginia
Chester, Pa.	Washington
Chicago, Ill	Riviera
Chicago, Ill	Tivoli
Cincinnati, O	Capitol, Jan. 21-27
Clinton, Ia.	Rialto, Jan. 7-10
Colorado Springs, Col.	Burns
Columbia, S. C.	Rialto
Danbury, Conn.	Taylor Opera House
Davenport, Ia.	Garden
Decatur, Ill.	Avon
Dubuque, Ia.	Grand
East Liverpool, O.	American
East St. Louis, Ill.	Erbers
Easton, Pa.	Colonial
Elgin, Ill	Rialto
Elmira, N. Y.	Regent
Everett, Wash.	Everett
Fargo, N. D.	State
Fonda, Ia.	Muxu, Jan. 21-22
Ft. Dodge, Ia	Strand, Jan. 11-13
Ft. Madison, Ia	Strand, Jan. 9-11
Galesburg, Ill	Orpheum
Galveston, Tex.	Dixie
Gary, Ind	Grand
Grand Forks, N. D.	New Grand
Greenwich, Conn.	Greenwich, Jan. 26-27
Hamilton, O.	Jewel
Hammond, Ind.	Parthenon
Iowa City, Ia	Pastime
Johnstown, Pa.	Cambria
Joliet, Ill.	Princess
Kokomo, Ind.	Isis
Lafayette, Ind.	Luna
Lancaster, Pa.	Hamilton
Long Beach, Cal.	Liberty
Lorain, O.	Wonderland
Macon, Ga	Criterion
Madison, Wisc.	Strand, Jan. 17-20
Mansfield, O.	Majestic
Marion, Ind.	Lyric
Marion, O.	Marion
Mason City, Ia.	Palace, Feb. 1-3
Meriden, Conn.	Poli, Jan. 21-23
Miami, Fla.	Hippodrome
Middletown, Conn.	Grand
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Burleigh, Jan. 16-17
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Milwaukee, Jan. 14-16
Muskogee, Okla.	Orpheum
New Britain, Conn.	Palace
New Castle, Pa.	Penn.
New London, Conn.	Crown
Newport News, Va.	Palace
Newton, Ia.	Rialto, Jan. 17-18
Ogden, Utah	Orpheum
Oshkosh, Wisc.	Orpheum
Ottumwa, Ia.	Circle
Pasadena, Cal.	Raymond
Paterson, N. J.	Regent
Pawtucket, R. I.	Imperial
Pittsburgh, Pa.	East Liberty
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Liberty
Pomeroy, O.	Electric, Jan. 30-31
Portsmouth, Va.	Olympic
Quincy, Ill.	Orpheum
Raleigh, N. C.	Superba
Richmond, Ind.	Murrette
Roanoke, Va.	American
Rockford, Ill.	Midway
Sacramento, Cal.	T. & D.
St. Louis, Mo.	West End Lyric, Jan. 27-30
St. Louis, Mo.	Capitol, Jan. 27-Feb. 2
Salem, Ore.	Liberty
Sandusky, O.	Schade
San Jose, Cal.	T. & D.
San Pedro, Cal.	New
Santa Barbara, Cal.	Palace
Sharon, Pa.	Strand
Sheboygan, Wisc.	Majestic
Shenandoah, Ia.	Empress, Jan. 28-31
South Bend, Ind.	Palace
Springfield, Ill.	Princess
Springfield, O.	Fairbanks
Stamford, Conn.	Athambra
Steubenville, O.	Strand
Stockton, Cal.	T. & D.
Stratford, Conn.	Stratford, Jan. 22-23
Tacoma, Wash.	Rialto
Tampa, Fla.	Strand
Terre Haute, Ind.	Liberty
Uniontown, Pa.	Penn.
Utica, N. Y.	Colonial
Vincennes, Ind.	Moon
Waco, Tex.	Strand
Warren, O.	Opera House
Waterloo, Ia.	Strand, Jan. 28-Feb. 3
Waukegan, Ill	Academy
Wichita Falls, Tex.	Olympic
Winston Salem, N. C.	Broadway
Wilmington, N. C.	Royal
Zanesville, O.	Imperial

Canada

Cobourg	Allen, Jan. 22-24
Kingston	Allen, Jan. 22-24
London	Allen, Jan. 15-17
Moose Jaw, Sask.	Allen, Jan. 12-13
Prince Albert	Strand, Jan. 17-18
St. Catharines	Allen, Jan. 15-17
St. John, Newf'dland	Casino
Stratford	Allen, Jan. 22-24
Toronto	Allen, Jan. 8-13
Walkerville, Ont.	Walkerville, Jan. 18-20
Windsor	Allen, Jan. 8-13

Look for the next list of theatres showing Omar in the February 3rd issue of The Saturday Evening Post

Richard Walton Tully *presents*

GUY BATES POST

in "OMAR *the* TENT MAKER"

Adapted by Richard Walton Tully *from his stage success of the same name Directed by* James Young

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!
The Rubaiyat

When darkness falls over the garden.

THE sun sinks behind the walls of the old Persian city. Under cover of night, Shireen and Omar slip away, and before the Altar of the Flame are wed by the Priests of Zoroaster.

For Fate looks frowningly upon the lovers Shireen has been summoned to become a bride of the Shah of Shahs, and Omar banished from the garden for his "unholy thoughts" on the Calendar.

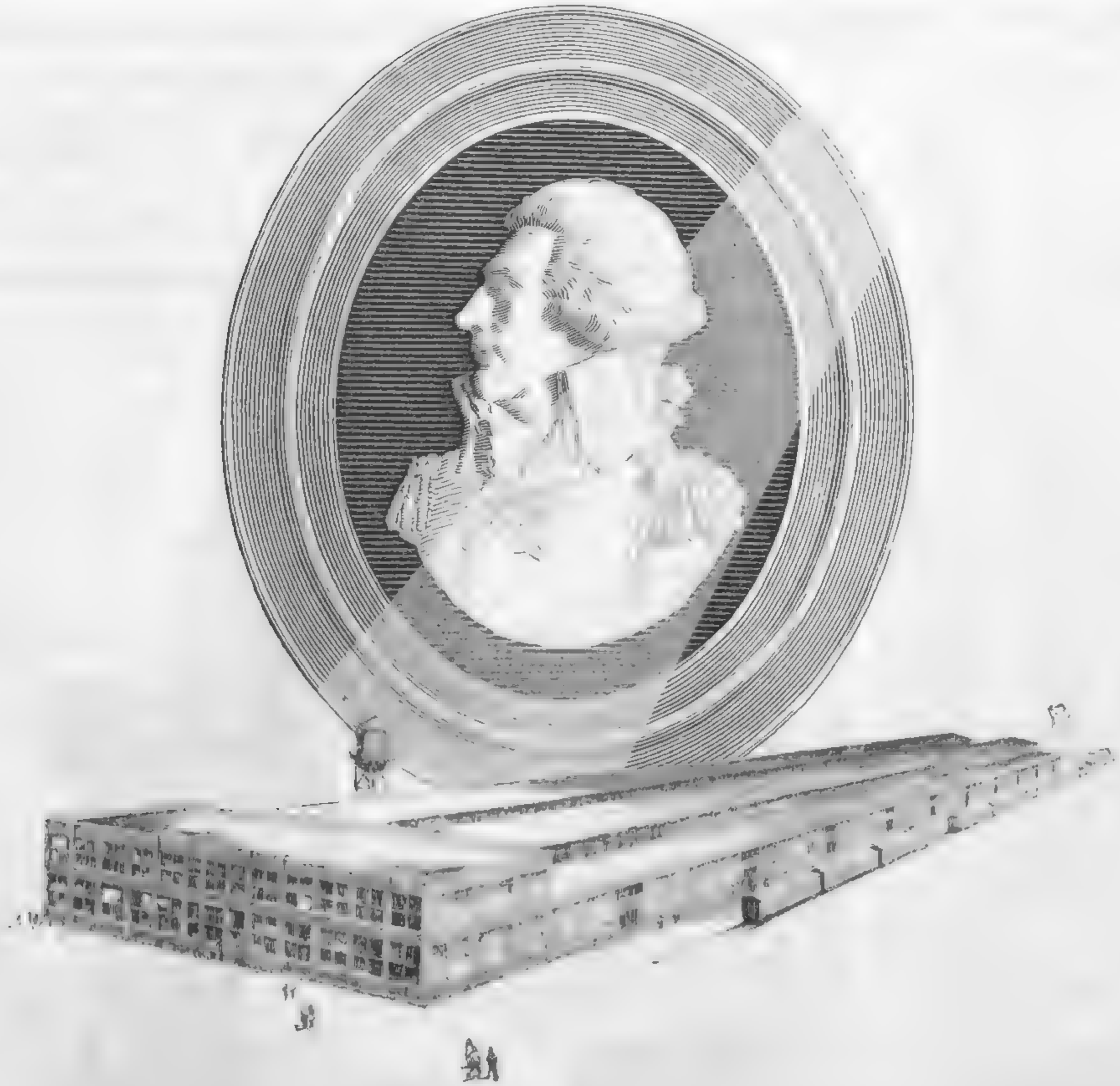
The rising of the sun sees the populace acclaiming Shireen as the Shah's affianced bride, on her way through the city of towers and domes and minarets, to the magnificence of the Palace.

Omar now turns a humble tentmaker, a writer of verses, a railer at the Holy Men, but remains faithful through the years to the memory of Shireen.

And you shall see how the Moving Finger will yet write Happiness for Shireen and Omar in one of the noblest poetic romances of all time.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

A First National Picture



TODAY we are working in our new and shining home. Your appreciation of our car from the very beginning has been the architect of this perfected factory. And here, where the new year's sunshine falls on drill and lathe and gauge, precision's tools in orderly array, we are impelled by new enthusiasm to make our car more beautiful, more fleet, more strong, more true—to make it the car of cars for those who love fine things.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS CORPORATION
MILWAUKEE, Wisconsin

LAFAYETTE

THE NEW AUSTRIA

Continued from Page 21)

making throughout my statement, she crossed the tiny shop and put her hand most gently on my shoulder.

"Then, gracious lady," said she, "why do you not come and live with us again in old Vienna? The Viennese are quite unchanged, and life is good here. They would be glad to have you."

It was a very pretty gesture of sympathy and hospitality. In spite of all their poverty, to the real inhabitant Vienna is still a good place, and he must make the lonesome stranger welcome.

It seemed to me the whole character of the genial, happy-go-lucky Austrian was thus expressed. A warm heart and sympathetic soul, the power of enjoyment and a desire that others should enjoy, were in those words. A thousand small phrases offered as a matter of course by servants or by an occasional acquaintance gave me the same pleasant sense of being welcome. Indeed, in the change and agitation of my hurried travels Vienna seemed a charming haven, where the spirit of the people made me at home and gave me rest.

I was talking with some foreign bankers who had come to examine the financial situation—come for their own interests, of course, and to make money were it possible. In the few months they had been working there even their practical minds were won by the soft charm of these people. Apparently they all had a great desire to aid and not unduly to exploit the Austrian.

Superficially at least the central portion of the city seems quite gay. The shops are full of lovely things, the windows arranged with a good taste that would do Paris credit. The small Viennese storekeeper seems able to retain his place by his great rival's side. Theaters are packed and have remained as good as they were before the war. The restaurants are also crowded, and though many seem to think this public which is so enjoying life is composed largely of strangers, it seemed to me there were also many Viennese. One hears the local patois spoken certainly as much as any other language. It is very curious as compared with Berlin or with Budapest to see these people still enjoying life though their background is so poor and their government and whole country are on the verge of bankruptcy and of economic collapse.

Disorders Feared

I mentioned this to an Italian friend of mine, who knows Vienna well, and who had been traveling over the same trail I had taken. He laughed and answered: "Yes, I love them, too; one cannot help it, they are so simple and sincere in suffering or enjoyment and all so gay and patient too. They are the Byzantines of Central Europe. Knowing next week may bring death and destruction, they go on living now from day to day as they have always lived; not worrying, but feeling content if there is food and comfort momentarily. They count on someone else for taking care of them—a vague someone, who must make it his business to see that all is well when the time comes to pay for these pleasures they are enjoying. They are very irresponsible, you must admit, and yet, like the children they seem in many ways, they will surely be taken care of by other nations. They don't want to do their own work—they never have worked if they could help it. The Austrians have no special desire to solve their own problems. They want support, moral and material, and beg to have it given them on almost any conditions. And they will bear the heavy discipline put upon them by their foreign friends, who try to straighten out the tangle, with the same imperturbability and the same desire to please which they have always offered to anyone in charge. They know nothing of hate or other deep emotions, and they have no bitterness."

Talking of their near future an American friend of mine and I were speaking of the dangers threatening Vienna. He said: "There are several strikes now on, and more are coming soon. Next Tuesday the question of the loan and its conditions comes up in Parliament. The Socialists will make an opposition, and will raise a row, which will be a signal for disorders. The police can't handle the situation, for there aren't enough. The military will be called on and they will surely join the rioters. It means a revolution, Bolshevism, chaos. I'm glad that you are leaving within the next few days, before the general strike comes on to tie up all the railroads!"

It was a very prominent newspaper man talking, one who had been in Vienna for some years and was supposed to know conditions well; one who was sending to America each day long cables with the news. He elaborated considerably on the pessimistic program he was laying out for Austrian developments in the near future, and he fixed at most a month for the complete collapse to come about, claiming inside information on which to found this theory.

The following day I lunched with an Italian who had known Austria well in ancient days, and now. A good judge of world politics, in which he sometimes plays a rôle, he knows old Europe and her ways, most of her sunny corners, together with her weaknesses and strength.

He had come to fetch me, and we wandered through the city's quiet lovely streets. We had taken lunch in an out-of-the-way typical Viennese restaurant, famous for preparing Wieneraschnitzel and other local dishes. We had reached our coffee and the stage of confidences, and were talking of conditions all around us. I repeated what I had heard the day before from the American journalist, and my companion laughed.

Extremes of Judgment

"Well," he said, "the man who said all that didn't know Vienna and its people." Then he gave his view of what might happen. "There are two strikes, there may be some disorders and even riots with some damage done before the winter ends, but nothing now. The people are still waiting to see how this discussion abroad turns about the loan to Austria. This nation's interests are in a good man's hands. Monseigneur Seipel has both brains and heart, and is devoted to his country. If the loan goes through the League of Nations things will, I think, move quite smoothly here. If Austria's plea is not answered as it should be and matters drag, it's bad. But even so, though they are weary, this is a very good-natured people. Even propaganda on top of their distress hasn't moved them much so far from their general way of life. We foreigners who have promised to back the loan know Austria will be helped, since we must try to save all that we can of Europe."

These men typify, I think, the two extremes of judgment on the case, and really there is ground to justify them both. My own impressions were very strong, but as I was in Vienna only one short week and there was so much to see, to enjoy and to investigate, I found it hard to analyze or judge the value of each fact I ran across. In my wanderings about the old city where I had spent so many years during my girlhood, I discovered a number of my childish haunts and had several quite original experiences. I had been curious to see what the attitude of the present government is towards the fine monuments that remain from the imperial régime. I spent a morning wandering through the palace and its courts and gardens. Everything there is clean and decently kept up. The old Redouten-Saal, where the great court balls used to be given, is now used for theatrical performances where seats are sold and the general public is of course admitted. In some ways it seems sad to see the splendid historic room change into a thing that pays, but on the other hand visitors are both respectful and respectable, and perhaps it is as good a use as could be made of this fine spacious hall. The rest of the emperor's palace is thrown open to sightseers as a historical monument or museum, and small groups, including peasants, gather in the antechambers and are taken through by guardians—old pensioners these are, I think. There seems to be an understanding of the traditions these great rooms hold, and everything is clean and well kept. Even the crown treasures—those which have not been used to pay a portion of the Austrian war debt—are now on exhibition, and the Austrian people, quite poor people, go to visit them with great interest and respect.

All the museums are open, and one has the impression that the keenness of the

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"I ended my foot troubles this way

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Entirely Different From Other Foot Appliances

Made of special Superlastik—light and porous, yet firm and durable. No unsightly humps or burdensome pads. No larger shoe necessary. No metal plates. Exact size for every foot. Price $1 per pair. (Canada $1.25.) Your money back if not satisfied. Jung's Miracle Arch Braces, extra wide, $1.50. (Canada $1.75.)

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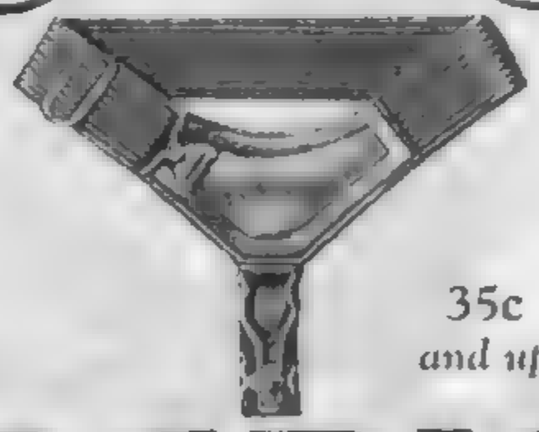

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people is really sincere. Every class is represented in the throng that goes to the museums as to the opera, the theaters and the concerts. The music is as good as ever it was before the war. I went to see a performance of Lohengrin at the Imperial Opera, and another night to hear Jeritza sing in Tosca. A seat in the orchestra cost two hundred and fifty thousand crowns, yet the whole house was full. It seemed difficult to believe that any economic distress could be felt by people who could pay such prices. Both performances were truly magnificent; carried out with the highest perfection in every detail—lighting, costumes, scenery. The upkeep of the theater made a good impression and the orchestra was perfectly magnificent.

I had occasion to go with a friend one afternoon to meet Jeritza at the opera house, and she took us over the strange world behind the curtain, showed us the stage machinery, the scenery and the dressing rooms. She was soon busy trying on her costumes for the Rosencavalier, in which she was to make her appearance for the first time in America, this winter. One after another her beautiful clothes were brought in, some slight change made here or there, and their splendor admired. One of her masculine suits was completely embroidered in very brilliant diamonds and she told me with great pride that these stones were all crystals from Bohemia. She was making her outfit in Vienna to aid her starving people, she said.

Jeritza I found a most magnetic creature, typical of the old Vienna which I knew, with her kind familiarity with tailor, maid and dresser, her high spirits, her beauty and her simple cordial charm. I told her that I had a great desire to hear her in Tosca the next night, and that I had been told, when I inquired, that no seat was to be found, whereupon she took the trouble to send one of her own people to find for me a place that had been held in reserve. It was worth the asking, for no one that I have seen was ever like Jeritza, both for beauty of person and sweetness and strength of voice. Her wonderful dramatic talent combines with these to make her perfect in this part.

While she was trying on her dresses the director of the opera had come in and I had an opportunity of talking lengthily with him. I expressed my admiration of his energy and management, that he was able to keep so great a thing as the Vienna Opera going, under such economic strain as that which reigned now in Vienna, and with no court to pay his deficit at the end of every year as had been the case before the revolution.

Superb Opera

He shrugged his shoulders, smiled amiably and said: "One does what one can. Of course our Viennese love music, and no one comes to Vienna from abroad without hearing our opera. Then, the people are all artists, and Jeritza, when she returns here, sings for us often. She, more than anyone, gives us packed houses. But our public comes to almost anything we give, and so far we manage to keep our heads just above water, and do our reputation justice."

When I spoke of the magnificent costuming of Lohengrin the director looked pleased and said that those were still the old costumes and, of course, were very beautiful; but, he added, even the new operas have been well put on. "Of course we have the old stage hands, who know the work of lighting and of posing. They have always done it." He said his greatest difficulty was in trying to invent some way by which he could replace the tights of the ballet dancers and the actors. "In olden days these cost one hundred crowns, more or less, whereas now long tights in silk of good quality cost about five million crowns. It is impossible, naturally, to turn out the whole ballet in new ones, no matter how shabby the old ones have become."

I asked him how he managed, and he explained that he had found one or two women who knew how to darn amazingly well, and that he was having them go over his whole stock, mending and putting into shape all the tights the company owned, so they would go on as long as possible and look as well as might be from across the footlights.

He also spoke of the great misery which reigned among the middle classes, the pensioners, and all those in the land who had been living upon a regular income in any form. His one complaint was that while the opera covered its expenses it had a common budget with certain other artistic associations of the town, such as the Burg Theater. These were losing money and in order to pay their deficits his budget must be sacrificed by paring down.

I noticed a great difference in the dressing of the audience at the opera, for in the old days the boxes had been always filled with brilliant-looking women, and men in uniform or evening dress. Even in the orchestra seats the people used to be well turned out. Save for a few Americans all the occupants now looked shabby. Everyone wore dark clothes, the men usually afternoon dress. One of the largest court boxes was occupied by the president and his family; in the other were some eccentric, rough-looking people. I asked my companion who he thought they might be. He laughed and said, "I am sure those are Socialists, because nobody so much as they likes to use an emperor's loge. In every country if one sees an imperial automobile or the royal loge occupied by rough-looking people, one may be sure it is a Socialist in power, who is greatly enjoying it."

An Interesting Visit

I could not but smile at this accusation, for I remembered very well that while all other members of the provisional revolutionary government at Petrograd in 1917 had gone on living in their own small homes and had used their various ministries only for the business portion of their days, Kerensky—leader of the Socialist Party—had moved into the Winter Palace as soon as he became prime minister. He had occupied the emperor's rooms and used the emperor's motor. Also he alone had kept a bodyguard as the emperor had done, with sentinels at his apartment doors.

A few days later I discovered that the present President of the Federation of Austria lives in his own very modest flat, and only goes to the Foreign Ministry Palace each day to receive those who visit him on business. His predecessor, a Socialist, had lived in the ministry as a matter of course, and strangely enough he was still there. Doctor Hainisch had announced on his election that he preferred his own home to the Ballhausplatz, whereupon his Socialist predecessor had continued to inhabit the presidential apartment, and was still lodged there at the moment of my visit.

I had a most interesting visit with the president, lasting a considerable time. I had brought him letters from an American woman, who told me of his charming manner and his great knowledge of his people, but in spite of all her preparation I found him much more attractive than had been the description. A tall, very distinguished man of fifty-five or so came forward with outstretched hand. He has a short, neatly trimmed beard and a quiet, kindly eye, which looks straight at one; and he is simple and unassuming, yet with a courtly dignity that holds attention and respect. His title seems to be the emptiest one in Europe, for the President of Austria has no real rights at all. He cannot veto any law, he does not appoint the ministers, he cannot give orders to the army. His whole influence amounts to what he personally can establish of prestige by winning esteem and affection. His functions are purely advisory. As an Austrian of distinction, one of his colleagues in the government, was saying, "Doctor Hainisch has made a somewhat ridiculous rôle entirely dignified, and has used his possibility of meeting with one and another group, to hold the respect of all, helping by this to smooth over many difficulties and to find a solution of various problems. He always upholds a good cause, and to the extent the law allows, he is constantly doing constructive work."

I was not kept waiting when I went to see him by appointment. A polite note from the head secretary of the presidential chancery had immediately responded to the one I had sent, introducing me on my arrival, and that same afternoon the president's card was left at my hotel. That and some other cards of government officials had created an amusing little flutter of snobbish satisfaction in the hotel office. At the old palace on the Ballhausplatz I was received in an anteroom with all due politeness by two secretaries, who conducted me to an inner salon furnished in old Empire style. The house had been the former Foreign Office and on the walls

(Continued on Page 146)

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(Continued from Page 142)

I discovered several portraits that I recognized. Ministers of Foreign Affairs for some time back, they were, and one was an excellent likeness of Count Kalnoky. He had been the occupant of this palace in 1889, when my father arrived in Vienna to represent the United States.

I remarked, "That is Kalnoky."

The president smiled and said, "Yes, he lived here thirty years ago. Did you know him?"

Then I explained, whereupon he went back with enthusiasm into the history of the past, told me how my father was still well known by reputation among old Austrian groups.

He spoke very beautifully of old-régime days, and with sadness of the distress now in the city, by comparison with all its previous gayety. He asked me if I noticed a great change. He spoke especially with sorrow of the sufferings of the bourgeois intellectuals and professional men, who were starving on small salaries or on fixed incomes from their savings or on pensions measured by the previous cost of life. This was all a result of the decline in the Austrian crown.

Pressing Difficulties

I sympathized deeply with his excellency and told him that Chancellor Seipel had been telling me of present conditions in an interview I had had with him. Immediately the president spoke with great admiration of Monseigneur Seipel; said what a great man he was, how well he had presented the appeal of Austria to the outside world when he had been at Geneva but the week before, how well also he handled the different elements who were against one another here in Vienna, both in Parliament and among the people. Doctor Hainisch went on to tell how simple Monseigneur Seipel's private life was; how even now the chancellor lived in a single modest room at a monastery, and used the chancellor's palace only to receive in. He added that Seipel loved his people and struggled to strengthen them against themselves.

Then the president went over some of the difficulties of the moment. The socialists were opposing the various measures of reform, without which Austria could not get a foreign loan. I asked him why this loan was necessary, why the crown had shrunk so frightfully? I got the same story as from every other side—first the war suffering and the unfair peace treaty, loss of provinces and commerce, and then industry at a standstill. He spoke with great enthusiasm of the Police Minister, Doctor Schober, as being intelligent and strong, capable of handling almost any situation.

I asked about possible disorders and he discounted the danger from these, saying, "The Austrians are a good and patient people, who, though they have suffered untold misery in the past four or five years, so far have not done anything particularly bad." He added: "Even our Socialists, who so frighten the outside world, are not at all terrible; for they are Austrians or Tyrolese first, and Socialists only afterwards. Anyhow, they can be dealt with on a reasonable basis if one understands them." He seemed to think they would be patriotic if occasion demanded their being tested, and if the urgency of the situation was made quite clear to their understanding. He admitted the army was one of Austria's most difficult problems, not sufficient nor of the right type of men, but on the contrary made up of the worst elements of the population. I found he blamed the Allies and the peace treaty for nearly all these ills.

"They would not let us keep an army," he said; "they would not let us keep our proper frontiers; and now they complain of the results of their own action and are surprised we cannot live as they established us. It is a most unnatural state. Let me show you what they have done. We were never allowed even to have a representative in Paris, to speak for us, when our lives and property were being discussed and arbitrarily disposed of by the Allies. Some of those against us had even falsified the maps; just let me show you."

He got up and went into his working room, next door, fetching back a map of the Central Empires. He showed me the provinces which had been cut off Austria for the benefit of Czecho-Slovakia, and those others offered as a gift to Serbia on the south. The president explained what problems Austria was now facing, showed where Italy also had obtained provinces Austria could ill afford to lose. To the north of the present southern boundary a small piece of land in the mountainous district the president pointed out, saying that during the discussions of the peace conditions the representative of one foreign land had actually brought a falsified map to the arbiters, showing the crest of the high mountains which made the natural boundary much farther north than they actually are, and putting only foothills where the mountains really exist. Austria thus would have lost all that part of a rich province. "Luckily," he added, "in this particular case the people of the land themselves protested, and used their right of self-determination. They clamored to join the Austrian Federation. Otherwise we should have lost that much more land through the ignorance of those who made the plan of peace."

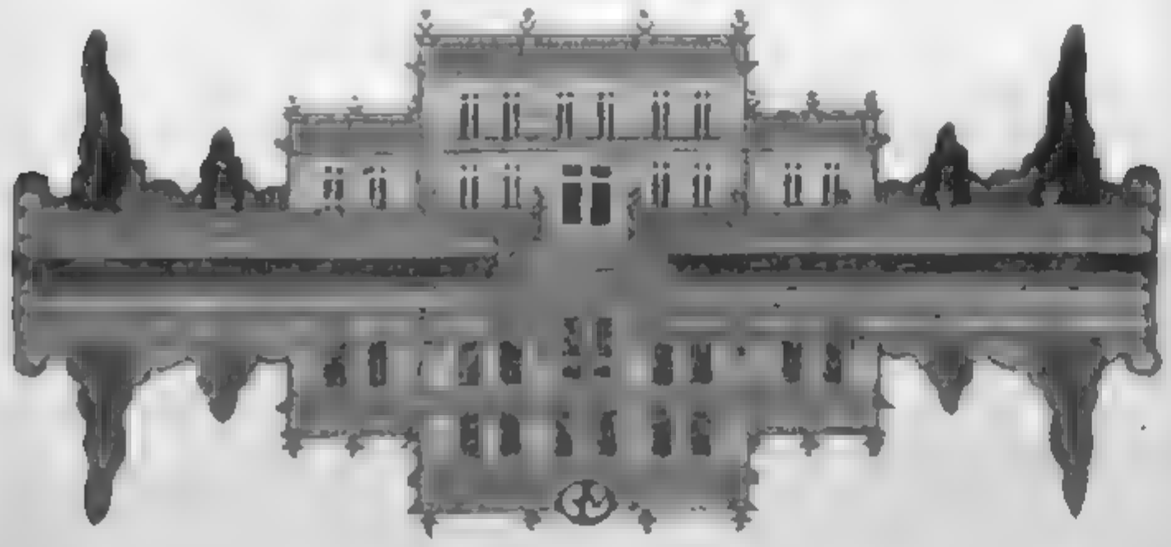
Doctor Hainisch spoke of the injustice towards the sections given to Bohemia, now forming the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, to the north. Whimsically he touched the Czecho-Slovakian Republic with his finger on the map, looked at me and smiling said: "It does not really look like a country, it is so spread out, so thin and narrow; merely a strip. They are having great difficulty trying to hold onto all that they received."

Praise for Mr. Masaryk

He spoke of Masaryk as being a most eminent statesman, said he had known him for a long time and admired him very much, spoke of his intellectual value and his patriotism, and of the difficulties Masaryk had, and still must have in all that he is doing. He said once he and Masaryk had had a heart-to-heart talk when he had been in Prague about a treaty, and he had asked Masaryk why the latter did not take some measure or other of evident advantage to his people. Masaryk had looked at him and smiled, saying, "Do you in Austria manage to put through all you want or that you think is useful?" Hainisch admitted he could not. "Well, then," Masaryk said, "neither can I!"

"Nevertheless, Masaryk has much more power than the Austrian President," continued Doctor Hainisch, "for he has a right of veto, and he has also the right to mobilize the army, whereas I can do nothing but advise. I try to do that and conciliate the various elements. This is all I can do, and Seipel must do the rest as Chancellor of State."

I made a move as if to go, once during the hour or more I stayed with Doctor Hainisch, and he said "Must you go?" Whereupon I answered that I was in no



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haste, but I feared he must have other things to do, and he remarked with kind insistence, "No, stay a little and let me answer any other questions you think of. Really I have nothing now to do." I tried to imagine the President of the United States, or of any other country, for that matter, that I knew, saying such a thing in all good faith, after half an hour's conversation with a casual visitor. It seemed to me that remark, coming naturally as it did, reflected very much the condition of official life in Austria. A man like Doctor Hainisch, with intelligence and knowledge of affairs, is kept out of any actual power when there is such need of strong directive force.

We talked on for a while of various things. The president said especially and several times how no one in Paris during the Peace Conference knew anything about the Central Empires—especially of Austria—and he repeated how much injustice had been done. He admitted that with things as at present in the Austrian Republic it could not last, but if the loan came, this would surely greatly help, and with some support from the outside the loan conditions could be carried through. Owing to the Trianon Treaty, Austria had no military strength except the police to control her people. He told me Police Commissioner Enright, of New York, had been in Vienna lately, and had come to see him among others, and that Enright had paid Schober's police a tremendous compliment. He had said that the police force in Vienna was the finest he had seen in all his tour of Europe. Then the president sighed and added, "We need them badly, for our army stationed here in town is our worst element, and it is armed, which is very bad. The whole thing is the fault of the Trianon Treaty."

He was greatly pleased at my enthusiasm and my love for old Vienna. He soon found I knew it well, for I told him something of where I had been and what I had talked about to the people. When I was leaving he shook me warmly by the hand and said that he had visited America some years ago. He was very glad to have the memory of it; of the strong fine race, of all that they were doing. He was anxious to have Americans understand the Austrians' difficulties and their gratitude for every bit of help that had been given by the United States. He was really exceedingly touching about all this.

When I told him I was trying to write an article which would give a glimpse of the mentality of his people he expressed pleasure that this was so, and his last words were: "They are a fine people, our Austrians; they have suffered frightfully and with heroic fortitude. They will live to do fine things again, when reforms have come and national life takes up its normal current. Our people, well guided, deserve trust and confidence and they are very capable. One must have patience and one must have courage, also faith, faith in the Austrians' high virtue and in their ability to make good. All this I know, and would have your compatriots know too. I wish that I could tell them." He asked me to come back some day to Vienna, and then expressed good wishes for my trip.

One of his secretaries followed up the interview by giving me a few photographs of different parts of Austria, and the president signed one of himself and gave me one of Monseigneur Seipel as well for my article. The more one talks with these men who are struggling so hard against the current, the more one feels what difficulties they are facing, and the value of their marvelous patience peculiar to their race. Here and there the sunniness of nature among the Viennese breaks through the clouds, and the populace gives one the impression of being gay and hopeful in spite of everything. As the president's secretary said: "The Romans knew what they were doing when they founded Vienna. It was to be the clearing house of the great river's basin; and its natural situation, the excellent background which it offers for all commercial life, will make it surely great again, in the near future, as it was in the past centuries of growth."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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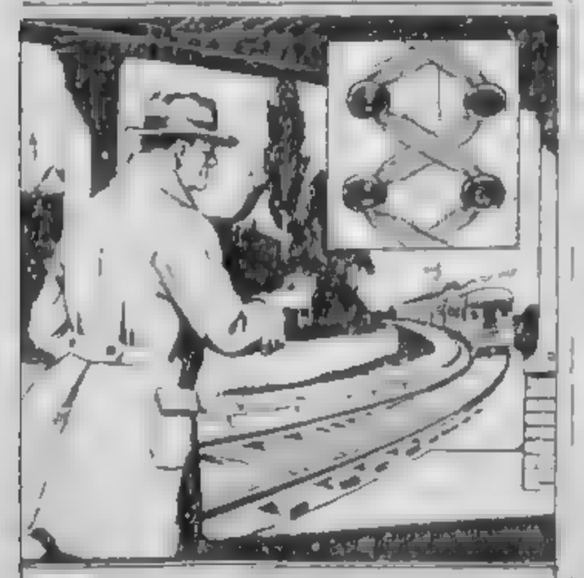

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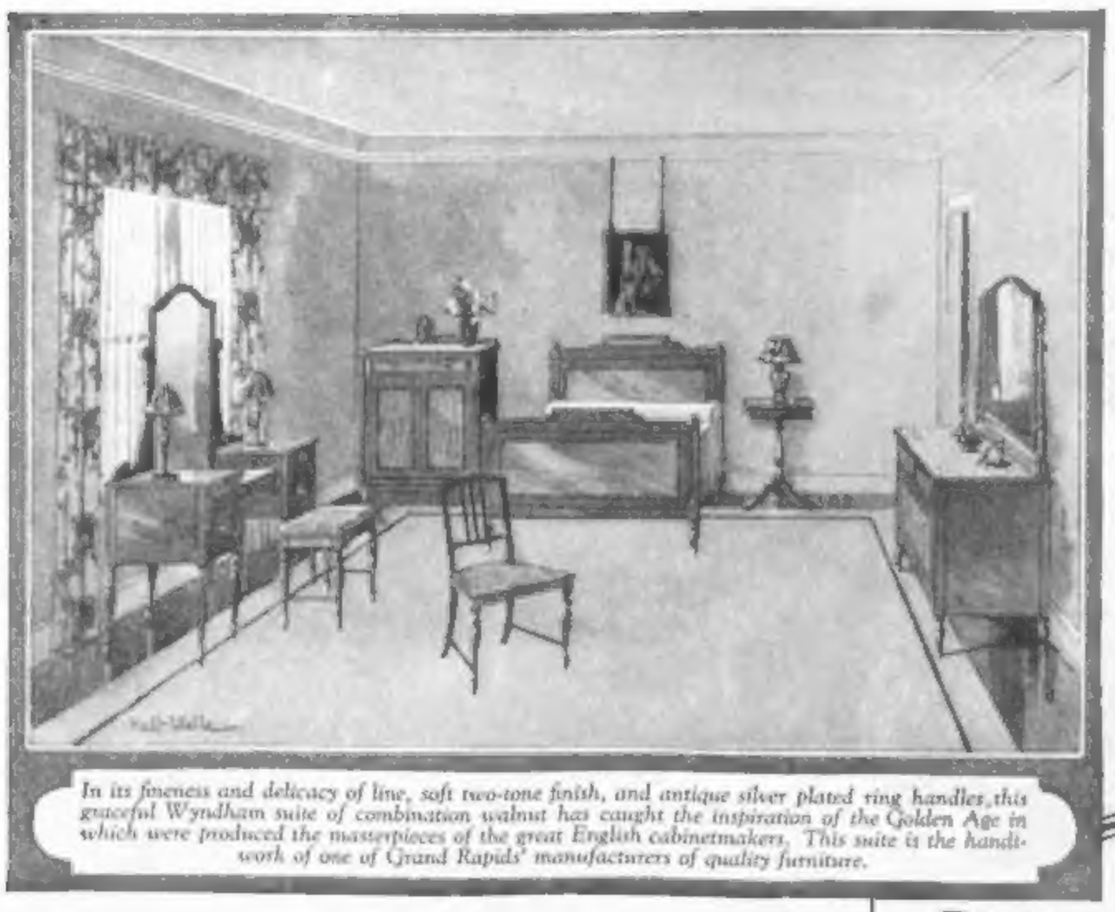

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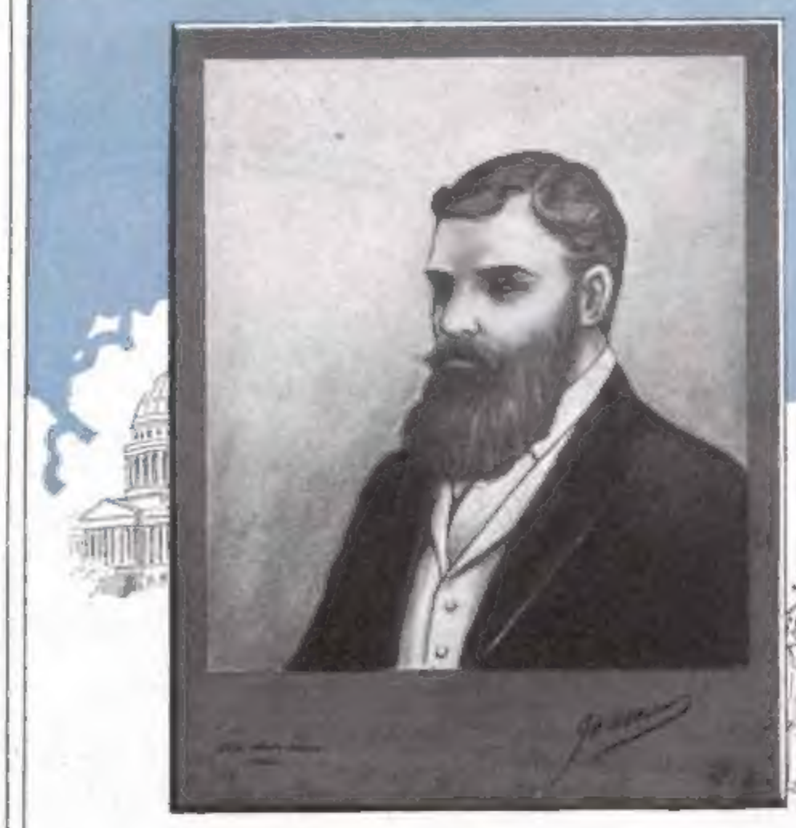


Forty years ago there were enough whiskers in Congress to stuff the cushions in eleven Pullman cars, with plenty left to make soft seats for the engineer and the fireman.

In the days of Blaine, Sherman, Harrison, Conkling, and Platt, it was seldom that a man made a bare-faced attempt to get into public life.

The Speaker of the House, "recognizing the gentleman from Massachusetts," saw a basketful of whiskers bobbing between two gesticulating arms, and assumed that there must be something serious in the wind.

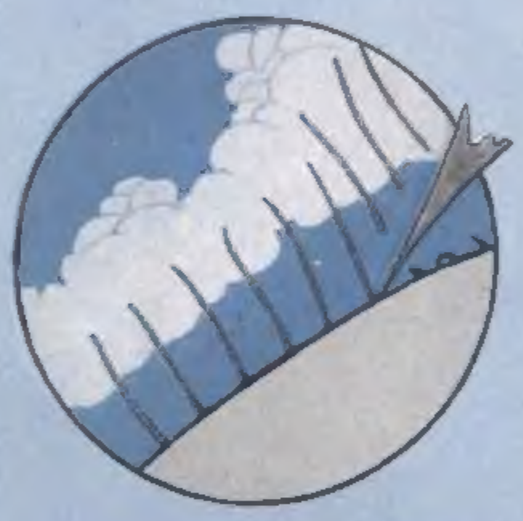
The statesman's wife, greeting him after his daily effort to save the nation, had to use the garden rake to find terminal facilities for her dutiful kiss.

But let it be said for the men who guarded the destiny of the republic when Congress was bearded like a band of bashi-bazouks that they had a good reason for shunning the razor.

There was nothing then for making lather that would soften the hairs of the beard at the base, as Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream does.

If the law-givers who filled the halls of state with variegated plumage could have lathered with Colgate's, they would have had no excuse for failing to come out from behind their hairy entanglements and facing their constituents openly.

See the logical reasons why Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes shaving easier, and leaves the face cool and velvety.



Diagrammatic magnified cross-section showing the ineffectiveness of coarse lather, which stays at the top of the hair.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard—at the base, where the razor's work is done.

It takes up a great quantity of water and makes a lather consisting of microscopic bubbles which go to the *base* of each hair, softening it instantly where it meets the skin.

That is why Colgate's makes shaving so much *easier*—why it leaves the face soothed and velvety.

It is a happy revelation to every man who tries it.

Fill out and mail the attached coupon for a free trial tube containing cream enough for 12 *easier* shaves.

COLGATE & CO. *Dept. P* **199 Fulton St., New York**

Note Colgate lather at base of hair.

Diagrammatic magnified cross-section showing how the small, moist, lather bubbles made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream go to the base of each hair, softening it where it meets the edge of the razor.

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199 Fulton St.,
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